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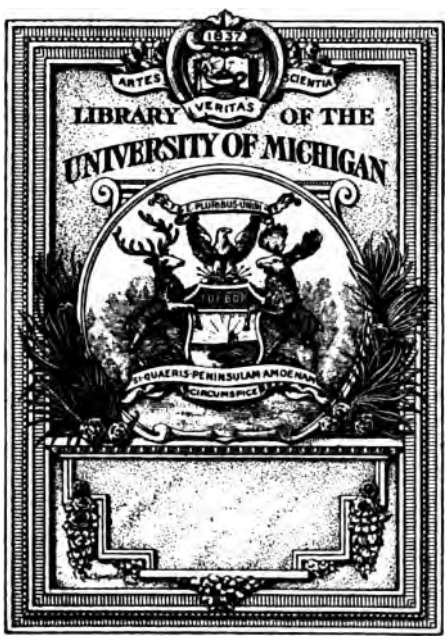
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THE

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

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JANUARY TO JUNE

(*INCLUSIVE*)

1901.

"Truth can never be confirmed enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep."
SHAKSPEARE.

Wahrheitsliebe zeigt sich darin, daß man überall das Gute zu finden und zu schätzen weiß.
GÖTHE.

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THE

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

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ON WAR AND TRADE.

THERE is a common belief that war is good for trade, though few would seriously maintain that the wholesale destruction of life and property can increase the wealth of a community.

While it will be acknowledged that certain trades, occupied directly or indirectly with the production of warlike materials, must benefit by a state of war, or preparation for war, must there not for every such instance be others which lose in a corresponding degree? To this question I am inclined to answer "No." (In what follows I shall endeavour to use the word "trade" as including all forms of production in the widest economic sense of the term.)

That war can be in any way good for trade is not surprising, if we mean by that statement that war causes the exertion of extra efforts by some or all the members of a community.

A nation, after all, in many ways resembles an individual, and a war is to a nation like the attack of a gnat (or more powerful creature) upon a man at work on his daily employment. It does not necessarily reduce the amount of work he gets through; it may prolong the time he is occupied on it, but it certainly causes him some extra exertion in repelling his assailant. If we call this increased exertion trade, and in the case of a nation we do so in a very large measure, then his war with the gnat is good for trade. In this sense, and in this sense only, is war good for trade. It causes the employment of extra labour by a nation in order to carry on both the war and also all those peaceful occupations which it had been in the habit of pursuing during the preceding time of peace.

The desire of the community for the products of peaceful industry

is in no sense reduced by a state of war, and the ability to produce them in spite of the war depends on its severity; that is, whether the workman is so occupied in resisting or trying to catch the gnat that he cannot get through his accustomed amount of work.

But there is a weakness in our organisation, social and productive, which leaves a large margin of opportunity for improvement in trade which unfortunately adds to the benefits apparently to be derived from war. It is as though this man were compelled by some demon to be idle during a part of his life, idle in spite of himself, idle though he starve in consequence, and as if this idleness nothing short of war (the gnat) could dispel.

The result of our apparently organised, and certainly minutely subdivided, system of production has been, and is, a lack of relation between supply and demand. At one and the same time we have usually with us a number of unemployed persons anxious and willing to work, and at the same time a number of trades whose products find but a poor sale because there is no demand. Yet these unemployed persons loudly demand the very goods which these trades I refer to are unable to sell. We say there is no demand for their labour, yet do they not themselves constitute a potential demand for the goods which they are anxious to produce and consume? The difficulty appears to be that for their employment is required a certain amount of capital, skilled superintendence for the employment of that capital, organisation, and an undertaker of the trouble and risk of production. All these must be found simultaneously seeking employment. For their joint operations they must be brought together at the same time and place. But the unemployed individuals whom we have supposed require for their maintenance not one thing such as the above combination is capable of producing, but a hundred things of one kind or another. They cannot provide for their own maintenance independent of the rest of the world, unless they should happen to form, as it were, an independent community combining in the exact amounts required the capital, labour, and organisation necessary for the most economical production of all the various hundred articles which they require. The fulfilment of all these conditions will readily be seen to be impossible. The community is like an enormous chess-board, into holes in which the pieces are intended to fit. Individual members of society (the pieces) are dependent upon discovering an unoccupied hole into which they can fit and which they can occupy as economically, on the average, as any of their fellows. Individuals of above average ability will easily find their place, and those much below average ability will easily be without.

We will suppose three men upon an island supporting themselves, or each other, independently of the outside world. Let us say, how-

ever, that one of the three arrived first and claims to monopolise the island, and that the other two therefore live on it only on sufferance.

Now, imagine this landowner working with one of the others, because he found that two could produce more than double what one could, but denying the third permission to work at all, he and his comrade feeding the third man, keeping him alive in but bare comfort.

It is obvious that, so long as the land is easily sufficient for the support of three, the labour of the third could be of value not only to himself but to the others. For permission to work and earn as much as he could, the third man would willingly relieve the other two of the burden of supporting him, and would pay over to them part of his surplus earnings with pleasure, rather than remain a pauper. And, however poor the natural opportunities presented by their island, three men could extract more from them than two. Yet such is the position in which society stands to-day throughout the civilised world. The two men who are doing all the work, actually fancying that the quantity of work to be done is limited, grudge to the third the opportunity to labour, and prefer to maintain him as a pauper or to leave him to starve. Of course, in most communities it is necessary that this increase of production of which the unemployed are capable should be reciprocated elsewhere, so that the commodities which result from their labour can be exchanged. Few, if any, in our semi-organised communities can consume their own produce alone, and we have not always got to deal with the simple case above supposed.

But what could be simpler? The third man, when allowed to work, increases the total output by more than he need consume. He wishes to part with his surplus, and he thereby constitutes that active and potent demand for further production by the first two which is what in actual life they are always crying out for.

And now we see where it is that war comes in and appears to improve trade. Suppose it is found by our three islanders (two of whom are working and the third a pauper) that a coloured race occupies a neighbouring island within reach, and that these natives make an attack upon our islanders. If the third man, armed with a rifle (which we will suppose him to possess), can keep the invading canoe at bay, our two workers will set him to defend them, and will be ready to give him a share of all they produce for his trouble. Results: (1) He becomes at once a well-paid soldier, and is not a pauper any longer; (2) The total amount of labour performed by the three men is greatly in excess of what the two alone previously performed; and (3) When the danger is passed they have probably less to show for it (the removal of that danger apart) than if they had gone on undisturbed as before. Thus war has resulted for them in an increased demand for labour or briskness of trade and a better

distribution of wealth among men, but (the direct outcome of the war apart) the community is no richer. There could be brought about, however, these advantages without the attendant disadvantages if the increased labour of the third or unemployed man were devoted to some peaceful object of benefit to himself and others. He would increase the produce of the community, and at the same time, by his desire to exchange (or sell) a part of it, make felt a demand for the produce of others. This product, to be able to call forth the necessary effort in others with the product of which effort or labour it is to be purchased, must be something for which there is a demand among producers. If it is called for only by the idle rich, the wealth with which it is purchased will merely be withdrawn from other objects, and where one producer gains another must lose. This need not be the case where the purchasers are themselves producers of commodities required by our "third man": the increased produce is here reciprocal, and each can purchase the product of the other without withdrawing the wealth with which they effect that purchase from some accustomed channel to the detriment of some other producer.

In practice, of course, the difficulty is that demand and supply are so totally estranged during the initial stages of production that few among undertakers of production have any certain assurance that their products will be wanted, or, at any rate, wanted sufficiently to enable them to claim a proportionate recompense for their trouble; and any one casting round for some new public want to satisfy often has to suppose it until his product is completed, and then see if the demand in fact exists. But with that demand for a fresh product which we call war it is otherwise. There a whole community in effect with one voice demands, and the producer's course is clear, his reward assured.

Wherever any undertaking constitutes an addition to existing output, and is not merely a transfer of labour (already exerted) from one object to another, the benefit is felt in better employment and improved trade so long as there exists the demand necessary for the new product when completed.

When the new undertaking is, so to speak, made to order, this result is assured; when it is otherwise, the undertaker or producer sometimes finds his product left on his hands.

Just as it was necessary for Adam (during his period of solitude on the earth), in order to increase the employment of labour, himself to increase his produce, so now, to give increased employment, production must be increased, and not merely taken from one and given to another. The hitherto idle man who puts his hand to production for which a demand exists gives employment to others. By merely spending his previously existing income in some new extravagance he gives employment to some, truly, but he at the same time takes it from others, and there is then no quantitative gain to the community.

But the case of communities, as we see and know them, is far different to the simple instance of individuals, as given above in illustration. In practice our three men are not organised bodies, each actuated by one mind only and one will. They are made up of an infinite number of disconnected units, helpless as individuals to do alone even the little work necessary for their own support. Only in masses and on a huge scale can they be made to fit into their places in the world. Our "third" man, were he indeed so or able to act as one man, cannot find out what there remains which he might do for the other two in exchange for liberty to work for his own support. Our other two men are bodies of men without heads, without organisation, without knowledge. In their ignorance of the facts they fear the competition of the "third man"; they would keep him in a workhouse, an expense to them and an injury to himself, rather than let him do what he most needs, namely, work for them (not against them), and, in so doing, create by his desire to sell his products to them the very demand for their own products which they all the time cry out for.

Suppose that a thousand persons are unemployed and in need of bread. These thousand persons may all be farmers, millers, and bakers by trade, and yet be unable to obtain that bread. Although all the trades concerned in bread-making may be doing well, and at the same time capable of the slight expansion necessary for the supply of an extra thousand persons, yet will these thousand persons be unsupplied. Nor is it sufficient that this thousand persons should be capable of organisation into a productive machine capable of supplying them with bread (even with the necessary capital), for they cannot live by bread alone, nor can they provide for their other necessities. What makes the matter even more difficult is that their production, whatever form it take, must be on a scale capable of competing with existing organisations in the same trade. True, the thousand persons provided with a piece of country capable of sustaining them might be able to maintain themselves after the manner of primitive races, and live a hand-to-mouth existence. But even for this purpose it is required that land be in excess of present requirements, or it cannot be had rent free. If such land exists and is available, our thousand persons could only live on it a life to which they would probably prefer the opportunity of taking their chance in a modern civilised community. But such land does not exist in countries where this necessity arises, and though it may exist elsewhere, our unemployed cannot reach it. Land is here all appropriated, and the rents which it affords are the product of an economic application of capital with average ability, whilst our thousand persons are most likely to be distinctly below the average, probably the very dregs of society. Thus they cannot pay economic rent, even if they could possibly support themselves without paying it. But, granted "no

rent" land and our unemployed labourers brought together, the employment of capital to exploit them would yield a maximum risk of loss without any compensating prospect of enlarged gains. Consequently capital will not seek such employment. Nor is this any reason why we should inveigh against rents. The law of rent is a natural law. If it is not itself, properly speaking, an ultimate law of nature, it arises from such, and, be the manner of land-ownership decided how it may, economic rent will still exist. The capital which our unemployed require for their employment will always seek to combine with labour of at least average ability, and will find it usually more economical to pay economic rent than to seek "no rent" land where such exists, on the margin of profitable employment. Thus, though the capital and the labour are both seeking employment at the same time, the chance of their combining together to find it is remote. If the land, capital, and various degrees of labour, including that of organisation and superintendence, required for a given trade exist at one and the same time, and, with them, the need for the exercise of that trade, they would probably be spread over so large an area that each would be unaware of the existence of the remainder.

It might be possible for our thousand unemployed to devote their whole time to advantage in bread-making, and that in doing so they would fill a vacant space in the organisation of the community, *if* some other thousands who also wanted bread were only in a position to give something in exchange for it.

A hundred such thousands, with the requisite capital, all seeking employment, if able and willing to make all those hundred commodities which they, and others like them, were in need of, would form, as it were, an independent community, the products of each supposed thousand supplying the wants of the other ninety-nine thousands in exchange for theirs.

But it will easily be seen that in practice no such arrangement is possible, and, in the case of any single trade, either the scale on which it would be commenced in order to be most economical in cost of production would be greater than there existed a demand for, and would therefore reduce the value of the commodity produced and so squeeze out of existence that individual or concern which now produced at the highest working cost, or, if the scale of production were to be suited to the existing demand, it would most likely prove uneconomical in its own cost of production.

If the period during which either one or a hundred thousands of persons are unemployed is of considerable duration, natural laws will gradually provide that these persons represent the least capable members of the community both mentally and physically. This fact gives rise to the belief that the incapacity for good work often exhibited by the unemployed is the only cause of their lack of

employment, whereas I hold, on the contrary, that the dearth of employment is not the cause of their comparative incapacity, but that natural selection results in the incapable being also the unemployed.

That incapacity is certainly the reason why any particular individual is unemployed, but not the reason why there are persons unemployed. Society is responsible that some lack employment, and natural laws provide that they be the least capable individuals. Unemployed capital and the expert labour of organisation and management have no incentive to employ the least capable labourers where better can be had by paying for them. The produce of an able workman is usually greater in proportion to that of a less able one than is his wage to that of his less able competitor. The consequence is that capital can be better employed by the highly paid skilled labourer where such can be found than by badly paid and unskilled labour, so that before an increased demand for labour reaches those who are most in need it is likely to improve first the position of almost every intermediate grade. Those who need least get most, and those who need most get least, and wait longest for it.

Now a nation, like an individual, has certain wants—both the sum of the wants of the individuals composing it and their collective wants, national or local. The nation has likewise a certain power of production, and collective powers of the individuals which compose it, and which it somewhat ineffectually exercises with a view to meeting those wants. When war breaks out it brings with it a demand for productive power, a new demand, a new want. This sudden demand falls first on certain selected trades. If considerable, it will be too great to admit of those already employed in these trades keeping to themselves the whole benefit in the shape of extra earnings. The result is a demand from those trades for extra labour. This demand, however, will, as I have endeavoured to show, fall last of all upon the unemployed, after having first improved the lot of those already in employment. But in this instance the demand is sudden and imperious, its action rapid, and the lowest grades of labour are therefore reached more quickly than usual. It is probable, therefore, that a state of war will improve the position of the unemployed more rapidly than any other demand of which we have experience. Other individual trades no doubt suffer, but I think it will be found that the nation increases its total output, and its total employment for labour, so that the disadvantages suffered by trades adversely affected are more than counterbalanced by the advantages experienced by others—at any rate, so far as the labourer is concerned.

We may take it for granted that at its outbreak a war is, economically speaking, the object of the desire of a majority of the inhabitants of a nation, not for itself but as a means to an end.

A desire or demand for war does not, however, reduce the existing demand for all the ordinary products of the nation's labour (both those which are directly consumed by the nation producing them and those which, while it does not consume them itself, yet serve to satisfy the existing demand for foreign products through the medium of exchange).

If, however, the productive power of the nation at the outbreak of war were already exerted up to its maximum, and such an assumption would be by no means unreasonable in an ideal society (for the wants of man know no bounds but his ability to supply them), then obviously the war cannot be carried on without —(*a*) the sacrifice of much that the individuals composing the nation have been producing to satisfy their own personal demands; and (*b*) the diversion of the necessary amount of labour or production into the channels demanded by the exigencies of the war.

But if, as is more likely to be the case in our own imperfect state of civilisation, the productive power of the nation is by no means fully exerted during peace, then, if that hitherto unused productive power is equal to the new demand, the previously exerted productive power might go on undisturbed in the same channels of production as before, oblivious of the fact that a state of war exists.

And such might actually be the case were an army a self-sufficient unit, always at war strength and always kept supplied with all the necessaries for any campaign and always at the spot on which that campaign has to be fought. But such conditions are either impossible or too costly to fulfil, and therefore the outbreak of war, or, what amounts to the same thing, any special preparation for war, calls for labour to be exerted in unaccustomed channels.

This demand for an unusual form of production is then a call either upon the hitherto unexerted productive power of the nation, if any, or upon that already being exerted in accustomed channels.

Unexerted energy in a nation may exist in either of two forms: (*a*) power in individuals already engaged in production, but not up to their full capacity; and (*b*) power in individuals at present idle.

In practice, surplus national energy will undoubtedly exist in both forms. Where those who are already engaged in producing are required to increase their output, such increase will not be at their cost individually, for they will receive in remuneration an increased share of the nation's accustomed or normal produce. In the case of those who were previously idle, the nation has been already supplying to them a share of its produce, large or small, if only just sufficient to keep body and soul together, and for which they have rendered no personal service in return.

Up to that amount, therefore (or such part of it as can be set free), the nation need feel no further call upon its resources by the productive employment of these idlers, but will instead receive

their produce in exchange for what they received and consumed equally when in idleness or at work.

But, when at work, the share of the nation's produce which they can command quickly rises above that which they have been before receiving, and, as in the case of those whom the war found already working, the result to them individually of this increase in the national output is an increase in the share of what I may call the normal output of the nation or that which existed in a state of peace, which goes to those who now do extra labour to meet the demand caused by the war, and to the hitherto unemployed. This share in the national income enables them to give effect to that demand for produce which those already in employment most want. The result is a mutual increase in production—improved trade; not any reduction of the normal output of a nation, but a positive increase, with, on the other hand, the disadvantage caused by the change in national demand from accustomed channels to unaccustomed ones, causing a disturbance of values and interference with some trades, with consequent suffering to those employed in them. Though it is true that in practice this unusual demand for certain services falls first upon those already employed in producing, yet may we safely assume that, under our social system, the amount of their output in time of peace is not far short of their maximum ability to produce under existing conditions, and therefore any such demand, though it appear to fall upon those already employed, will, what I will call the normal demand of the nation remaining the same, indirectly fall upon the hitherto unemployed.

Where, then, this reserve productive power exists in sufficient quantity, the ability of the nation as a whole to satisfy its normal wants in peace will be in no wise changed by war. Any alteration which takes place will be in the distribution among the individual citizens of the normal national output.

Let me proceed to illustrate my meaning.

In peace a part only of the total productive power of the nation is exerted. This I will call x.

That part of it which stood idle before the war I will call y.

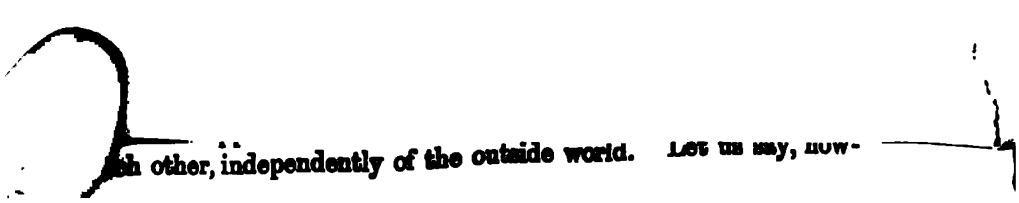
Let xp be the product of those employed before war broke out—what I have called the normal national output—and yp the product of those hitherto unemployed persons upon whom the demand created by the war ultimately falls.

Now, yp is a product for purely national consumption, and xp must, in time of peace, be divided among the individuals composing y and x. But the persons of whom y is composed will demand during the war a greater share as producers than as non-producers before the war they could command; and this deduction from the share of the x workers should stimulate further efforts on their part to repair the loss, just as our labourer worked longer hours for the same result when bothered by that gnat.

Where, however, the surplus productive power of the nation, y, is insufficient to meet the demands made by the war, then, these demands being imperative, a part of the population represented by x must relinquish their accustomed occupations and turn their productive power into warlike channels, with the result that still greater demands must be made upon the remainder of the x workers if the normal national output is to remain undiminished. Where the number of workers required to carry on the war is small in comparison with the total population, it is probable that the habitually wasted or unused power of production, y, will suffice to meet the call, and the nation as a whole suffer no actual quantitative loss, but only a change, and probably a change for the better, in the distribution of its normal produce. And where this surplus energy is sufficient to meet the demand, the amount of productive power that will need to be diverted from normal channels need not necessarily be great.

Where, however, any large part of the population is needed for warlike purposes, the normal production of the nation must suffer as the number of workers withdrawn from it increases, and the result is a greater demand upon remaining "normal" workers.

The first effect of warlike preparation, however, is a demand for services and for existing wealth in those forms best adapted, either directly or indirectly, to warlike purposes. This increased demand for labour may not, if of short duration, increase the share of the normal national production received by the individual labourer, labour being a commodity the exchange value of which—either from custom, through the terms of contract between employers and employed, or the elasticity of supply due to our imperfect method of distributing the wealth we produce—is not as subject to sudden changes in price as is wealth in almost any form. But the increased demand for such forms of existing wealth as can be used directly or indirectly for warlike purposes, together with the increased demand in normal trade above referred to, causes immediately a rise in values—a rise both in prices and in the rate of interest. Normal demand being undiminished, wealth taken permanently for warlike purposes will tend to be replaced as quickly as possible, so long as the normal productive power of the nation has not been seriously dislocated; but that which, like instrumental capital in the form of ships, tools, machinery, &c, is withdrawn from normal to warlike use only for the time being, will not tend to be replaced, on account of the time required to replace it, because the original goods or commodities, ships, machinery, &c., being only withdrawn for a time, any replacement of them on a large scale would but ensure an excess supply when those which the war took away are returned. Where national instrumental capital, therefore, is withdrawn from its accustomed place in supplying the normal demand of the nation, a certain dislocation of production must ensue, unless such capital



possesses a power of production in excess of that which is usually exacted from it. In the case of machinery on shore this is almost always the case; and where such machinery under normal conditions is worked but ten hours out of the twenty-four, there remains a potential productive power unused which is at least equal to any demands capable of being made upon it by available labour. But where this capital is in the form of ships required to be withdrawn from trade to be used as transports, as in the present war, little, if any, expansion of their utility is possible, and, unless their supply was in excess of the demand for them in normal times, considerable contraction in normal carrying power must ensue.

If this is not felt, and sea-carriage has not been transferred to other flags, it is evident that our supply has been in excess of normal needs. Consequently, any rise in ocean freights must be rather a rise from a depreciated value of the services performed than one from a natural to an inflated value.

If these are the facts, such a war can be waged without any reduction from this cause of the normal national produce, but will rather result in a temporarily increased utility, resulting in the fuller employment of existing wealth and labour—the same result which we have pointed to in the case of capital on shore.

Had our mercantile marine, however, been unequal to anything more than normal requirements, a very serious reduction must have taken place in normal sea carrying power, causing the nation to feel with some severity the diversion of power from its normal channels to carry on the war.

From the point of view of the world at large war cannot be productive. It is essentially destructive. From the national standpoint, however, a war of conquest carried to a successful issue may appear to be productive—*i.e.*, to pay for itself, as it is called, either in land, other wealth, or glory.

A war waged in defence, or to avert some danger which is thought to be worse than war itself, appears productive or not, from the purely national point of view, according as we compare the state of affairs which it is sought to establish by war with that existing before the danger threatened, or with that state which it is believed would have supervened had the danger been tamely submitted to. In the former case the nation is minus the wealth which might have been produced by the amount of labour and wealth diverted from normal production or normal idleness and expended on war, whilst in the latter case the state of the nation after a successful war may seem, by comparison with the conditions which it fought to avert, so much improved as to justify the war from a purely financial standpoint.

A nation threatened by invasion is somewhat in the same condition as a country threatened by famine or flood. It cannot be said to

become richer by the labour spent in averting these calamities; it does but exert itself to avoid a threatened loss. When that loss is successfully avoided, the nation is no richer by the effort put forth than it was before the loss was threatened—nay, it is poorer than it might have been had it been able to put forth those energies in other directions—but it may be far richer than it would have been had it succumbed to the calamity which threatened it.

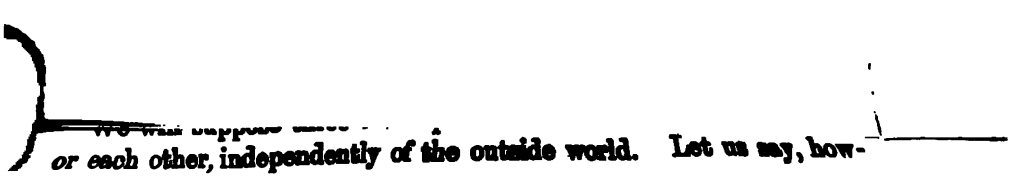
Whether or no it is an actual loser by these efforts depends upon whether they were put forth out of a reserve of unused power, or were diverted from normal courses to the special purpose in view. By so much as this latter condition prevailed, the country will be poorer than it otherwise would have been, unless it replaces this loss by the spoils of war or by an indemnity at the expense of its enemy.

Yet this condition is unhealthy, or rather the form which it takes is so. Our reserve or spare power is not, as it should be, distributed over the whole nation. It is not derived from a population working each one well within his strength and able in emergency to put forth greater efforts; it exists in the form of a miserable section of the community in enforced idleness, living side by side with sections, one obliged to work as if driven by a slave-driver, and another working or idling at pleasure, or perhaps making a labour of their pleasures.

But by all destruction the State must necessarily be impoverished in some degree, and its total wealth reduced. There will usually take place also, as a consequence of warfare, a change of direction in the exertion of labour from ordinary channels to the production of very perishable warlike commodities, made to be destroyed, which do not for long add to the sum of the national wealth, somewhat similar to the national expenditure on intoxicating liquors, which in no way increases wealth.

When the whole or any part of an army is disbanded on the termination of a war, these disbanded workers cease to produce that very perishable commodity for which the nation has been paying them. The nation, by gradually reducing the numbers of its armed forces, reduces the amount of its produce which it has been paying away to them for their services.

But by the cessation of war the expenditure on warlike material does not necessarily cease; it may, and in fact usually does, continue for some time afterwards. All that property also which the war has destroyed requires to be reinstated, so that by the cessation of war there is no sudden reduction of the sum total of production required from the population, military and otherwise; in fact, the total output required has for a time rather increased than otherwise: the more wealth the war has destroyed, the more labour will be exerted to repair the damage, and consequently the more the war will have



appeared to benefit trade, and the less felt will be the cessation of the war and the return to civil pursuits of that part of the army which is disbanded. It follows also that, the more lives lost in the war, the greater the share of wealth remaining per head of population. This reminds one of the saying of the little schoolboy who, when asked for an essay on war, wrote, "War is a good thing. It kills off the people and makes room for more."

War certainly increases production, and if production (in its wide economic sense) is synonymous with trade, then, too, it improves or increases trade. But so would any increase in perishable produce which the nation should undertake. More might be produced, and as quickly consumed; and, though trade or production would be brisk, the sum total of wealth might even diminish. To carry the argument to its logical extreme, the more people indulged in that most perishable form of the production of pleasure (consumed in the producing) known as idleness, the more there would be left for workers to do if the total of production is to be sustained. But under such conditions it could not be sustained without compelling the workers, because those who idled would have less to give the workers in exchange for their produce. They would, therefore, produce less. Under a system of human slavery, employment may be said to be at its busiest, and every man has work, as much as he can be made to do, yet great wealth is not necessarily the outcome.

Let no man idle because he thinks he can thereby give employment to others. He does not do so. He reduces his own power of purchasing the produce of others, and therefore reduces the amount which they can profitably produce. The result of his idleness is to decrease the employment, not only of himself, but of others in corresponding degree. If he work but for himself alone, consuming his own product without exchanging it, he benefits himself alone and hurts no one. So far as others are concerned, he might as well be idle. If he produces for sale, he affords opportunity for others to produce for sale to an equal extent.

By his labour he gives employment to others, and by his idleness he denies the same.

But to return to our subject, the waging of war is like the satisfaction of any new want which gives rise to extra production by any individual or class for the purpose of exchange. It increases employment, production, and trade, and it does this quickly and certainly. It offers at once employment visible and pressing, into which unemployed labour and capital may flow without risk and on a large scale. It fills up the gaps caused by our defective organisation more surely and rapidly than any other cause with which we are familiar.

Yet the nation which should seek war for this reason, quite apart from the ethical aspect of the case, would be like a man who desired

work for its own sake; like a man who preferred to have a troublesome gnat to contend against while he was at work, one who was better pleased the more labour he performed, though he got nothing for it.

But when we recognise how it is that war seems to benefit us, we see at the same time that there is room for peaceful production on an equally large scale in place of this warlike destruction and that such production would not only give us our much-desired good trade, but would leave us with something tangible to show for it in the shape of enormously increased wealth in place of well-filled hospitals, devastated lands, and huge war debts.

But there is another aspect of the case.

In what has gone before it has been tacitly assumed that the war spoken of did not in itself affect our foreign trade. True, it has been pointed out that certain harmful dislocations of trade are sure to occur at home; but where the war is comparatively a small one, such dislocations are more than balanced by enlargement of trade in other directions.

What, however, are we to say when war, instead of being waged with a comparatively insignificant country, is waged with one of our best customers? At once important trades are interfered with almost to the point of utter downfall; often, if long continued, to the point of their entire extinction. In face of the fearful loss such a war must involve, the advantages accruing to other trades appear trifling, and unemployed labour is thrown on the market far more rapidly than it is taken off for warlike expenditure.

But, to sum up, while the terrible evils of war are easily recognised because brought so vividly before the eyes of even the most unthinking, the fact that it can in any way cause improvement in our industrial system reveals to us the existence of a terrible defect in the organisation of the industrial world, a defect which it cannot be beyond our power to remedy, and which it is the duty of every man who has at heart the best interests of the human race to grapple with.

FRANKLIN THOMASSON.

We will suppose [illegible]
or each other, independently of the outside world. Let us say, how-

AMERICAN POLITICIANS.

THERE are comparatively few persons capable of forming a dispassionate judgment on the ordinary and momentous political affairs of their country. In reviewing past national occurrences on which the impartial judgment of time has set its seal, the position is different. There are many men who, bringing an unbiased mind to bear on any particular incident of, say, fifty years ago, will be tolerably certain of forming a decision which may not differ very widely from actual and accepted facts. Indeed, we are all very uncorrupt and accurate critics of the affairs of past ages; for in regard to our view of these there is no party partisanship, and we are not deceived by rash individual opinions, formed in haste and repented at leisure. When trustworthy judgments are forthcoming they may be said to emanate principally from the educated classes. Particularly is this the case in America. The note of the comparatively few dissentient and protesting voices against the course which the political stream appears to be taking in that country is pretty well set forth in the following despairing quotation from Mr. G. W. Smalley, expressed in the *Times* on the occasion of a more than usually reckless piece of legislation on the part of the American Senate: "Yet in the Senate there are men of dignity and character like Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, Mr. Proctor, of Vermont, and Mr. Davis, of Minnesota, who still stand for national good faith."

We shall be better able to test the justice of this sweeping assertion if we take a few typical instances of the manner in which American affairs are conducted, and it will be also possible to gauge more accurately the influence which politicians exercise over the intellectual and moral growth of the nation. I have studied the politicians of the United States this many a day, and I am of the opinion that their education and attitude has had more bearing on the development of the national character than almost anything else. The topic which is most generally interesting to a nation may fairly be computed as that which moulds, more than any other, its peculiar national characteristics; and granted that politics hold the premier place in the mind of the great public—I think there is no doubt as to this—it will be interesting to look into the conduct and procedure of the men whom the populace has elected as adequately representing its views of national affairs.

Politicians as a class are not intellectually brilliant in any country; but—going at once into comparisons—it should be a source of national congratulation that our English democracy seems to possess a faculty sufficiently discerning to choose at least educated men for its representatives. In America I note among the majority of electors a tendency to distrust an educated and refined man, or one who finds pleasure and recreation in things which they are neither interested in nor understand. An evidence of intellectual capacity does not even seem essential to the nomination of a President or other high State official. It is no exaggeration to say that he who is possessed of the best stock of verbose absurdities, reasonable-sounding platitudes, garrulous platform illustrations and arguments—sounding plausible enough to the superficial listener, but losing all significance when seriously weighed—a proceeding to which they are seldom subjected—is the man who gives the American just what he finds necessary for conviction, and consequently is the successful candidate. The politician who is in most request is he who is on an intellectual level with his hearers. Such is the gullibility of the public that I have known instances when the employment of a long and unfamiliar word, quite irrelevant to the subject under discussion, has been sufficient to drive an argument home. Of similarly curious material are the units of government composed, from the cajoling of the coloured voter to the musings of a Senator.

While English voters are gathered in by promises which both the reaper and the garnerer know to be impossible of fulfilment, our cousins go a step farther and rely also on bribes, corruption, and trickery to an extent which could only be possible in this year of our Lord 1901. On either side of the Atlantic the number of ways of going to heaven is about equal, and amounts to some two hundred, but I think there must be a special dispensation in America during election times. All that is vile and mean in the human temperament is stored up in years of inactivity, to burst forth at the crucial moment of action. Officials are bribed, newspapers are bought up and converted into sheets of living lies, and the cowardly and disgusting slander of opponents is an important political accomplishment. In America, the country of political tyranny, the power of kings and heredity reasserts itself in the guise of democracy. Do we not see on every side strenuous democrats sounding as loudly as they are able the death-knell of true democracy? The ignorant, hollow-sounding corrupters are daily throwing down the castles of the silent workers; are thrust up into their positions with lies, determined there, at all cost, to carry on the tradition! If a man pay or inveigle men to sacrifice the dearest traditions of their country (those of personal freedom), what sort of ruler and guardian of freedom shall he make and whither tends the life of a country

which countenances and allows such doings? Can general moral chaos in things political lead to anything but material chaos? This is a question which appears to be slowly answering itself, and which the signs of the times are already beginning to make known. No country can be free that is under the iron hand of political oppression.

The proofs of this state of affairs are to be seen in almost any American newspaper and are admitted by any unbiased American. Have you not heard of those riotings of furious mobs which periodically play havoc in certain towns in the United States, while the administration refuses to call out the military for fear of sacrificing the vote of the said mob at the next election? Or of that great city, St. Louis, where women and poor little children have been stripped naked and chased down the principal thoroughfares to the accompaniment of sticks and stones? In truth, this country is the freest of the free!

It is a common occurrence for politicians to play on the nigger voters (for whose freedom and enfranchisement they fought) to the extent of inducing them, by mystification or otherwise, to put their ballots in the boxes of the wrong candidates, their votes being thus rendered worthless. Other diverting tricks are also practised, such as causing these said boxes to be fashioned with a false bottom! Once upon a time a man who undertook for a consideration the feat of tampering with the returns was shot, because such was found impracticable! A harmless thing, like keeping niggers away from elections by means of specially contrived entertainments, is considered as very ordinary and legitimate warfare, while "gunpowder intimidation" in the vicinity of the poll is almost as ordinary and legitimate! Tattlers, too, are rife. They tell me that Government officials connive with contractors, agents, and others for their mutual benefitings, just as in the days of the "Erie" and "whisky" rings; and judges of the United States Supreme Courts have shameful whispers circulated about prostitution of positions of trust for various considerations; but, of course, no attention need be paid to these tales, which are circulated about men who are held to be such examples of integrity and honour!

By a curious process, politicians are given exclusive right of nominating students for the West Point Military Academy. All of America's future officers are therefore appointed according to the politics of their family, and in what favour they happen to be with the nominator. We, although barring the best men, the little men, have an open competitive examination. In America they do it by political jobbery.

When such a rare and extraordinary thing happens as the misappropriation of pensions by Government officials or similar abuses, the facts are revealed and criticised for their probable electoral significance, rather than with an idea of remedying such a state of

affairs. Such occurrences are invaluable to both democrats and republicans—it therefore behoves a man not to protest too much.

Probably one of the greatest political disgraces of the time was the passage, by stultiloquent patriotic reasoning, of the Nicaragua Canal Bill, which declared by a vote of 225 to 35 that a solemn and binding treaty between England and the United States, recognised as such by the present administration, was no treaty at all, and should be considered void. This Clayton-Bulwer Treaty contains the conditions on which the proposed Nicaragua Canal should be constructed, and provides for the neutralisation of the canal, neither country being permitted to control it in case of war, or to erect fortifications on its banks. Nearly seven-eighths of the representatives of the American people now declare that the treaty, which has been recognised by every successive Secretary of State who has had anything to do with the matter since 1850, the date of its ratification, and which the two governments were busily discussing a few months ago, is dead! The catch-voters, whose only rule in the conduct of international affairs appears to be untiring hostility to Great Britain, have never had a greater triumph, but so long as their power is curbed by the influence of a President and Administration which has not yet lost all sense of individual or national honour, one can look on escapades of this sort with a certain amount of equanimity. However, their influence appears to be widening, for the present Republican Nationalists' Convention actually declares, in the face of its own policy, that the United States should "construct, own and control" the Isthmian Canal! And nobody smiles. On the contrary, so blinded by mock patriotism, hatred, and jealousy to Great Britain are the majority of American politicians, that these men are feasted and speeched and congratulated on their "marvellous insight and devotion to the welfare of their country."

I think Mr. Hepburn—a typical specimen of the professional politician—supplies the finishing touch by declaring, with the outlook of a nagging woman or a wilful child, that England rendered the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty void by buying shares in the Suez Canal! This is by no means an extravagant argument for Mr. Hepburn. Unable to discriminate between the patriotism which begets admiration and that which brings discredit, he would convert his compatriots into a gang of unscrupulous thieves and outlaws, with whom honour and international faith are things of convenience, to be retained or thrust aside as circumstances may dictate. It is almost unbelievable that a man possessed of some sort of education should even consider for a moment the practicability of interpreting agreements in so individual a way! It is even more amazing that hosts of other intelligences should enthusiastically follow such a lead, and amounts to a pretty conclusive proof of the hopeless standard of education which prevails. To us it is quite impossible to conceive

that the representatives of any nation could take up such a standpoint in grim earnest—without the suggestion of a smile. This policy has even been defended by a large section of the American press, which illustrates another sad tale. Even enlightened Boston has joined in, and I am told that the greater part of the population expect the President to accept their views and virtually tear up the treaty. Are good faith and honour to be swept away by every wave of false patriotism which floods this strangely excitable people, who, in their patriotic insanity, vilify all American citizens who recognise that the primary object of politics is good government and honesty rather than party hatred and jingoism? But those Americans whose views are best worth noting, have ceased to be surprised at anything their politicians may do—a state of mind which appears to be rapidly spreading to Europe. The New York *Evening Post*, one of the few respectable newspapers in America, which possesses that trans-Atlantic rarity, an educated man for an editor, describes the passage of the Bill as "a specimen of that reckless legislation which brings the United States into contempt."

My next picture is that of an obscure government official—Mr. Webster Davis—who, anticipating certain dismissal from office, resigns as a protest against the non-intervention of the United States in the South African campaign, remarking, as a preliminary, that no people so much resemble the Boers as the inhabitants of America—which is quite wrong. His reason for resignation is that the step was forced upon him by his burning conscience after hearing the rights of the Boer cause. In reality he had accepted a post as Boer agent, which meant, among other conditions, improved prospects and considerable notoriety (for notoriety with the ignorant is the American politician's stock-in-trade) It will be remembered that he was good enough, in his pro-Boer propaganda, to suggest that all American food-stuffs should be debarred from shipment to England, and thereby (!) reduce this country to the state of famine that prevailed in certain districts in India. This is all very amusing to read, but it is gratifying to think that if a man in England made a similarly couched public proposal with regard to any nation on earth—friend or enemy—he would have quite a difficulty in leaving the assembly with as whole a skin as he came into it.

A fool utters nonsense about the war being a struggle between the "divine right of kings and the divine rights of man," and every other fool catches up the strain and the words are frantically screeched from Maine to Mexico.

Mr. Bryan lays down the axiom that under all circumstances it is the duty of Americans to sympathise with any republic against monarchy. All the democrats frantically applaud, and half the republicans.

Mr. Bourk-Cockran affirms that the dispatching of Canadian troops to South Africa violates the Monroe doctrine!

It is absolutely a fact that the highest ideal entertained by quite a number of American politicians is the possession of England's colonies. It takes an Irish-American brain to concoct such a scheme. What say the Colonials?

Strangely excitable, too, is the political mind. A gallant but obscure admiral, on the strength of knocking to pieces a few obsolete, badly armed, manned, and engineered war vessels, is unanimously begged to accept the Presidency of the republic, and one of his commanders the Vice-Presidency. Professed politicians are already sufficiently curious, but admirals and commanders——!

A typical instance of electioneering verbosity comes from the United States Secretary of War, who announced at a friendly dinner in New York, at a time when the foreign relation coast had never been more clear, that "the hour is coming when the American people will be forced either to abandon the Monroe doctrine or to fight for it. We shall not abandon it." Of course few think it worth while to interpret the sentence more definitely, but it falls in with the spirit of the times, and affords the speaker the satisfaction of having his latest political absurdity flashed to the ends of the earth with accompanying notoriety, and all, therefore, are pleased. Political legs are inclined to be so weak that continual proppings of this description are necessary to ensure their stability, and the public are not sufficiently discerning to see through the business. In England undeserving notoriety is hereditary; in America it is sustained by studied and obvious cunning. Both are essentially false and equally foolish.

When Mr. Cleveland was President he found that it was necessary to free himself, in the eyes of his party, from the slightest suspicion of English sympathy. He accordingly sent Mr. Sackville West his passports. Again, lest such accusations should be piled against him, he revivified the extinct Monroe doctrine in the boyish Venezuela message, knowing full well the safety of his ground the while, for the old country would never wage war with her offspring! To-day it is the same. The international sympathies and actions of public men are according to political circumstances rather than conviction.

It is a fact well known on both sides of the Atlantic that the Monroe doctrine, until revivified by Cleveland's amateurish message and its accompanying wave of patriotism, had always been repudiated by the United States; and it is all the more interesting to compare the present attitude towards this reanimated mummy to that of a few years ago. To-day it would gladly be made a pretext for war by the more bellicose, and, indeed, remains about the only straw to be clung to for such an end. It is difficult to comprehend the

attitude of the public towards this doctrine, and I am inclined to think that it is one of the most astounding developments of recent years, for, however we may cast about for an explanation, we are forced back to that foolish word "patriotism," which in America is synonymous with jealousy. For fear of being foreshadowed or rivalled by another people, any step would be resorted to rather than that a semi-barbarous continent should become gradually civilised. The ordinary business perspicuity of the American should be sufficient to grasp the inestimable advantages which would accrue to their country if South America were to become peopled with Teutons or Anglo-Saxons. Surely advancement, law, and order are better neighbours than semi-anarchic chaos. I have sought for grounds on which to base this antipathy to foreign acquisition, and find no answer except in the all-consuming jealousy and dog-in-the-manger attitude of the American political mind.

Every year the politicians become more and more the laughing-stock of Europe and the shame of intellectual America; and worse, they succeed in establishing in the minds of their people that a state of corruption, bribery and dishonesty is the normal condition of the country where official integrity neither seems to flourish or be desired. When their utterances are not wilfully ambiguous, they appear to consist almost wholly of irrepressible threatenings to declare war against friendly powers (as if patriotism did not consist of other attitudes than that of shouldering up to great nations), or of gross and libellous accusations of licentiousness and the like against political opponents, with the result that those who are eminently capable of governing, by reason of their position and education, hold aloof.

There are no statesmen in America. Even a President is not one; for directly he is beginning to get some sort of insight into his business his place is supplanted by some one else. His life as President is necessarily a short one, for his election is a signal for detractors to start work more furiously than ever, and, carrying on their work steadfastly during the course of four years, generally succeed in supplanting him with a man as verdantly green as he himself happened to be when promoted to office. On the conduct of international affairs, a well-known senator exclaims: "You must remember that the international education of our legislators began very recently. They are in the Kindergarten period." The querulous jealousy and ingrained falsity of character of the majority of these gentlemen render impossible the carrying on of diplomacy as we understand it in Europe. It is well within the bounds of truth to say that many American ambassadors, by reason of their ignorance of manners and of the world, are getting to be regarded as outside the pale of ordinary officialdom, and are accordingly treated and humoured in a manner quite unique in diplomatic circles. We

need go no farther afield than England to find that there has not always been a very honourable or clear sheet in respect to the negotiations between America and its mother country. The cultivation of the American gentleman should hardly be in the Kindergarten period.

England is a republic ornamented with a powerless royalty, consuming fabulous sums of the public money. America is an authoritative democracy, vesting supreme power in a President. Instead of calling him king and annually presenting him with £400,000 to spend, he gets £10,000 and has to work hard for it. While not agreeing with the autocratic power of the system, we may envy the good sense and economy. America would on no account put up with the mediævalism which prevails in this country; and we, on the other hand, would never permit the return to absolute personal authority which is in operation in the States.

The fact is thrust in upon us that while the early rulers were cultured men the present ones are, in many cases, almost entirely without education. It is satisfactory to compare them with our present-day colonial legislators. On the one side we find garrulousness, irresponsibility, illiteracy and arrogance; on the other an intelligent band of men carrying on, in new birth, the best English traditions. In such a loud democracy as America it is treason to express an individual and unbiased opinion—one does so at the risk of universal hatred. There was never a more honourable man than the late Mr. Phelps, and in certain quarters there never was a more unpopular. But at the present time the strangely varying currents of opinion have converted his bitterest enemies into sincere panegyrists, and qualities which formerly brought vituperation on his head are now those which his former enemies most strenuously hold up for admiration.

America appears to be a land of ideals unfulfilled—a land of political slavery conducted by those very individuals who talk most blatantly of freedom; a land of party strife so fierce, unsportsmanlike and brutal that the educated stand aside in awe and disgust. And yet, on occasion, these very men's hearts seem to warm within them, and we catch a glimpse of something better, something truer—only to freeze again in the winds of worldly interests, when party gain and notoriety darken the horizon. They are of a curious mixture, possessed of a temperament which shocked the world with slavery, and caused them to fly at each other's throats in as bloody a civil war as there could well be, and in a generation to forgive each other. It is, indeed, no exaggeration to say that these men are in a great measure responsible for the peculiar outlook of the American public to-day. As politicians blare, so do the newspapers, and they in turn guide the popular mind. As I have said, in temper the multitude is so sensitive that politicians, from the

President downwards, obtain a knowledge of its condition and the possible effect of a premeditated step before taking any important action whatever; and scandalous and puzzling submissions are made in order to prepare the way for unprincipled and abominable victories. And so does the pendulum swing from general election to general election.

In America, the learned and distinguished flee from the very atmosphere of politics and possible officialdom, as from something obnoxious and tainted. The populace cry: "Give us the man of many words, the empty wind-bag," and the silent, thinking men—the men of action and possibilities, who alone have a right to govern—are lost to the State. Such is necessarily the case: it is not possible that the majority of electors, who have no personal aspirations to truth, integrity, or intellect, can discover these qualities in others. How shall a country fare whose Government is built by quacks with carefully selected other quacks? Truly, the word liberty is in want of a new definition! It is quite within the realms of possibility that one day these men may embroil the country into a suicidal act, or quarrel, of terrible and far-reaching consequences. Then may the populace awaken to the fact that all this long while they have been listening to pitiful empty words. What kind of work might then suggest itself to these countless mobs, whose wrath to-day finds vent in killing niggers, beating preachers of Christ, and stripping and flogging women and children?[1] What kind of devil may then possess the land? One dares not mention the word.

One of the great national characteristics of this new land appears to be, on all and every occasion, a superfluity of words. Carlyle says: "The English are a dumb people. They can do great deeds, but not describe them." What a strange offspring from such a mother are these people who can describe great acts but not do them! How much better is it to be capable of doing one tiny infinitesimal act, than to be possessed of the gift of flinging forth a million specious arguments and plausibilities which are lost as their very sound dies away; if, indeed, insincerities can ever wholly be lost. What shall become of progress when leading men descend to periodical paroxysms of anger and excitement over the most trivial and fleeting questions, leaving unnoticed the affairs which loudly demand consideration, and prompted to reforms or non-reforms only by dictates of party jealousy and hatred. Neither party in power seems to aspire to real moral and material advancement of the nation, or cherish ideals of true progress—that of education and culture—spite of elaborate school codes, which studiously exclude the very items which make for beneficent results, in favour of an education which will enable a man to grub successfully along in money-making! If education only fits a man

[1] St. Louis.

for the business or calling into which he is likely to be thrust, it cannot amount to much. By perpetuating such a system, there is established and perpetuated an utter indifference to anything but a bald knowledge of buying and selling. The dearth of State museums, science and art galleries and institutions is but a single example of the indifference of successive administrations to the cause of true progress.

Her politicians are America's worst enemies. Promises take the place of performances; words instead of actions; party hatred supplants honourable service, and notoriety is esteemed the summit of all ambition. This is the picture that modern America presents. A strange contrast it affords to the attitude of those great men of the Revolution, whose every step was marked by an admirable caution, and a scrupulous care to be within the letter of the law, and have a justifiable reason for each successive action they undertook. This continued until long after the actual outbreak of hostilities. Indeed, in the hatching and gradual realisation of the Revolution everything was above-board and sportsmanlike; and I would bid you—if any doubt exists in your mind—look the matter up, and compare the noble and passionate forbearance of the colonists to the unparalleled insolence, ignorance, and boorish aggressiveness of your present-day American exponent of his country's rights. No one, I believe, will deem it extravagant when I say that the present conjuncture is lamentable. That good government and integrity are not even desired; that the enforcement of laws is often postponed or in abeyance pending political developments; that their abeyance is ridiculed and their enforcement resented; that justice, order, and respectability in international affairs have ceased; that hardly anything of a political or administrative nature has even pretensions to the possession of a sound or moral basis, are facts admitted by those who are best able to judge.

There surely, then, seems some justification for Mr. Smalley's lament as to the course of things political in his country. But for the future of international diplomacy and affection it is poor consolation to think that in the United States Senate there are only a few "men of dignity and character like Mr. Hoare, of Massachusetts, Mr. Proctor, of Vermont, and Mr. Davis, of Minnesota, who still stand for national good faith."

HUGH BLAKER.

MODERN EGYPT:

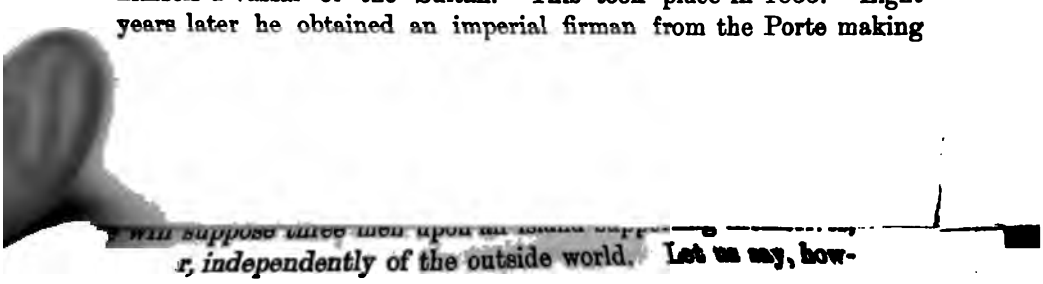
FROM MAHOMET ALI TO ABBAS HILMI II.

THE recent visit of his Highness Abbas Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, to England affords a suitable occasion for reviewing the history of the dynasty to which he belongs and comparing the state of Egypt in the first part of the nineteenth century with its condition at the present day. For a long period the dominant feature of the administration was misrule; but in recent years Egyptian affairs have received much attention, and under the guidance of carefully selected officers, deputed from England to advise and assist the Khedive, his kingdom, from being one of the worst, is rapidly becoming one of the best-governed countries, whether regarded in its commercial, financial, social, or political aspect. The history of Egypt has been described as a succession of bondages under taskmasters who have preached deliverance and practised oppression. Subjected to this treatment, the Egyptian peasant became a creature sunk in apathy and sloth, and callously indifferent to changes in the constitution of the governing power. Crushed in spirit by long ages of servitude, he learnt to become inured to his degradation, accepted his hard lot with resignation and no deep sense of wrong. Revolutions have occurred in the political state of the country, but the manners, habits, and customs of the people have but little changed till the last few years. From time immemorial they have been ground down by a succession of taskmasters with no chance of escape from their bonds. Oppression and tyranny the order of the day, the utmost farthing has been screwed out of them by the corrupt officials of a rapacious Government. They were forced to leave their own fields to work at a distance for months together on the roads, embankments, and canals, without hire and under the lash. The pyramids, built by forced labour, are a gigantic monument of the oppression practised on the people in past centuries. To give an idea of the enormous waste of human life and labour upon public works in ancient times, it is related by Buckle, in his *History of Civilisation*, that 2000 men were occupied for three years in carrying a single stone a certain distance; that the canal of the Red Sea alone cost the lives of 12,000 Egyptians; and that to build one of the pyramids required the labour of 360,000 men for twenty years.

The reason of the fellah's patience under the yoke of oppression and of the tenacity with which he clings to old habits, is in a large measure to be found in the climate and fertility of the soil. In a country in which it seldom or never rains, and with a temperature that is always pleasant, the peasantry have grown accustomed to their squalid mud huts and the scanty rags which serve as clothing, and have learnt to toil on without complaint. While the climate lessens their wants, the soil increases their supplies, with the result that Egypt is more thickly populated than any country in Europe.

It is pleasant to turn from the above description of the fellah's condition to indications that he is at length arousing himself from his lethargy and awakening to the fact that some change beneficial to him has already been effected, as well as to the possibility of a brighter future. For some years past the progress reports of the Government, corroborated by the observations of travellers, show that the administration, first under the Anglo-French control and later under solely British supervision, has removed many of the abuses, and conferred benefits of a lasting character upon the country.

In order to investigate the part played in the history of Egypt by the Khedives, it is necessary to go back to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The founder of the present dynasty, Mahomet Ali, was born at Kavalla, in Macedonia, where his father filled the office of Inspector of Police. Being fond of military pursuits, he entered the Turkish army at an early age and was sent to Egypt at the head of a contingent ordered from his district at the time of the French invasion of Egypt in 1798. Placed in command of an Albanian corps, his military genius found ample scope for action in the numerous enterprises which he was called upon to lead. Ambitious, unscrupulous, and daring, he quickly turned to his own account, whether by force or fraud, the opportunities which his position afforded him of advancing his own fortunes. Seizing territory after territory, he by degrees brought under his dominion the whole of Egypt, and in 1805 appointed himself Governor and Viceroy. One of his first acts was to exterminate the Mamluks, who had wrested from his predecessors, the Turkish pashas, a large share in the government of the country. His great object was to acquire a powerful empire and to render himself an independent prince. His successes in Syria, a province of Turkey, by means of an expedition carried on under the command of his son Ibrahim, aroused the animosity and jealousy of the Sultan, and attracted the attention of the European Powers to his increasing ascendency. These Powers interfered, and an arrangement was entered into by which Mahomet Ali was allowed to retain Syria on condition of his acknowledging himself a vassal of the Sultan. This took place in 1833. Eight years later he obtained an imperial firman from the Porte making



the Viceroyalty of Egypt hereditary in his family on the condition of his giving up Syria. He aimed at developing the resources of the country by the introduction of European sciences, arts, and manufactures, and by the construction of public works. The adoption of European naval and military tactics was also a reform effected by his energetic rule. He subdivided the country and appointed the village sheiks, or headmen, to the office of magistrates, tax-collectors, and Government overseers. He introduced the cultivation of cotton, indigo, and sugar, and established in the country a system of national education. His revenue amounted to about £3,000,000 sterling, nearly half being derived from the direct taxes on land and illegal exactions from the fellaheen. The remainder was obtained from customs duties, a tax on palm-trees, an income-tax, and from the sale of various productions of the land.

But with all his energy, enlightenment, and advanced opinions, Mahomet Ali only sought his own aggrandisement. He ruled with a rod of iron. His will was absolute. He could cause any one of his subjects to be put to death without a trial, or without assigning any cause, a simple motion of the hand being sufficient to imply a sentence of decapitation. He increased his revenue by the most oppressive means. He dispossessed of their lands almost all the private proprietors, and made himself the proprietor of nearly the whole kingdom. He attached the incomes of religious and charitable institutions, and annexed lands bequeathed as endowments to mosques, fountains, and public schools. Mahomet Ali has been justly praised for having brought the country from a state of anarchy to one of tranquillity, and for the reforms which he introduced into the administration; but there is no doubt that while professing anxiety for the welfare of the people he allowed them to be severely oppressed. The exactions of dishonest officials everywhere reduced the peasant to a state of insolvency. To supply the bare necessaries of life he was often obliged to steal and convey secretly to his hut as much as he could of the produce of his own land, while even the seed, which he obtained as a loan from Government, was pilfered by the persons through whose hands it passed before it reached him. The end of Mahomet Ali was remarkable for such a man, though perhaps a not uncommon sequel to the history of an Oriental potentate. He became imbecile in 1848, and died mad three years later.

Notwithstanding his cruel despotism and inglorious death, it must be conceded that Mahomet Ali was a great man, a wise reformer, a powerful administrator, and that the country largely benefited under his rule. The following tribute has been paid to his memory in a well-known work:

"The entire constitution of the Government of Egypt is the work of Mahomet Ali. With a few exceptions he destroyed all former usages, and

introduced a system partly derived from European models. The army and navy are his creation, so are the taxation, the regulation of import and export duties, the quarantine laws, the manufactories, colleges, and the ministry. Some of these institutions are useful, others both vexatious and ill calculated for the country. The colleges of languages and medicine, and the printing press at Boolak are among the former, and are exceedingly praiseworthy efforts in a right direction; and in the same category must be placed many minor improvements in which Mahomet Ali showed himself to be far in advance of his countrymen; while, weighing his chequered life and numerous disadvantages of position and nation, his moral character, enlightened mind, and distinguished ability, must place him high among the great men of modern times."

Of his children reference need only be made to Ibrahim, the eldest and conqueror of Syria, who succeeded him and died two months afterwards; to Toosoon, whose son Abbas, being the eldest male of the family, according to the Turkish law of descent, became the reigning Viceroy on Ibrahim's death; to Said, the fourth son, who was the successor of Abbas in 1854, and to the sixth son, Prince Halim, who for some years lived in exile at Constantinople, and was a candidate for the throne of Egypt on the deposition of Ismail Pasha in 1879. The reign of Abbas was ignoble and worthless, and during it all the great works begun by Mahomet Ali were suspended. He was an ignorant voluptuary, only seeking his own gratification, and did his best to ruin Egypt, and his death and the succession of Said Pasha was welcomed by the people as the removal of the country's curse. The new Viceroy endeavoured to pursue his grandfather's policy, but he was in indifferent health and had not sufficient strength of character to enable him to effect much beyond abolishing some oppressive Government monopolies and lending his countenance to the Suez Canal scheme. No one rejoiced more at his succession than M. de Lesseps, who on receipt of the news at once hastened to Alexandria to lay his project for the canal, which Abbas had refused to entertain, before Said Pasha, whom he had known in his youth. During a journey to Cairo across the Libyan desert the scheme was discussed. To M. de Lesseps' delight the Pasha was favourable to it, and gave it his thorough support after his engineers, Linant Bey and Mougel Bey, had carefully examined into the project and demonstrated the possibility of carrying it out successfully. The canal was completed in the next reign, but to Said must be given the credit of its establishment. He died in 1863, leaving the finance of the country in a prosperous condition, the revenue amounting to nearly five millions sterling, and the national debt not exceeding a year's receipts. Under these favourable conditions the reign of his successor, Ismail, the son of Ibrahim, promised to be the beginning of a new era for Egypt.

Fired with the ambition proper to a grandson of Mahomet Ali, and possessed of a large amount of energy and intelligence, Ismail

began his rule full of lofty schemes for the welfare of his country, but unfortunately there were wanting in him the force and the stability of character necessary to carry out these projects to completion on a well-devised and sound basis. He set about reforming the system of administration, covered the country with railways, constructed canals, harbours, lines of telegraphs and lighthouses, built palaces, opera-houses, and theatres, and added a new quarter to Cairo. The Suez Canal was completed, the sweet-water canal constructed, and docks were made at Suez and Alexandria. The future of Egypt looked exceedingly bright and promising. Aided by a very efficient Minister, Nubar Pasha, Ismail remodelled the Customs system, reorganised the Post-office and Military schools, and did much to promote the cause of education. He substituted for the old system of consular jurisdiction mixed courts where European and native judges sit together to try all mixed cases with respect to nationality. He further succeeded in advancing his own independence, and obtained an Imperial firman in 1866, removing almost all the old treaty restrictions, and permitting him to exchange the title of Wali or Viceroy for that of Khedive or Ruler of Egypt, as well as altering the right of succession from father to eldest son instead of to the eldest male in the family. Following in the footsteps of his grandfather, he took into his own hands all the agriculture as well as all the manufactures in the kingdom, and aimed at developing the resources of the country. Cotton-mills were constructed on a large scale, and manufactories of sugar, linen, iron, and silk were introduced. Trade, especially in cotton, made remarkable progress, and the country seemed to be enjoying a season of universal prosperity.

But this happy state of things existed in appearance only. The unreality became patent as soon as attention began to be directed to the amazing rapidity with which the Khedive had increased the national debt. In ten years it had advanced from four millions to eighty millions, and in fourteen years to one hundred millions, without any proper accounts being kept of the expenditure. The Khedive had a mania for building, and large sums of money were lavishly and wastefully spent on palaces, gardens, and factories, destined, many of them, never to be used or even finished, which remained as evidence of the incompleteness and inconsistency which characterised all the actions of the Khedive Ismail. His extravagant investment in machinery was shown by the melancholy sight of unused huge iron wheels, boilers, cylinders, fragments of steam ploughs, which seemed to strew the Daira lands. Many of the new buildings had been so flimsily constructed that in the course of a few years they were in the process of decay, and it became a joke among travellers that "the ruins of modern Egpyt were more extensive than those of the ancient land." In such unproductive works the Khedive had

contrived to squander more than ten times the revenue of the country in as many years. In business of the State he was most capricious and exacting, permitting no measure, however unimportant, to be undertaken without his will and pleasure being consulted. His aim was to establish a system of personal rule, under which all the threads of administration should centre in his own palace at Cairo; and, without having the necessary training or ability for such pursuits, he was intent upon becoming a merchant, landholder, and speculator on a colossal scale. He became a sort of Royal Jack-of-all-trades, with the proverbial deficiencies fully exemplified. He carried his desire for domination into his own family, interfering in the most trivial details of household management. Such was his greed for accumulating land, that in the course of fourteen years he had contrived to dispossess about a million of his subjects of their property, and to increase the extent of his private estates from thirty thousand to one million acres. The fellaheen's passion for land is as strong as that of the Indian ryot, and it will be easily understood how widespread was the misery caused by the violent and unexpected proceedings which ruined the homes of thousands of peasant proprietors and changed their position into that of day labourers. What aggravated the burden was that those whose lands were left untouched were compelled, under the *corvée* system, to neglect their own cultivation in order to till the viceregal estates. Another grievance of the fellaheen was that they were required to pay taxes six months in advance of harvest time, and, on failure to do so, their land became forfeited. The conscription was a greater curse than the *corvée*. A mother would frequently maim her child to save him from it. Under Ismail's misrule the most shameful abuses were practised. Every department of Government was tainted with corruption. Appointments were sold to the highest bidders without reference to personal fitness. The pay was frequently nominal, the understanding being clear that the office-holder would be at liberty to make up for the deficiency in his salary by the levy of blackmail, a system of plunder especially rife on the Daira lands. The character of the Khedive was thus portrayed:—

> "Proprietor in his own name and that of his family of one-fifth of the best land in Egypt, the sweat and blood of the fellahs have fertilised it, and even great public works have been made and used solely to increase the wealth and pamper the luxury of the Khedive and his household, until even the much-enduring fellah now murmurs in revolt and curses his taskmaster."

There could only be one end to such a system of mal-administration. Before relating the events which hastened that end, we may dwell for a moment on the hardships of the *corvée* system to which reference has been made. That system had been in existence for ages, and was considered to be indispensable to the prosperity of the

country, the ordinary labour market being quite unequal to the task of keeping the irrigation works in a proper state of efficiency. From the earliest times the people have been compelled to supply their quota of labour for this object. In some districts they were taken away long distances from their homes, for as long as six months at a time; and though unprovided with any machinery or tools for the work they had to perform, were required to clear out canals and raise embankments to withstand the encroachments of the Nile. An eye-witness has given the following description of a body of *corvée* workers who came under his notice :—

"An unorganised crowd of human beings of all ages—old age and extreme youth being chiefly represented—immersed in damp mud up to their knees, engaged in scooping up lumps of canal slush into their hands and throwing it as high as they can towards the bank of the stream. Not a shovel, not a spade, not a tool of any kind is there among the whole of them; the mud they throw up lies where it falls, dries, cakes, and then cracks in the sun, till during the ensuing months the wind topples it back again into the bed of the cleaned canal."

Another writer, a well-known authority on Egyptian affairs, says :—

"I remember once seeing a public road, not half an hour out of Cairo, being repaired by forced labour. The labourers were men, women and children. To each batch of ten labourers there was attached a ganger with a stick, who kept striking the labourers when they loitered in their work. The foreman, whip in hand, went about cutting at the gangers, and the engineer had a *kurbash* wherewith to chastise the foreman. The scene was typical of the whole social fabric of Egypt, and what was more typical still was that everybody concerned took it as a matter of course."

The above was written in 1877, during the Khedivate of Ismail Pasha, when, it is said, the *corvée* system flourished with a severity probably unknown since the days the pyramids were built. The fellah, as already stated, was taken away at harvest-time to till the viceregal lands and leave his own uncultivated. The consequence was that, being unable to pay the taxes, his land became forfeited and went to form part of the State domains. The evil of the system was that the workmen required to be driven and needed constant supervision, and that the work was scamped.

We have already indicated the stages by which the character of Ismail Pasha deteriorated from that of a Governor anxious to promote the welfare of his country to the condition of an autocratic ruler and maladministrator of a very oppressive type. In furtherance of his most cherished plan of becoming independent of the Porte, besides securing for himself the title of Khedive, and the right of succession for his eldest son, he also obtained the right of making treaties with foreign powers, and of raising troops for war. Taking advantage of this last concession, he engaged in costly enterprises in order to increase his dominions; but the territory thus acquired, though it

extended his borders almost to the equator, was a source of additional expense, as the revenue therefrom was utterly inadequate to pay the cost of administration. Whilst the Khedive's credit lasted his affairs seemed to prosper. Disaster came with his inability to borrow. What hastened the collapse of his credit was the embarrassment of the Porte on the breaking out of the Russo-Turkish war in 1875. His necessities at that time gave England the opportunity to step in and purchase the founders' shares which he held in the Suez Canal. But the amount paid, four millions, was a mere bagatelle compared with the Khedive's liabilities. The rotten state of the Egyptian finances drew the attention of the Western Powers, and led to the mission of Mr. Cave to inquire into the financial condition of the country.

Mr. Cave's report exposed the system of peculation that pervaded every department of the State, and showed the necessity for a complete reform in the administration. The anxieties of the Khedive continued, and the next few years witnessed several abortive attempts made by England and France to reorganise the Egyptian exchequer. Mr. Rivers Wilson was sent out as financial adviser to the Khedive, but could effect nothing. Ismail then tried the bold stroke of repudiating his debts, but this was not allowed by the International Courts. Next came the Goschen-Joubert deputation, with instructions to make the best arrangement possible between the Khedive and his creditors. This mission failed, because the former, true to the instincts of the race of debtors, would not disclose the whole extent of his embarrassments.

Under pressure of the French and English Governments, an International Commission was appointed in the spring of 1878, under the presidency of M. de Lesseps, aided by Mr. Rivers Wilson. The upshot of the inquiry was to show that the main cause of the complication was the unjust appropriation by the Khedive of 1,000,000 acres out of the 5,000,000 acres that constitute the cultivable soil of Egypt and the establishment of a monopoly, which, while sacrificing individual interests in the industrial prosperity of the country, was so badly managed as also to result in loss to the Khedive. The Commission found that no real reform could be effected in the administration so long as the Khedive remained in possession of the estates he had acquired. His Highness at first refused; but, on pressure being put upon him, agreed to surrender the estates for the benefit of his creditors. The mainspring of the Commission had been Nubar Pasha, Ismail's former Minister, who was living in exile at Paris, where his intimate knowledge of Egyptian affairs made him a valuable adviser of the European Powers.

After the enforced surrender of his estates, Ismail's next move was to recall Nubar Pasha and to entrust to him the formation of a

Ministry in which European interests should be represented. Mr. Rivers Wilson was selected as Minister of Finance, and M. de Blignieres was appointed Minister of Public Works. The labours of this Ministry lasted only a few months and were suddenly arrested by a demonstration of disbanded officers, who clamoured for arrears of pay and reduction of taxation. The irregular system of distributing the pay of the army, from one to two years after it was due, has ever been a substantial grievance, which instigators of party movements in Egypt never fail to make use of. There were reasons for supposing this *émeute* to have been incited by the Khedive himself; at any rate, he seized upon it as an excuse for compelling Nubar to retire. This was effected and Prince Tewfik was appointed his successor. The Anglo-French Ministers retained their seats in Council, and were given a right of veto on all measures proposed by Government. This arrangement, like its predecessor, was short-lived. Demonstrations were got up against European interference in the administration, which resulted in the dismissal of Mr. Rivers Wilson and M. de Blignieres.

Prince Bismarck now appeared upon the scene, and insisted that the interests of the German creditors, small though they were, should not be sacrificed. The effect of this most unexpected interference on the part of Germany, who till then had kept aloof from the affairs of Egypt, was magical. England and France, who had been holding back from direct interference, again came forward, unwilling to leave the solution of the difficulty to Germany. At the time of the dismissal of the Anglo-French Ministers the Porte had offered to depose Ismail, but England and France opposed it. They now, however, intimated to the Sultan that they would consent to the deposition on certain conditions. The Khedive saw that his game was at last played out, and, to avoid deposition, abdicated in favour of his son Tewfik, and withdrew with his family and suite to Naples.

So far, we have described Ismail as a selfish, intriguing, and tyrannical ruler, but his character was not without some estimable qualities. Although his autocratic rule extended even to the members of his family and household, he was not an unkind husband, father, or master. He had also many social qualities which made him liked by the European residents of Cairo, who attended his Court and partook of his lavish hospitality. In the education of his sons and daughters he acted in the most liberal and enlightened manner, fully estimating the advantages of Western civilisation. Of his sons, the second, Prince Hassein, was educated in Switzerland and Paris; the third, Hassan, was an undergraduate at Christ Church, Oxford, and began, though he did not complete it, a military education in Berlin; the fourth son, Ibrahim, was sent to Woolwich, and the fifth, as a boy, was

placed for a few years with an English clergyman. They were all men who had travelled and seen a good deal of the world, who were good linguists, and had distinguished manners.

The eldest son, Mahomet Tewfik, was the only one of the sons who had not received a European training of some sort. He was a man of simple habits and tastes, fond of agriculture, who had led a secluded life and mixed very little in society; consequently, it took him some time to adapt himself to his new position, but by perseverance, and aided by the counsels of Sir Auckland Colvin, then the representative of Great Britain under the Anglo-French dual control, he managed to effect some useful reforms, especially in reducing the number of courtiers and retainers who battened on the daily sumptuary allowances they received from the Palace, in cutting down the extravagant pensions granted by his father, and in abandoning all unnecessary display. These measures did not tend to increase his popularity, and in 1882 his reign was disturbed by the military revolt, headed by Arabi Pasha, an officer of the Egyptian army, which was only put an end to by the bombardment of Alexandria by Admiral S. B. Seymour and by the annihilation of the rebel army at Tel-el-Kebir by Sir Garnet Wolseley. The French Government having declined to co-operate with England, on the restoration of order the dual control was abolished by a decree of the Khedive, and a British financial adviser was appointed as a member of the Government. The British army remained in occupation, a circumstance which Tewfik was at first inclined to resent, and his unfriendly attitude towards the English authorities no doubt retarded the measures of reform which the latter were desirous of introducing, and some further delay was caused by the revolt in the southern provinces, headed by Shaikh Mahomed Ahmed of Dongola, who proclaimed himself as the Mahdi, the Prophet whose coming Mohammedans in various parts of the world are constantly looking out for. As time, however, went on, Tewfik began to see his mistake and to appreciate the good work which the English were doing for his country. He came under the influence of Sir Evelyn Baring, who had been appointed in 1879 to represent British authority in Egypt, and continued until his death, which took place in 1892, to maintain a friendly attitude towards his advisers and to recognise their loyalty to his person and country. Under the same influence the seed of reform was sown and began to bear fruit in the improved condition of the peasantry. Laurence Oliphant, in his work, *The Land of Khemi*, gives an account of a tour in Egypt in 1881, in the course of which he saw evidence of an increasing material prosperity throughout the country.

"Every man," he wrote, "has already learnt exactly how much his annual tax amounts to, and refuses to be squeezed out of a piastre more.

The old officials, who used to line their pockets out of extortions from the peasantry, under pretext of collecting taxes, which varied with the squeezability of the taxpayer, can do so no longer without discovery, for the peasant has learnt from experience, to his astonishment, that appeal to the proper quarter secures protection and redress."

An attempt was made to remove the hardships of the *corvée* system, but it was not a success, though it alleviated them to some extent. The experiment was tried of allowing persons liable to *corvée* to redeem themselves by payment of a fixed sum, but it failed. It succeeded to some extent in abolishing the use of the lash, but so accustomed were the people to this mode of coercion that, in an instance which came under Mr. Oliphant's notice while staying with a friend who was engaged in keeping the canals in good repair, a man who had long persistently evaded his duties at last consented to go to work on the condition of a hundred blows of the *kurbash* being administered to him upon the soles of his feet, so repugnant was it to his feeling to work voluntarily.

Tewfik died suddenly of influenza in 1892 and was succeeded by his son, Prince Abbas, the present Khedive, who had been educated first in Switzerland and afterwards at Vienna. Called to the throne at the early age of seventeen, when his mind was not sufficiently enlightened by his continental training to grasp the fact that England was his best friend, he at first showed a disposition to kick against the pricks and resent the control exercised by the financial administration, and began his reign badly by the dismissal of a tried Minister like Mustafa Fehmi, by mixing himself up with intrigue, and tampering with the discipline of the army; but Lord Cromer was equal to the occasion, and by his wise counsels and firm attitude gave him a wholesome lesson and speedily induced him to change his policy and to recall the deposed Minister. With wider experience his capacity for administration developed, and he has learnt to take a keen interest in measures affecting the welfare of his subjects. He has established schools, benefited agriculture by the establishment of model farms, into which he has introduced the latest machinery and improvements, and by these and other thoughtful actions has succeeded in winning the goodwill and affection of his tenants.

It will not be out of place to dwell for a moment on the methods by which improvement has been introduced into the administration of civil and criminal justice. There are four different kinds of courts established for the disposal of cases: (1) Religious courts, dealing with questions affecting the status of Mohammedans, such as marriage, dowries, succession, &c.; (2) mixed tribunals; (3) consular courts to investigate charges against foreign subjects; and (4) native tribunals, containing Egyptian and foreign judges, who deal with cases of first instance and also with appeals from the lower courts. The

reform in the judicial administration is mainly the work of Sir John Scott, a retired officer of the Indian Civil Service, who, a few years ago, was specially deputed to Egypt for the purpose, and appears to have most efficiently carried out the task entrusted to him. One of his chief duties as judicial adviser was to watch over the proceedings of the native tribunals, and it is a significant fact that the Khedive made the admission to him that, after much hesitation, he had learnt to appreciate the advantages for Egypt of British methods of administration. On this point Sir John Scott, who on the completion of his work withdrew from his post in Egypt, has thus expressed himself in a recent letter to the *Times:*

"I sincerely believe Abbas II. cares about the welfare of his people. I had the honour of an audience with him some time ago. He said he had tried to see what was best for Egypt, and he told me that he had made up his mind that the English rule was the best; the people were happier, less taxed, better supplied with water, and there was no difference made in the administration of justice between the rich and the poor."

The causes have already been indicated which retarded the progress of reform in the first portion of the reign of Tewfik, and it was not until after the appointment of Sir Evelyn Baring in 1883 as Her Majesty's Agent and Consul in Egypt that signs appeared of any real advance. It has fallen to his master mind during his tenure of office in various capacities in that country to evolve order out of chaos, to reorganise the police and law courts on a sound basis, to promote the cause of education, to develop indigenous industries, to stimulate trade and commerce, to attract British capital, to abolish the *corvée* and introduce a number of other reforms, having for their object the regeneration of Egypt. His aim has been to build up gradually a system of good government on the ruins of anarchy, and to teach the Egyptians to rule themselves. He was fitted in a remarkable manner for the task by his training in administrative duties. As Major Baring, in the early seventies, he held the post of private secretary to his uncle, Lord Northbrook, the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, and in this capacity was an indefatigable worker and a most helpful adviser to His Excellency, especially during the trying time of the Bengal famine in 1874. In 1877 he became Commissioner of the Egyptian Public Debt, and in 1879 was appointed to represent England as Controller General of Finances at Cairo, a post which he relinquished in 1880 to take up the more important appointment in India of Financial Minister. When he left India the distinction of K.C.S.I. was conferred upon him; five years later, in 1888, he was awarded the decoration of G.C.M.G., and in 1895 was made a G.C.B. on his appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary in Egypt, the post which he now holds, and created Viscount Cromer for his distinguished services. He had a

most uphill task before him, but by patience, common sense, and time, the impossible became the possible;—

> "Durch die Geduld, vernunft und Zeit
> Wird möglich die unmöglichkeit."

The extent to which he succeeded in carrying out measures of reform may be gathered from his last report on the finances and general condition of Egypt and the Soudan.

The report exhibits a state of affairs which must be very gratifying to all who have interests in Egypt. The revenue has expanded in customs, railways, stamps, the post office, and in fact in every department of the State, and has reached the highest point yet recorded since the British occupation began. It amounted, in round numbers, in 1899, to eleven and a half million pounds, and was in excess of the expenditure by four hundred thousand pounds. The revenue from customs has doubled within the last ten years, and now amounts to over two million pounds; while the gross receipts of the railway were £E2,112,000,* the highest figures yet attained. The value of both imports and exports has increased, the former by £E10,909,000 and the latter by £E31,546,000 over the values in 1898. The length of railway lines constructed since 1897 is 430 miles; 209 miles were opened for traffic in 1899, which are specially intended for the conveyance of agricultural produce; while the construction of agricultural roads is also advancing in a satisfactory manner. The progress in education is also extremely gratifying, for whereas in 1887 only 1919 pupils were under the direct management or inspection of the Department of Public Instruction, ten years later the number had risen to 11,304; while for 1898 and 1899 the figures are 19,684 and 23,390 respectively. The Slavery Department was not idle, and its efforts to bring slave-dealers and kidnappers to justice are noticed with approbation.

The condition of the fellaheen is a subject which Lord Cromer has taken under his special care, and an attempt has been made to rescue them from their ordinary condition of indebtedness by advances and small loans repayable at a moderate rate of interest.

A similar problem has for some time past engaged the attention of the official authorities in India, and it would be instructive to compare the results of Lord Cromer's measures with those obtained in the Deccan, the Punjab, and in Chota Nagpore, and other parts of India, where strenuous efforts are being made to snatch impoverished landholders from the clutches of money-lenders. Having regard to the ease with which money-lenders and their victims can evade the limitations and restrictions imposed by usury laws, their enactment is generally a delicate question, and requires to be proceeded with very cautiously. The scheme at present is in

[1] £E1 = £1 0*s.* 6*d.* English.

its experimental stage, but having so far proved successful, the Government has transferred its management to the National Bank, which was established in 1898 to facilitate the project. A certain district in Lower Egypt has been chosen as the field of operations: it contains sixty-eight villages, in eighteen of which the land is held by large proprietors. In the first part of 1899 advances were made by the Bank in fifty villages amounting to £E4780, in 1580 instances where land was held in small lots, the loans being repayable in the autumn. The result has been highly satisfactory, the whole of the money due having been repaid; and as evidence of the popularity of the measure it is reported that numerous requests have been received by the Bank from persons residing in districts which have so far not been included within the sphere of operations. Lord Cromer expresses himself thus hopefully about the fellaheen:

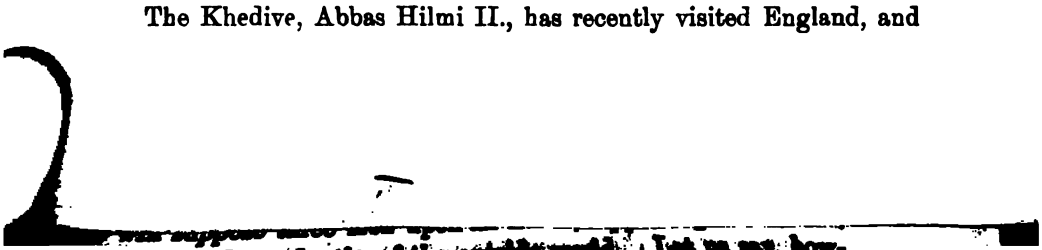
"I know of no reason for holding that, as a class, they are irretrievably thriftless. In any case, no harm can be done by affording them a fair opportunity for shaking themselves free of the debts by which they are too often burthened, and thus giving them a starting-point for the exercise of economy in the future. Without, therefore, taking a more sanguine view than would be justified by the present facts of the situation, it is permissible to hope that the arrangements now made will be productive of some real benefits to the mass of the cultivation in Egypt."

While there is every reason for satisfaction at the improvement in the general condition of the people, it is a matter for regret to Lord Cromer that he is unable to employ the surplus revenue for the benefit of the country to the extent he could wish, owing to the fact that by international agreement the money is held at the disposal of the Commissioners of the debt and can only be expended with their approval.

In the conclusion of his report, Lord Cromer remarks:

"On the whole it may be said that the Egyptian history of the past year was marked by some features of a specially favourable nature. In the first place the last vestige of dervish power in the Soudan has disappeared. Thus the dead weight which has for so long oppressed the Egyptian situation was removed. In the second place the skill and energy of the Sanitary Department averted the danger from plague with which the country was at one time threatened. In the third place—and I dwell on this point with special pleasure—during no period of recent years has the cordial co-operation of the Egyptian elements of the administration, as represented by his Highness the Khedive and his Ministers, and the European elements, as represented mainly by the superior British officials attached to the various departments of the State, been more marked. It is the intention of the Khedive to visit England in the course of next summer, and I feel sure that his Highness will receive a welcome which will afford him a convincing proof that all classes of the British public are inspired by feelings of the utmost goodwill towards his country and his dynasty."

The Khedive, Abbas Hilmi II., has recently visited England, and



THE STATE *VERSUS* THE MAN.

IT is proposed in this essay to discuss the question how far the economic interests of the State as a whole and those of the individual citizen are identical, and in what respects, if any, they are at variance, While the title was suggested by Mr. Herbert Spencer's work, *The Man* versus *the State*, the purpose of the present writer is not to traverse Mr. Spencer's conclusions, but to treat the subject from an entirely different point of view.

Although it may plausibly be argued that the true interests of the individuals composing a community can never be really at variance with the interests of the community as a whole, it is obvious that the economic or pecuniary interests (which, indeed, is what we generally mean by the word *interests*) of individual members of the community may be very much at variance with the general interests of the State.

The subject-matter of *Political* Economy is properly, as Adam Smith phrased it, "the wealth of nations." In consequence, however, of the course which the science took in the hands of Smith and his successors, a general impression seems to have arisen in the popular mind that Political Economy is a science which teaches how everybody may get as rich as possible by buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, and by disregarding all sentimental considerations in their dealings with their fellow men.

Adam Smith and the *laisser faire* school of economists who followed him, in their reaction against the constant governmental interference with trade (directed, as it was, by a belief in the foolish mercantile theory), adopted the theory that the best course to pursue in order to increase the wealth of nations was to leave trade entirely free. It might fairly be presumed, they thought, that each man knew his own interest better than the State could know it for him, and that if each individual aimed at increasing his own wealth to the greatest possible extent, the nation would also become as rich as possible.

Individual wealth, however, is not always national wealth. This is obvious in the case of the interest on the National Debt, which, while it represents wealth to the holders of consols, is a charge, instead of an asset, to the nation.

Moreover, a great deal goes by the name of wealth, and is wealth, so far as the individual holder is concerned, that cannot be counted as national riches at all. The amounts, for instance, that people have to their credit in bank books do not represent actually existing wealth, but a lien upon the products of future labour. The totality of the amounts lodged in banks certainly could not be converted at once into actual tangible goods. The attempt to do so would cause such an enormous rise in prices that a large part of this nominal wealth would bodily disappear.

If you have a thousand pounds to your credit in a bank, that really means that you can claim to that extent on other people's services or on the produce of other people's labour. But those products are very likely not yet in existence. It is an error to talk of the vast wealth or capital accumulated in a country by centuries of labour. Very little wealth lasts for centuries. As Mill and other economists have pointed out, capital is an extremely perishable thing, and the greater part of the capital existing in any country at a given time has been produced within the last few years. The rapidity with which a country recovers from the ravages of war is one proof of this statement.

The mere accumulation of nominal wealth in the shape of claims on other men's labour is not necessarily advantageous to a State, and it may be positively injurious to it. The constant struggles of individuals against one another in the race for riches, except in so far as it leads to the creation of new products, is really deleterious to the development of a nation. The constant endeavour to get into the class that lives on interest and rent diminishes the number of those engaged in productive labour, while it increases the class of parasites.

Adam Smith gives us a rather amusing picture of how in his time persons engaged in trade endeavoured to show that their private advantage must be identical with the best interests of the nation. When the mercantile class wished to get some legislation passed for the benefit of the trade in which they were engaged, they argued that foreign trade ought to be encouraged because it brought money into the country. Into whose pockets the money happened to flow was passed over as an unimportant detail. "Such as they were," Smith tells us, "those arguments (in favour of the mercantile theory) convinced the people to whom they were addressed. They were addressed by merchants to Parliaments and to the councils of princes, to nobles, and to country gentlemen; by those who were supposed to understand trade to those who were conscious to themselves that they knew nothing about the matter." Just as in Adam Smith's time, so to-day the laws are made and the country to a great extent is governed by people engaged in trade or interested in it; and they think, very likely with perfect honesty,

that in promoting their own interests they are furthering those of the nation.

In combating the mercantile theory, Smith rightly protested against the undue prominence given to money, merely because we use it as a convenient measure of value and medium of exchange; and exposed the fallacies (so frequently revived even in our time) of those who imagine that there is something peculiarly stable in the value of gold.

Even to-day we find people, who have got so much into the habit of measuring the value of everything in gold, that they measure gold itself in gold, and then say that it does not vary. They harbour the strange delusion that, because there is always the same quantity of gold in a sovereign, and because therefore the *price* of gold, as measured in coined money, is always the same, that the value of gold is fixed and invariable. They forget that you can only measure the value of a thing in terms of something else. The value of an article measured in terms of itself must always be the same. A thousand quarters of wheat is always worth a thousand quarters of wheat, and if we adopted wheat as our standard substance, people might say: "See how beautifully steady wheat is? It is the only commodity which never varies in value." The value of gold or the value of coined money is just what it will buy; and gold, whether in the form of bullion or coin, varies in value from time to time; as you certainly cannot always buy the same quantity of goods with a sovereign. A fall in the value of gold is shown by a general rise of prices, since if gold is less valuable more of it must be given to purchase a given quantity of goods, while a rise in the value of gold is shown by a general fall of prices, seeing that the value of gold being greater than before, a less quantity of it will necessarily be given for the same article. Gold moves up and down in value, the same as any other commodity, from natural causes.

Smith rightly held and clearly elucidated that the ultimate measure of value is labour, and the real basis of the value of any article is the cost of its production. "Labour is the only universal as well as the only accurate measure of value, or the only standard by which we can compare the value of different commodities at all times and places." He explains further that, taking long periods of time, corn is a much more reliable measure of value than the precious metals. "From century to century corn is a better measure of value than silver, because from century to century equal quantities of corn will command the same quantity of labour more nearly than equal quantities of silver." A healthy English agricultural labourer, for instance, of the fifteenth century, would consume about the same quantity of corn as his nineteenth-century representative, and therefore supposing each one to draw merely subsistence

wages, the wages of each as measured in corn would be nearly the same, whereas measured in gold or silver they would be vastly different.

So far from its being really sound policy to seek after gold, the fact is that a vast influx of gold, such as came into England and the continent through the Australian gold discoveries, simply disturbs and dislocates commercial relations. While it enriches some individuals, the general effect on nations is deleterious. The discovery of gold in Australia did that country no good, inasmuch as it diverted men's attention from pasturage and agriculture, and thus hindered the natural development of the country. It fostered a passion for quick and easy gains and discouraged ordinary honest labour. In England and in Europe generally the only effect could be a lowering in the value of gold; and any rise or fall in the value of the standard substance is undesirable, as it causes unearned gains to accrue to some, and undeserved loss to befall others. Nothing is gained by introducing into a country more gold than is required for the ordinary operations of commerce.

The exaggeration of the importance of foreign trade is a survival of the Mercantile Theory. Governments, we are told by the modern "fair-trader," care little about securing cheap imports; what they aim at most is securing profitable exports. One would imagine that even a shopkeeper, especially if he consulted his wife, would see a little more clearly than that. A tradesman would hardly go so far as to say:—"I do not care what I pay for food and clothing so long as I make a good profit over the counter." Even on the Mercantile Theory, one would think that cheap imports must be as advantageous as profitable exports; for what is the use of bringing money into the country with one hand, in return for exports, if, with the other hand, you have to send money (or its equivalent) out of the country to pay for dear imports? On such principles it would appear that, after all, the old ladies of Jersey might have lived by taking in each other's washing, if only they had charged each other enough for it!

We come back to Adam Smith's thesis that the only source of wealth is labour. The real sources of a nation's wealth are its internal industries; and its inland trade is more important than its foreign trade, as the former is "the trade in which an equal capital affords the greatest revenue and creates the greatest employment for the people of the country."

We are, however, continually being told that the country will go to the dogs unless we develop still further our foreign trade, and as it seems to be assumed that it is desirable that we should own our markets, expansion of the empire goes hand-in-hand with expansion of trade.

The British Empire has now an area of something like 11,000,000 square miles, immense accessions of territory having been made

within the last few years. Lord Rosebery, speaking in 1896, said that we had seized upon 2,600,000 square miles within the preceding twelve years, and that a long period of peace would be required in order to develop these immense acquisitions. Yet at the present moment we are engaged in a war which will inevitably end in the annexation of more territory. The larger the empire grows, the more is the cry for expansion. More territory is wanted in order that we may extend our markets. It is strange if a vast empire of 11,000,000 square miles in extent cannot subsist on its own internal resources. If it cannot do so it is inevitably doomed, as there must be a limit to the process of expansion. The assertion that it is necessary to expand and expand without limit is a confession of failure in a civilisation. Professor Seeley has spoken of our immense empire as "a realm so young and in so early a stage of its development that the greater part of it is not yet peopled." Yet this vast empire cannot get on unless it finds new markets and adds a few more hundred thousand square miles to its already huge dimensions!

The spirit of our policy is far too much that of a shopkeeping nation. We pay far more attention to the interests of traders than to those of productive workers. While we cheerfully provide £70,000,000 for wars undertaken in the interests of the commercial class, we refuse a fraction of that sum for the purpose of providing a fund for old-age pensions.

The Mercantile Theory, like protection, although an exploded fallacy, in the opinion of all scientific thinkers, still lingers in the minds of unscientific business men, and even finds its way into serious economic literature. Its effects on public policy can never be any other than mischievous.

WALTER J. BAYLIS, M.A.

HISTORICAL CALENDARS.[1]

THESE two books prove that extensive strata of ancient beliefs and dead faiths still survive in the France of the present day, and similar relics of the past are still to be found in every country of Europe and Asia; relics from whence those who collect them with due discrimination can construct a history of prehistoric times much fuller in detail, and no less true in outline than the history of the earth as told in the geological strata, which show in their fossil remains how new forms of life followed one another, each reaching a higher level of development than that attained by its predecessors.

M. Baugnier's excellent and most interesting Calendar of Franche-Comté tells in its various festivals that a record of the stages of primæval history has been handed down to us in the annual measurements of time marked by the lighting on New Year's Day of the year's fires and the hire of the farm servants for the year beginning at different dates in different places. I had noted when inquiring as to the dates of the festival at which the year's fires were lighted in Italian towns that very few celebrated this ceremony on the same day, and when I was questioning some peasants of Colle d'Elsa in Tuscany as to the date of their annual bonfires, one of them said to me, "You want to know when our year begins," thus showing that the lighting of these fires was understood to mark the local New Year's Day.

In primæval time the first business of newly arrived emigrants was to found a central settlement where they might all live together, and whence, when these numbers grew too large for the mother town, they could send forth swarms to people fresh hamlets in its neighbourhood. But in setting forth on the quest of new agricultural sites each party took with them their tribal gods, their tribal method of measuring time, and all the traditional customs handed down from their ancestors and descending to their children as the precious national possessions which secured to these staunch conservatives their unity as a separate people. Hence in their new settlements they lighted their year's fires when their fathers lit theirs, and remained in their new home as unchanged chips of the old block. The record of customs set forth in the Franche-Comté Calendar tells

[1] *Les Mois en Franche-Comté*, par Charles Baugnier. Paris: Emile Le Chevalier. *La Bretagne Paienne*, par Austin de Croze. Paris: La Bureau de la *Revue des Revues*.

us that there dwells in the province men of different stocks, one descended from those who began their year by lighting the year fires and hiring farm servants in November, and others whose ancestors began these years in the end of December, the beginning of January, the middle of February, and on St. John's Day, June 24. The beginning of the November year, opening with the days of mourning for the dead, or All Saints' and All Souls' Day, is not marked in Franche-Comté as it is in England, and in the old year of the Druids by the lighting of the year's fires. It is the oldest year known in Europe among the races who till the soil, the year first measured in India by the first founders of village communities, who carved their villages out of the forest, leaving a number of the forest trees standing in the centre of the clearing to form the village grove, in which the centre tree was the mother tree. They made the first of November their New Year's Day because it began their spring, and its arrival was marked to them by the setting of the Pleiades. In looking out for a heavenly sign to show them the annual recurrence of this date, they noted that the Pleiades then set immediately after the sun and continued to do so at longer intervals each night till the beginning of April, when they disappeared from the night sky to reappear again in the beginning of May, when they set before the sun and continued to do so till October 31. Thus they divided their year into two periods, one from November till May and the other from May till November. They began it with a three days' feast to the dead on All Hallow Eve, All Saints' and All Souls' Day. This year was brought into Franche-Comté by the Druids, the sons of the tree (dru) and survives there in the hire of farm servants, not only on the Jour des Morts but also on St. Martin's Day, November 11[1]. The second season of this year, beginning on the 1st of May, is that opening with the choosing of the May Queen Mariotte and her king, by the planting of May trees by lovers before the doors of the girls they court, the choice of the tree planted telling in the local language of the rite the thoughts of the planter as to the character of the girl he thus honours.[2]

The superstition against marrying in May, common both to the people of Franche-Comté and the ancient Romans, is one which takes us back to the earliest history of the year. For it was in Greek mythology the year of Demeter and Persephone. It began with the mourning of Demeter for her virgin daughter Persephone, who, as the dying summer sun, had gone southward to the realms of the dead below the earth. She reappeared again on May 1 as the risen May Queen, garlanded with leaves and flowers, and hence May, as its name implies, has always been regarded as the virgin month sacred to the Maid of summer.[3]

[1] *Les Mois en Franche-Comté*, pp. 125, 127. [2] *Ibid.* pp. 66, 70. [3] *Ibid.* p. 81.

The next days after November on which the year fires are lit are Christmas Eve, December 24, and the eve of the Epiphany, the day of the Three Kings, January 5. They are both New Year's Days of the year beginning at the winter solstice and divided by the summer solstice into two seasons like those of the Pleiades year. The local ceremonies which begin this year in Franche-Comté are very peculiar, and are especially interesting from the insight they give us into the remote history of primitive creeds.

According to a custom generally observed thirty or forty years ago in the province, but now falling into disuse, special reverence was paid to the log set apart as the Yule-log and called La Tronche, the Tree Trunk.[1] It was put on the fire at Christmas Eve and taken off after a few seconds. Then it was covered with a cloth, and the children came in armed with sticks to be used to make it bring forth (*pour la faire accoucher*). As nothing was obtained by their importunate demands, they were told to go aside and beg pardon for the faults they had committed during the year which prevented the mother from being good to them. During the seclusion the Christmas presents were placed under the cloth, and when the children came back and beat the log again the presents appeared as the offspring born from their beatings. This custom is clearly a survival of the ritual representing the Greek story of the birth of Apollo and Artemis on the river Xanthus in Lycia, and in the Isle of Delos in the Ægean Archipelago, from the mother Leto, worshipped under the form of a tree trunk or log of wood, that is as the mother tree of the early village races. This goddess is among the Czechs, the mother Leto, worshipped as a straw doll, the mother of corn and of the living beings fed on it.

This Yule-log, which is looked on as the fire-mother of the sun-god, is half burnt on the Christmas fire after it has yielded its store of gifts, and then stored for use as a protection against damage by lightning, and its ashes are buried at the roots of all fruit trees to be the mothers of good crops.

But by the side of this traditional belief there is another of similar origin which is becoming more popular among the Christmas customs of Franche-Comté. In this variant the beneficent mother is the Tante Aria, the air or wind mother, who rides on an ass and brings the Christmas presents which are placed in the children's stockings and shoes on the night of Christmas Eve, and which adorn the pine tree which is, in most houses of people in fairly easy circumstances, hung with gifts and lighted candles on Christmas Eve.

The Tante Aria and the Christmas mother tree are both survivals of the Indian mother goddesses, the tree and the cloud-bird. She is the cloud goddess of the age, called in the *Rigveda* that of the

[1] *Les Mois en Franche-Comté*, pp. 135, 137.

Ashvins, the twin gods of night and day who bring the Christmas bride in a car drawn by asses to wed the moon-god at the winter solstice. This marriage of the sun and moon is a belief of the age when the ass, the offspring of the indigenous wild ass of Syria, was the predecessor of the horse introduced into South Western Asia by the northern Finns at a later date.

Perhaps the most significant of all the Christmas observances of Franche-Comté is the plot and characters of the play of La Crèche the Cradle, acted yearly at Besançon at intervals from Christmas Day to the end of January.[1] The characters of the play are the vine-grower Barbizier, Naitoure, his wife, whom he beats, and their companion Verly, who tries to keep the peace between them. The events it depicts takes place during the twelve days between Christmas Day and the Epiphany.

The actors are the Franche-Comté representatives of the Three Kings of Cologne, the three Magi, or wise men of the East, headed by Melchior, the black king, who, guided by the eastern star, find their way to the cradle of the Christmas child. To ascertain their course they consult the Astrologer or Hermit, who knows the courses of the stars, and who in this astronomical birth story is the constellation of the Great Bear, which, as providing the pointers to the Pole Star, is the guide to the wanderers in the heavens.

The Franche-Comté form of this drama can leave no doubt in the mind of any one who knows Indian national history, as told in the Hindu historical epic poems, as to who the actors originally were. They were the Indian ploughing-god Rāma, son of Raghu the sun-god, his wife Sitā, the furrow, and their companion Lakshman, the god of boundaries (laksh).

The Mahābhārata tells us that Rāma was installed by his father the sun-god as his successor in the month of Pūsh (December-January) under the constellation Pushyā Cancer, the same month in which Pūshan, the Vedic god of the northern immigrants, the growers of the barley they introduced into India from Asia Minor, was wedded to the sun's daughter, as we are told in the *Rigveda* vi. 58, 4.

Both stories, which are taken from sources entirely independent of each other, prove that at the traditional date of Rāma's installation and of Pūshan's wedding the zodiacal course of the sun was known to and used by the Hindus in their reckoning of time. The date when the sun was in Cancer at the winter solstice was about 14,200 or more years B C.

It was from this starting-point that Rāma drove his wife, the starry furrow of the ecliptic path of the sun, round the heavens; and it was the duty of Lakshman, the boundary-god, the keeper of the course, to see that they followed the right track.

Also the twelve days which marked the beginning of their year's

[1] *Les Mois en Franche-Comté*, pp. 149, 152.

journey were the twelve last or twelve first days of the year. They were reckoned as the last days of the year when they fell before Christmas, and the first when they fell after it. They were the twelve days before Christmas in the yearly drama still acted in some parts of Germany and Scandinavia. This begins twelve days before Christmas, and is wound up by a man disguised as the deer sun-god, with deer's horns, and a woman disguised as a doe, dancing together. At the hour of solstice on Christmas Eve the man seizes the woman and attempts to violate her, when he is slain as the dead sun-god of the past year by the arrow or gun of the Wild Hunter of the North. The custom of celebrating this twelve days fête arose out of the method of reckoning the ancient year of 360 days and twelve months. Each month, as in the year of the Hindu Karanas, contained twenty-nine days, and the twelve days of revel were added at the end to make up the 360 days.

These were the twelve days during which the Ribhus, the fillers of the cups of the year's seasons, slept twelve days in the house of Agohya, the Pole Star, meaning "that which cannot be hid," and the twelve nights during which the Phœnician sun-god Ar-chal slept on his funeral pyre to be awakened on the 2nd of Peritius, December 25, by his charioteer Iolaus or Baal Iol, the Hindu Lakshman, who placed quails under his nose.

This year's journey of the sun-god is the subject of the Rāmayana, but in this poem the sun-god Rāma begins his course, not as in the original drama at the winter but at the summer solstice. He then goes south to Ceylon to rescue Sitā from the ten-headed giant Rāvana at the winter solstice, and returns northward to Ayocthya as the conquering sun-god of the summer solstice when the sun reaches the most northern point of his course.

In the Franche-Comté form of this year drama, the vine-grower Barbizier is the ploughing- and tilling-god, who makes the furrowed earth, Naitoure the mother of birth (naitre), bring forth the year's offspring in the orderly course of its sequence, as marked by the plough-track through the ecliptic stars and the ploughman who keeps the plough in its prescribed path is Verly or Lakshman, who was apparently the star Arcturus in the constellation of the ploughing-ox Bootes.

The plough, the furrow, and the ploughman of the Franche-Comté and Hindu year drama are also the universally popular Punch, his wife Judy, and the Policeman. Punch shows his Hindu origin and his connection with early year reckonings in his name, for he is the Hindu Pañch five, the god of the five-day weeks of the Hindu year of the Pleiades, of the year of the Druids and Scandinavians. This is the year when mother goddess appears in Celtic mythology as the two Brigits, daughters of Dagda, the showing god of the open hand, the Hindu Daksha. They have the same name as the two Brihatis

of the Brāhmana ritual, the goddesses of the two series of thirty-six weeks which make up the seventy-two weeks of the year of 360 days. The Brāhmanas tell us that he who obtains the Brihatis obtains the year. This first week of five days was followed by one of six, and it was during the epoch of the six days week that the twelve days revel or rest of the sun-god became part of the national ritual.

The Franche-Comté drama, depicting the opening scenes of the six months journey of the sun-god, born in the south and starting at his birth on his northward course, tells the story of the second birth of the sun-god, the son of the deer sun-god slain at the winter solstice. Both the death of the father and the births of his first and second sons are described in the same hymn of the *Rigveda*, x. 61, supplemented by fuller details in the Aitareya Brāhmana. The sun-god in both births is the son of Prajāpate Orion, the leading star of the heavenly choir who dance nightly and yearly round the pole. In the story told in the Aitareya Brāhmana he is, as in the German drama, disguised as a deer, and he violates his daughter, unnamed in the *Rigveda*, but called in the Brāhmana Ropini the star Aldebarān, the Queen of the Pleiades, and is slain in the act by the arrow of Rudra, but not before he has begotten the first son of the sun-god born before the winter solstice, the god of the Yule household fire, called Vastos pati, the lord (pati) of the house, the year god of the years measured by the setting of the Pleiades, the settings of the solstitial suns, by the five-day weeks, and the sequence of the seasons. These are the years marked by the menhirs or gnomon stones of the Druids of the Neolithic age, which in Franche-Comté are believed to turn at midnight on Christmas Eve.[1]

When the god of the household fire is born as the second sun-god, the sun of the Yule-log, he becomes in the *Rigveda* and Brāhmanas the god Nabhīnedishtha, the god nearest to the navel (nabhī), the offspring of the perpetual fires burning on the temple altars lighted for the year at the Yule-log of the Franche-Comté drama, and it is the first twelve days of the year of the god who drives his plough through the furrowed path of the ecliptic stars, which are dramatised by the vine-grower Barbizier, his wife, and guide, and by the Punch family. In Franche-Comté the Wild Hunter, who kills the deer sun-god, does not appear at the winter solstice, but on the eve of All-Saints' Day, November 1. This date agrees with the Indian story of the begetting of the sun-god of the household fire, in which no actual date is given beyond that furnished by the conjunction of the sun with Tauras and the Pleiades at his birth. The appearance of the Wild Hunter in Franche-Comté on the eve of November 1 fixes the date as falling when the sun was in Taurus in October-

[1] *Les Mois en Franche-Comté*, p. 148.

November, that is about 14,200 B.C., or in the same epoch as when he was in Cancer at the winter solstice.[1]

The second appearance of the same Wild Hunter of Franche-Comté, the slayer of the sun-god at the birth of the second son of the year mother, is believed to take place on the eve of the Epiphany. He then comes with his dogs as Herod, the massacrer of the Innocents, on December 28, who attempts to kill the young sun-god guarded by his mother star Rohini or Aldebarān, the star found in the east by the three ploughers of the zodiacal furrow.

The conjunction of the sun with Taurus on January 5 fixes the epoch of the birth of the sun-god of the altar-fire as that during which the sun was in Taurus in December-January, that is, about 10,200 B.C.

The year thus ushered in by the first escape of the young sun-god from his pursuing foes, the storms of winter, is that in which he appears at the summer solstice as the hero of a fresh New Year's Day, that of the northern sons of the sun-horse, who lighted their year's fires on the eve of St. John's Day, June 24. This was the day of the Akkadian god Ia Xan, the god of the house (I), of the waters (*a*), who rose from the sea clothed in fish-skins (Xan). He was worshipped by the Akkadians as the god who taught them all the arts of government and civilisation, and is called by the Babylonian historian Bērōsus Oahnes, and Euahanes by Hyginus, a name which has become our John.

There is still another most significant year in the Franche-Comté Calendar opened by the lighting of year fires and the hire of servants. This is the year beginning on St. Valentine's Day, February 14, in which the year's fires are lighted on the 19th, the day of the Brandons or fire brands.

The dead year superseded by the new is burnt on February 15, and after his death the nuts or peas, the seeds of life in this year of the birds, are distributed as gifts on the 19th. The year also begins with a shooting-match between the husbands of wives married in the past year. In this the mark is a wooden cock.[2] In Scotland this annual shooting-match took place, as Sir Walter Scott tells us in *Old Mortality*, on May 5, and the custom is thus shown to be one coming down from the druidical times of the Pleiades year and the May Queen. It also, like the Pleiades year, has an Indian origin, for its prototype is the story told in the *Rigveda* of the heavenly archer, the rainbow God Krishānu, the drawer (karsh) of the bow. He shot at the Shyena bird of frost (Shyā), the Pole-star bird of the winter solstice, and caused one of her feathers and her blood to fall to the earth. These came to life as the Palāsha tree (*butea frondosa*), which in the Central Indian forests is a gigantic creeper twining its branches among the tops of the forest trees over acres of

[1] *Les Mois en Franche-Comté*, p. 124. [2] *Ibid.* pp. 28, 30, 33, 34.

ground and flowering at the summer solstice when the woods are crimson with its blossoms. It is the most sacred of trees both to the aboriginal Mundas and the Brahmins. The latter in the first form of the national Soma Sacrament drank its sap as a sacramental drink in the sacrifice to the God Soma, born from the root Su, a form of Khu the cloud-bird. This was the mother-bird of the earliest faiths who brought the rain from heaven, bringing with it to earth the hidden and divine germ of life, which passed into the mother-tree as the vivifying sap, whence its flowers and seed were born to beget life in all who fed on it. The partakers of this holy sap, the life-blood of God, drank in it the heavenly germ which was to keep them in sound health during the year opened by the sacraments.

This is the year of the Celtic sun-god Lug, the god of light (*lux*) worshipped as the year-god throughout Western Europe, and one of his holiest shrines was Lug-dunum, the fort (dun), of Lug, the City of Lyons, near Franche-Comté. His mid-year festival lasted from July 16 to August 15; its great day was August 1, our Lammas. In it was celebrated the union of Lug with his nurse Tailltiu. She was the goddess of flowers, the Roman goddess Flora, whose festival, at Rome, was on August 13, and the Greek Athene, to whom the last days of Hekatombaion (July–August) were sacred, and whose great festival was held every five years. The great day of the feast was the 28th of Hekatombaion, August 13, when the Peplos or robe of honour was offered to her as a symbolic representation of the garment of leaves, flowers, and fruit, with which she clothed the earth.

This year, which dates from about 8000 B.C., had, like the others noted above, its origin in India, where it was the year of the birth of Krishna or Vishnu, as the eighth son of Vāsudeva and Devaki, and it can be traced through every country from India in the East to Ireland in the West. It, like the other universally distributed year reckonings, of which more existed than those mentioned above, testifies to the existence, thoughout the long ages of the dawn of civilisation, of a uniform zone of successive religions and social organisations which covered all the lands of Southern Asia and Europe. In these the changes were marked by the changing series of gods of time, who ruled the years by which it was measured by the various races who followed one another as rulers, and who, in their passage from land, took with them their year-gods and national customs, and each people retained its own gods and customs and lived in peace with their adjoining neighbours, who were equally conservative in their towns and villages. Space will neither permit me to trace further here the dissemination of the year of Lug or of the other years which remain as landmarks of past time. But the evidence marking the historical epochs thus distinguished can be found by all who will trace out the successive

series of national customs and traditions as recorded in folk-tales' ritual and the calendar of national saints' days.

La Bretagne Paienne, of M. Austin de Croze, is not so full of detail as the book of M. Charles Banquier, but it proves conclusively that Brittany, the French Cornwaille or Cornwall, still retains in active vigour the old mythology of the ancient pagans or pagani, the dwellers in the villages (*pagi*). If the author or any other Breton archæologist, who knows the country and people well, would only prepare a calendar of Breton saints, accompanied by an account of the ritual legends and social customs attached to their worship, he would give a boon of inestimable value to all inquirers after historical truth. Such a record of the slowly changing faiths and customs of a people so intensely conservative as the Bretons are would enable us to recover for the world, in much clearer detail than we can at present, the history of the maritime and agricultural miners who brought to Brittany, from Asia Minor, the chambered tombs which are found in both countries, and who passed from Brittany to the English Cornwall in search of the tin used to make the metal which gave its name to the Bronze Age.

J. F. HEWITT.

SAMUEL PARR.

HAZLITT has somewhere told that it was a habit of Coleridge to be for ever exalting completely forgotten works over works of established reputation. Coleridge was not the only man who has found something peculiarly fascinating in the study of books that lie, so to speak, in the backwaters of the great stream of literary history, and have been left behind in isolation from the main current. Old Robert Burton, who was the prince of students of the literary obsolete, might have left us an anatomy of this preference among his many modifications of the quality of melancholy, to which, in the case of the confirmed lover of old books merely on account of their age, it, no doubt, belongs. But a man need not have been born under any of Burton's melancholy stars to feel a certain amount of attractiveness in faded reputations and the works that once supported them. Apart from the natural curiosity which one may experience as to the justice of the verdict by which they have been condemned, it is restful, at times, to escape from the great names of the present day, and all that they stand for, into the world of some old writer, which has been long since forsaken, and the very name of whose creator has been forgotten. An atmosphere of calm and quiet seems to exhale from the old pages of the forgotten, dusty tomes of centuries ago, which even the least imaginative soul can hardly help feeling. If there is any truth in the principle, which some of the Fathers struggled to uphold, that there is nothing in the universe which does not in some way fill a useful place in the general system of things, this value, as a "garden fenced" and secluded from all present day echoes, is no doubt the true justification for the continued existence of antiquated books.

It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that of all the men who have enjoyed the highest fame in the world of English scholarship and literature not one is more faded in reputation to-day than Dr. Parr. To the lover of untrodden literary paths, his works, in eight volumes quarto, containing six thousand pages, offer an ideal retreat. There is no better way into the world of the last century, with all its forgotten thoughts and figures. In his own day, Parr's name was as much on men's lips as his friend Johnson's. Now, in spite of his eight massive tomes, the doctor is only known to readers through the mention of him in Boswell, and has become, in common estimation,

one of the least of that numerous class of writers who, in Southey's words, draw their fame from Johnson as the mistletoe draws its life from the oak.

The reason why Parr's works have thus gone the way to dusty death is not far to seek. Parr was great in two fields of knowledge, which are necessarily fenced off from nine out of ten readers—classical scholarship and metaphysics—and they are fields, besides, in which, since his day, explorations have been pushed so much further than he could carry them that his work has now little attraction even for the erudite.

Another cause of the decline of Parr's once colossal reputation lies in the fact that a great part of it was built on his conversation, which, for learning and force, was admitted to be equal to that of Johnson himself. This sort of fame is, of course, inevitably limited to a man's own generation if he has not a Boswell, and Parr, unfortunately, had not. The stories of the doctor's immense greatness as a talker—how he alone of the Whigs dared to stand up to Johnson and return him stamp for stamp, and how the two men "grappled with the fury of tigers" on a point in philosophy, and the "great Cham" was forced to admit that Parr was his equal—are now only stories whose foundations cannot be tested. De Quincey, in his brilliant essay on "Whiggism in its Relation to Literature," declared himself sceptical on the subject of these tremendous conversational powers, never having had experience of them. But De Quincey was a Tory of the Tories, and everything in that essay, except the criticism of Parr as a Latin scholar, is to be trusted just as little as a last-century character of Cromwell. The weight of contemporary evidence is so great as to place it beyond reasonable doubt that Parr was really one of the finest talkers who ever opened lips. Of the almost unequalled character of Parr's learning there was even in De Quincey's mind no question. His works—weighing, according to his critic, nearly four stones—though never opened, will at once convince any one who feels sceptical on the subject. As a classical scholar, with the one exception of Porson, he was undoubtedly the first man of the age. The preface to Bellendenus, in his fourth volume, is generally acknowledged to be one of the finest pieces of Latin writing of modern times. "There are passages in it," says De Quincey, "which Cicero could not have beat for his ears."

Dr. Parr's works, with the exception of Bellendenus, though they make so many stout volumes, consist almost entirely of occasional and fugitive pieces. Many of these pieces support twice their own number of lines in notes. De Quincey, in reviewing them when they were first collected and given to the world by Dr. Johnstone, seized on this fact as a handle for some brilliant satire against the claims which the Whigs made on Parr's behalf as an author. "Dr. Parr as an author! Was ever case like this? Here is a learned doctor, whose

learned friend has brought him forward as a first-rate author of the times, and yet nothing is extant of his writings beyond an occasional preface or a pamphlet on private squabbles." Dr. Johnstone, in his preface to the works, admits the occasional character of his hero's writings, and laments that Parr was so little wise in his generation as to allow his energies to be absorbed in small subjects. "Certainly," he says, "he was one of the children of light in this respect. No man ever knew so little how to apply his mighty talents to a great purpose."

The explanation of the disproportion between Parr's learning and abilities and the character of his writings is to be found in his life. Unlike most profound philosophers, Parr was a man of immense political zeal, and his zeal was unfortunately given to the wrong party to serve his private interests. His Whiggism ruined his career. Born as poor as Johnson, he was left unpensioned to fight his way in the church, with all the influence of the ecclesiastical authorities directed against him. When men of half his abilities had won their way to the bishop's bench, the great scholar was drudging away as a private schoolmaster in a village curacy. Unfortunately, in addition to professing an unholy political creed, no man had less tact or judgment or self-control than Parr, and more than once when his abilities seemed likely to force him into worldly prosperity he threw his opportunity away by a rash step.

Dr. Parr was born at Harrow in 1745, the son of a surgeon and apothecary. He was educated at the school of his native town, then far from possessing the pre-eminence among English schools it holds to-day. Among his contemporaries at Harrow was Sir William Jones, the once famous Orientalist and classical scholar, and the two boys ran a neck-and-neck race for the honours of the school. Of their prodigious attainments at that early period of their lives extraordinary stories are told. At the age of fifteen they disputed in Latin on philosophical subjects, wrote poetry and dramas, and imitated all the chief English prose-writers down to Dr. Johnson. Some of Parr's poetry may be found in his works, and in high polish and rhetorical excellence it certainly seems quite equal to the early verse of Pope himself. On leaving school, Parr, like Johnson, had great difficulty in getting to the university. It was only after a year, as a surgeon's apprentice, that he secured funds to enter Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in the humble position of sizar. Before he could take a degree he had to leave through failure of means, but his attainments had made such an impression, that at the age of nineteen he was recommended for and secured the chief assistantship at Harrow School. Here he remained five years, and then, on the death of the headmaster, supported by a mandamus Master's degree from Cambridge, and testimonials from a great number of distinguished scholars, he applied for the head-mastership.

To his disappointment (the first of many in his life) he was rejected—according to his own account for a vote he had given to the notorious Jack Wilkes. The explanation was no doubt true, for his scholarship was admittedly superior to that of the successful candidate. Parr, in high wrath at his rejection, removed to Stanmore, a short distance away, and founded a rival private school with forty boys, whom he had drawn away from Harrow. The new school was not successful, and very soon placed him in difficulties. Another opportunity soon offered, however. Backed up by a strong recommendation from Dr. Johnson, whose love of scholarship triumphed even over his natural hatred of a friend of Wilkes, he succeeded in obtaining the head-mastership of Colchester. Here he was for the first time in a position of prosperity, enjoying the "learned leisure" which he had always desired, with nothing in the way of his retaining it except his own perversity. But this soon brought him into trouble again. A conflict arose with the Governors as to a lease, and Parr behaved in so arrogant and high-handed a manner, that he was forced to resign. Almost immediately afterwards, by an extraordinary stroke of fortune, he gained the head-mastership of Norwich. Here he was ordained priest, having been made deacon nearly ten years before. The first works he published were sermons preached in Norwich Cathedral. While head-master at Norwich (1781) he took his LL.D. degree at Cambridge with very great distinction. The two theses he supported on the occasion were written in Latin of the most classical purity, and were admired far beyond the limits of the University. A year later, for some reason not thoroughly known, he was deposed from his mastership, and in 1783, not being able to obtain another, retired to the curacy of Hatton, a village between Warwick and Birmingham, where he resided until the end of his life, supplementing his income by taking pupils.

Parr's career as an author—if, after De Quincey's satire, the term may be used—had hardly begun when he settled at Hatton. A few sermons, a preface or two, and part of a Bampton lecture, which he supplied to a certain literary impostor named White, who was in Parr's debt for other unacknowledged compositions besides this particular one, were all that had been published hitherto from his pen. His treatise on the word "sublime"—a vast philosophical "note" on the word, addressed to Dugald Stewart, extending to 250 pages—the Bellendenus preface, and his longer and profounder sermons were all the result of his retirement at Hatton. But even now he failed to carry out a really great literary design. Removed as he was from the distraction of the active scenes of public life, the drudgery of teaching was too heavy and disheartening for the execution of any of the great creative works he from time to time projected. One of these was a life of Johnson, which he declared

he would make the third most learned book in the world—to rank after Salmasius's *De Lingua Hellenistica* and Bentley's *Phalaris* treatise—though how he would have dragged in his erudition it is hard to imagine. However regrettable it is that Parr's learning died with him, it was surely "better so" than that we should have lost Boswell. The Bellendenus preface, Parr's *magnum opus*, appeared in 1787. Important an event as its publication was in the political as well as the literary history of England, it is not too much to say that no English *magnum opus* is itself more in need of an introduction to readers of the year 1901 than this preface to an old and forgotten author.

Bellenden was a Scotch Latinist of the seventeenth century, who composed three politico-philosophical treatises, *De Statu Principis*, *De Statu Reipublicæ*, *De Statu Orbis*, remarkable for the elegance of their style. These works had become extremely rare, but it was not for their Latin quality that Parr desired to see them reprinted. Bellenden had also half written a work, *De tribus luminibus Romanorum*, of which the subjects were Cicero, Seneca, and Pliny the elder. This last treatise had suggested to Parr's mind the design of a work of the same kind in praise of the Coalition leaders—North, Fox, and Burke. For an occasion to publish, he persuaded a friend named Homer to re-edit the works of Bellenden, and contributed his Whig tractate, drawing a parallel between Bellenden's *lumina* and his own heroes, and fiercely attacking Pitt and the Opposition, as a preface. Everything in Parr's hands turned to politics. Even in his metaphysical works he often manages somehow to drag in a fulmination against Toryism. The preface took the political world by storm. Those were the great days of classical scholarship, and the classical languages were known in the House of Commons almost as well as English. The brilliancy of the style, which even De Quincey was forced to admit had never been surpassed by any English Latinist, the eloquence of the praise of the three Ministers, and the fierceness and force of the attack on Pitt raised Parr at once to the first rank of fame. It has been said that the preface contains all the phraseological beauties of the Latin language. But, however brilliant, the work only made Parr's prospects of preferment more hopeless than ever.

Soon after "Bellendenus" had appeared, Parr, who grew more desperate in his detestation of the church authorities as he was passed over year by year, became involved in a bitter personal quarrel with his bishop, Dr. Hurd, the once admired critic and friend of Warburton. He republished some of Warburton's earlier tracts, which had been left out of his collected works by Warburton himself on account of their small quality, and together with them an early anonymous tract by Hurd, which, as it contained a fierce personal attack on a rival scholar, the bishop in later years did not think

of with very great satisfaction. Parr prefixed to the Hurd tract a brilliant criticism of the bishop, intended, as he said, "to lessen the number of those who spoke well of him." Thomas Warton, a respectable judge, went so far as to declare that this preface contained the finest writing in the English language, and it is certainly the finest piece of English writing that Parr ever executed. But the motive of the attack seems to have been sheer malice and envy of Hurd's position. Parr had set his heart on a bishopric at the outset of his career, and he rightly thought himself a greater man in every way than his brilliant but shallow diocesan. His own explanation of the matter was that Hurd had treated him with contempt on his visiting Hartlebury Castle after obtaining the curacy of Hatton, because it had been given him by Bishop Lowth, of London. Lowth had been in controversy with Hurd's hero, Warburton, and had had the best of the argument. Even if this contempt had been offered it did not in the least justify Parr's action. Hurd's reputation suffered to the end of his life from Parr's attack, and, conscious of having injured his character, Parr always wrote and spoke of his bishop afterwards with respect. De Quincey's indignation against the Whig doctor is in this instance justifiable. Dr. Johnstone, Parr's apologist, can only comment on the incident that "the doctor was carried away by one of the torrents of passion to which he was too frequently subject."

About this time Parr exchanged his living at Hatton with a certain extreme evangelical cleric, named Dr. Bridges, for that of Wadenhoe, in Northamptonshire, stipulating, however, that there should be no change of residence. Dr. Parr, in his theology, was a typical last-century clergyman. He hated enthusiasm and the evangelical revival with all his heart, and declared that the first half of the eighteenth century, when the ruling influence was Hoadley, was the golden period of the English Church. His sermons are for the most part finely written essays, on the beauty of virtue, the obligations of duty and the evils of vice, very long and very loaded with learning and the classical philosophers, of the kind which the early part of the century loved, and Wesley and his followers looked upon with detestation as Stoical rather than Christian. He in turn regarded the "hypocritical cant of the Methodist fanatics" (his own words), who preached justification by faith in imputed righteousness, and said nothing of works, as paganism in a much lower form. He disliked the whole fabric of the historic Christian theology, and some of his sermons seem made up of as thorough-paced Deism as the works of Toland and Tindal themselves. When the yearly exchange of pulpits, which was necessary to satisfy the law, came about between the doctors, there were amusing scenes in the two churches. Each doctor attacked the other with all his theological weapons. Dr. Bridges, it is said, once informed the Hatton congregation that

he intended that morning to introduce them to a stranger—the Founder of Christianity. On returning home Parr, to quote De Quincey, "congratulated his parishioners that their trials were over; he performed classical lustrations and Pagan rites of expiation; he circled the churchyard nine times withershins (or inverting the course of the sun); he fumigated the whole precincts of Hatton with shag tobacco; and left no stone unturned to cleanse his little Warwickshire fold from its piacular pollution."

But the Doctor, with his unrivalled faculty for injuring his own interests, was not content with his latitudinarianism within the Church, which was in those days no disadvantage to a clergyman, but he must hold out the right hand of fellowship as demonstratively as possible to the men of the same view outside the Church —which was unpardonable. He was often to be seen in full band and wig in the Unitarian chapel at Warwick and Dr. Priestley's chapel at Birmingham. He hated what he called "Churchianity" as much as the theological side of Christianity. A Wilkesite and a frequenter of sectarian chapels, how could he expect preferment? Yet on two occasions he was undoubtedly very near a bishopric. The first was in 1788, when George III. was thought to be dying, and everybody was expecting a regency and the return of Fox, who had pledged himself to raise Parr, and the other in 1806, when Fox actually came into office. Unfortunately for Parr, the great statesman died almost immediately after his return to power, before any See became vacant. Had Parr been promoted to the very highest position in the Church by his party it would have been no more than a just return for the eminent services he had rendered it. Whiggism had no more fearless or consistent supporter, and his fidelity to his great leader cost him something more than professional failure. For his opposition to the French war and his support of the Revolution he was branded by the Tories as a Jacobin and an anarchist, and was for a time one of the most unpopular men in England. When Priestley's house at Birmingham was wrecked after the historic dinner in celebration of the Revolution, Parr had to fly for his life from Hatton, and pack off his magnificent library to Oxford, where it got somehow deposited under an arch, and to his inconsolable grief was in part spoiled. But though he never rose to be even a dean, like Swift, the Doctor happily enjoyed an old age of ease. The help which the Government would not extend him was granted by the republic of letters, which, by a subscription set on foot by the Dukes of Norfolk and Bedford, raised him above the necessity of supporting himself by his academy. Several livings were also procured for him, and finally he was able to roll about the country in a coach and four, with all the outward pomp at least of a bishop, and on one occasion to nearly run over his future detractor, De Quincey. He died in

1825, and his funeral sermon was preached by the greatest classical scholar of the next generation, Dr. Samuel Butler, of Shrewsbury.

Parr's third most learned work in the world, whether on Johnson or any other subject, thus never was born. All Parr did for Johnson was to write the inscription on the statue in St. Paul's Cathedral—a service for which he was as well qualified as he was ill to be his biographer.

One of Parr's friends, in answering the question why the Doctor did not undertake a great work like Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, it is noteworthy, has given a different explanation from most of his apologists. It was not his pedagogic toils but the overwhelming mass of his knowledge, which "rushed like a resistless torrent upon him and overpowered, or at least greatly obstructed all his attempts at original thinking." That he was the most learned man of his time his eight quarto volumes, in spite of their unsatisfactory character, abundantly prove. If they did not exist the pre-eminence which all his contemporaries with one accord allowed him would be sufficient to prove it. Bishop Blomfield, a very learned man, wrote to him as "the profoundest scholar and most sagacious critic of the age," and Gilbert Wakefield and Burney—next to Porson, the greatest contemporary Greek scholars—expressed as high an opinion of him as Blomfield. Macaulay described him emphatically as "the greatest scholar of the age," and Hallam lamented that he had not been born earlier, when, as he said, "my mind might have been nourished by the rich and varied stores of his learning, and my studies guided by his instruction." Porson for a whole winter lived at Hatton to enjoy Parr's society and the use of his library. Unfortunately only general accounts of the conversations between the two men have come down to us. Parr's memory was almost as elephantine as the great Cambridge Professor's, and the quotations the two hurled at one another were colossal. "Many a midnight hour," writes Dr. Johnstone of Porson at this time, "did I spend with him, listening with delight while he poured out torrents of various learning—the best sentences of the best writers, and sometimes the ludicrous beyond the gay, pages of Barrow, whole letters of Richardson, whole scenes of Foote, favourite poems from the periodical press, and among them the 'Orgies of Bacchus'." According to Porson's biographer, Watson, Parr replied with "overwhelming torrents of verbosity." Finally Mrs. Parr, as well she might, grew tired of the continual wit combats, and perhaps of Porson's habits of deep drinking, which at times made him absolutely mad, and so insulted her guest that he left the house mortally offended and never crossed its threshold to the end of his life. Watson considers that in this she was without excuse.

"Nothing is more disgraceful," he says indignantly, "to the female sex than these cowardly attacks on men often of great ability and merit, whom they know to be restrained by good sense and gentle forbearance towards the sex from retaliation. Mrs. Parr was a woman of violent and overbearing temper, presumptuous and inconsiderate and having little respect or kindness for any human being." In Mrs. Parr's defence, it may be added that Parr himself admitted that more whiskey was consumed while Porson was in his house than in the whole previous time he had lived in it.

That with all his learning Parr could write excellently at times, there is much to prove in his works. His style has generally all the faults of Johnson's, which he took for his model, but as the Tory doctor could, upon occasion, throw aside his pompous mannerisms and [illegible] so did Parr, when he really wrote from his heart. No doubt in his own day his quality as a writer was immensely overrated, but it was not so mean as De Quincey and other critics have pronounced it. A quotation from his editor will show the admiration his works inspired a hundred years ago. After citing nearly all the great English prose works, Dr. Johnstone proceeds:

"His own writings may now be added to the list, and perhaps I am too enthusiastic a disciple to speak of them in the more subdued terms of admiration. They appear to me unrivalled as pure and elegant compositions, as eloquent and wise discussions and lessons fitted for improving man's condition." This judgment will probably appear to most people, like Henry Mackenzie's decision, that Home's *Douglas* was the finest thing in all literature, simply a pronouncement *pro tanto*. When it is added, however, that such a critic as Walter Savage Landor, in a letter which none of Parr's censors have ever alluded to, expressed the hope that his "noble works" would be effectual in "making Englishmen write English," it will be seen that the opinion is at least one that deserves to be respected. In addition to the attack on Hurd, the character of Fox, his longest and probably, on the whole, his best piece of work, some of the essays he wrote between the years 1755 and 1795 in the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, "The Sequel," a reply to an attack made on him at the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1792, his shorter sermons and his letters are worth reading even now. Lest the word "sermon" should alarm any sharers of the horror which a great living statesmen has recently expressed of this class of composition, let it be added at once that a considerable section of Parr's sermons are such in nothing else than name. They contain little either of mere theology or religious exhortation, and, apart from their real and deep philosophical value, are exceedingly fine pieces of writing of the elaborate old-fashioned last-century type.

There can be little doubt that one great cause of the neglect

[illegible] of the outside world. Let us say, how-

which Parr has fallen into as a writer, in addition to the general unpopularity of his subjects, is the form in which they have been presented to us. De Quincey had a scheme—which seems remarkably out of agreement with his sneers at Parr as an author—of editing a selection of the more readable parts of his works, and thus saving some of his writing from the oblivion into which he easily foresaw that Dr. Johnstone's quartos would fall. It is a pity that the project was never carried out, for now it is too late.

A vast portion of Parr's works deals with philosophical questions, and it was as a metaphysician even more than as a classical scholar that he was admired. Macaulay has described his philosophical writings as a "vast treasure of erudition, precious, massive, and splendid." His note on the word "sublime" was his only professed metaphysical treatise, but his sermons are full of discussions of the great root questions which underlie all theologies: the doctrines of Hume, Hartley's associationist theory of reasoning processes, which he accepted in its full extent; the existence of an "ego," and many other of the insoluble problems which Ruskin was fond of warning mankind against. To the sermons he added notes, which in some cases are almost complete treatises in themselves. And sermons of this kind were actually the staple of the pulpit discourses to which he compelled his village parishioners to attend. How they managed to sit some of them out must always remain a mystery. If Parr had educated a congregation of Warwickshire swains up to the point of appreciating Hume, Hartley, and Dugald Stewart, he was unquestionably as great a man as his warmest admirers contended. His greatest sermon, one of two hours, was not, however, inflicted on the Hatton villagers. This was the Spital address, which the Lord Mayor of London invited him to deliver in 1799. It fills 51 pages in his works, and is accompanied by 212 of notes. From the occasion on which it was uttered it dealt, of course, with the subject of benevolence. Parr, with his usual perversity, could not keep out of the metaphysical slough of the dispute as to whether men's motives in benevolence are selfish, and whether at any time we act from other than selfish motives. Hence the length of the discourse. There is never much originality in Parr's reasoning, but it shows immense reading in the English and ancient philosophers, and a thorough apprehension of all the bearings of the philosophic questions then debated, if little power to advance them. German metaphysics were not yet known in England, and at his death Parr had not long begun to struggle with Kant by the aid of a translation. The finest piece of apologetic work he did was his course of sermons on Conscience—delivered at Hatton—which are not only valuable philosophically, but in the grave loftiness of their style, in the vividness of their descriptions of the stings of conscious guilt, and in the eloquence of their exhortations, are worthy almost of the finest

of the old classical philosophers, whom Parr knew and loved so thoroughly.

In his literary ideals Parr was, like Johnson, the very incarnation of the last-century spirit. Nourished on the classics as he had been, and having spent years of labour in acquiring a Latin style and teaching the secret of it to boys, the love of "correctness" of form and external rhetorical laws in literature made him a bitter opponent of the new literature which he saw springing up in his later years. Of the criticism which rose with Goethe, and which, in Carlyle's words, taught us that the grand question was not "concerning the qualities of diction and coherence of metaphors, the fitness of sentiments, the logical truth in a work of art," but ultimately a question of the essence and peculiar life of the work itself, the form obeying the inner law of this life, and not any external canons of criticism, Dr. Parr knew nothing.

Scott and the romantic revival he wrote of in the most contemptuous terms. He considered Pope the perfect and unsurpassable model in poetry, and Johnson the perfection of English prose. He only quotes Shakespeare, so far as can be discovered, once (in a sermon), and in allowing that a passage of his is superior to another on the same subject in a very moderate last-century version of Juvenal, he evidently considers that he is saying something remarkable. "Prompt as must be your assent, and lively as must be your sympathy with the writer of the passage just now read to you," he says, after quoting the translation, "I have no hesitation in saying that in propriety of topics, in vigour of diction and solemnity of spirit, it is surpassed by a dramatic writer of our own country, whose statement must convince every understanding and interest every heart." It may be added that he was one of the first persons to be deceived by the ridiculous Ireland forgeries. The only poets of the beginning of the present century he could read were Campbell, Crabbe, Moore, and Byron (in his early pieces and satires). He actually pronounced the race of true poets to be nearly extinct shortly before he died, and made the chief exception to the general decadence an Irish coupleteer named Stewart. This last opinion was only one of many instances in which he allowed friendship and flattery to mislead his judgment of the character and works of his contemporaries.

With all his bitterness at his neglect, his terrible powers of satire, and his torrents of rage and verbosity, no man seems to have had more friends or to have been more widely liked personally than Parr. Even Johnson enjoyed his society, and spoke in high terms of his personal qualities apart from his learning. His correspondence, which makes two volumes of his works, shows that he was on familiar terms with a greater number of distinguished people than probably any other author in the history of English literature.

[illegible] us say, how-

Thirty or forty noblemen, many bishops, and nearly every one who held any position in the world of scholarship and learning figure in it. The charm and power of his conversation were no doubt the chief cause of this long list of friendships. De Quincey and the next generation, who inhabited a different world from Parr's, would not, it has been said, accept the verdict of the old scholar's contemporaries on his extraordinary ability as a talker. They seem to have been too disappointed with his old-fashioned works to allow him any sort of excellence. Men like Johnson and Burke must, however, be allowed to be judges who could not have listened with admiration to the drivel which De Quincey has reported Parr's conversation to have been made up of on the one occasion when he seems to have heard it. Boswell has unfortunately given no account of the battles between Johnson and Parr, and Parr's editor, Dr. Johnstone, almost entirely confines himself to general descriptions of his hero's powers without examples. He gives one long conversation with the Prince of Wales, in which Parr talked brilliantly in a style as superior to that of his writings in pointedness and force as the Johnson of Boswell is to the Rambler. De Quincey, who was highly indignant at the constant comparisons which were, in his early days, made between Johnson and Parr, declared that this conversation shows Parr to have been as contemptible in character as he chose to consider his works. It took place at Norfolk House, in the presence of a very distinguished gathering. "Perhaps," he says, "there were not ten men in Europe occupying at the time no higher station than that of country schoolmaster who would have had the front in the presence of the Prince of Wales or the Dauphin of France to step before the assembled wits of Paris or London, and the great leaders of parties, as the rightful claimant of the royal ear and natural representative of the illustrious party assembled at Norfolk House, all distinguished by high talents or station." The subject of the conversation was Bishop Hurd, who had been the prince's tutor, and de Quincey's indignation seems chiefly founded on the fact that Parr, after pronouncing on his old enemy as a scholar, ventured to characterise his pretensions to the prince as a gentleman. To give an opinion on this subject to the Prince of Wales, is declared to have been the very soul of low breeding. However this may be, the conversation ends with a compliment to the prince which is at least as strong a testimony to Parr's possession of courtliness and fine feeling. Parr summed up Hurd's character, which the prince had attacked, thus: "He had decriers, he had no trumpeters; he was great in and by himself: and perhaps, Sir, a portion of that power and adroitness you have manifested in this debate might have been owing to him."

If Johnson had said this, what, one wonders, would have been

De Quincey's verdict upon the conversation. Several of the few selections on record from Parr's talk seem in the best Johnsonian style. On one occasion a gentleman attacked Parr at a dinner party for the severity of his discipline as a schoolmaster, which was, in truth, equal to that of Busby himself. "Discipline, sir, makes the scholar, discipline makes the soldier, discipline makes the gentleman, and it is the want of discipline, sir, that has made you what you are," was Parr's reply. Another of his good speeches was addressed to Mackintosh who had pronounced a certain Irishman the greatest scoundrel it was possible to conceive. Mackintosh had forfeited his friendship by having neglected to perform a commission entrusted to him by Parr for the service of a friend. "It is possible," said Parr, "he was an Irishman—he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest—he might have been a lawyer; he was a traitor—he might have been an apostate." The man against whom this was directed was a Scotchman, a lawyer, and a convert to republicanism. Of Mrs. Barbauld, he declared, when some one called her a good imitator of Johnson, "Sir, she has the nodosity of the oak without its strength, the noise of the thunder without its bolt, the contortions of the sybil without her inspiration."

Dr. Johnstone has an elaborate comparison of his hero with Johnson as a conversationalist, which is interesting, though it is the judgment of a hero-worshipper at least as extravagant as Boswell: "In weight of intellect they were nearly matched; in copiousness of diction Parr was superior, though the indistinctness of his utterance made Johnson's slow and ponderous elocution more impressive. In learning, Parr was a thousand strong where Johnson had only his hundred, but he had a tenfold superiority in another and a more important quality of a debater. Johnson's conversations generally became contests, and in those contests his chief struggle was for victory. In the heat of argumentation, I fear it cannot be denied that he was accustomed to use unlawful weapons, and that he voluntarily confounded some of the distinctions *veri et falsi* to bewilder his antagonist. Parr was as eager for victory as Johnson, but his scimitar was never drawn or wielded against the truth. He would sometimes parry the brave thrusts, and sometimes play with the feeble assaults of his antagonist; but never did I hear of his striking at the naked truth. The wily sophist he was sure to expose, the frothy wrangler he was sure to overthrow. But he met with few rivals in disputation, because he had few equals in eloquence or learning; and, perhaps, there is no instance in the records of learning in which a mighty mind scattered its great stores with such prodigality as Dr. Parr. What lighted his pipe would have been no illumination enough for many an ordinary scholar. His style sprang out of his profound learning and his intellectual energy and dexterity; and became less perfect only when he chose to select from the stores of

others that which he possessed in greater abundance and excellence among his own."

Parr's friendships, which originated in his learning, were cemented by the really fine qualities of character which underlay or co-existed with his passionateness and jealousy. "There is a warm-heartedness and generous feeling about the old pedant," writes Mr. Leslie Stephen, a by no means sympathetic critic, "which explains his friendships, and may still justify some affection." His generosity seems to have been quite equal to Goldsmith's or Johnson's. On his cousin Frank's death at Cambridge, when only twenty-five years of age, he paid the whole of his college debts, amounting to £250. "I was then very poor," he wrote afterwards, "but I could not grudge my money for a dear relative and friend for whom I would gladly have laid down my life." The real depth of the man's feelings and his worthiness of his friendships, pedant as he was, are shown by a passage in one of the papers he left, dating from the time of his cousin's death. "Summoning by one great effort the greatest collective force of my soul, I grasped the cold hand and closed the languid eyes of that man who had been the companion of my boyhood and my youth—who had been the partner of all my joys and all my sorrows, and compared with whom even the name of parents and of children seems to me scarcely dear." His goodness of heart was so well known that he received appeals for help from men in all kinds of distress and misfortune. He was one of the earliest protesters against the terrible severity of the criminal law of the last century, and used regularly to visit the prisoners in Warwick gaol, in many cases starting them in new careers on their release. He actually obtained the reprieve of one—a murderer—by a personal petition to the King. To another he gave £100 out of his wretchedly small income to pay for a defence. Even De Quincey, as he tells the tale of Parr's many acts of humanity, declares that, in spite of all his "Jacobinism," unorthodoxy, and low-breeding, he is compelled to "love the man."

In his manners and domestic character, Parr was as rough and fierce as Johnson. No man ever had more of the "skin of the bear." He could not bear contradiction without indignation, was terribly severe with his boys, and was described by his wife as the "tyrant of the fireside." His domestic life was, indeed, a long series of broils and friction with his wives (he was twice married) and daughters. Some of his tastes and habits show a coarseness which reminds one of Parson Trulliber. He delighted in slaughtering bullocks, encouraged fighting among his boys, that he might enjoy the spectacle, and joined heartily with his parishioners in the village feasts, with all their last-century brutality and horse-play. On presenting a set of new bells to the parish, he had the largest—holding seventy-three gallons—filled with beer and emptied on the village-green. It is even said that he used

to encourage his boys to rob the orchards near his house at Hatton, and praise the thieves for their daring. His love of smoking was so excessive that he would leave the church in the intervals of the service for a pipe in the vestry. "No pipe, no Parr," he would roar when objection was made by ladies to his smoking in their company. Field, the then Unitarian minister at Warwick, tells, in his "Memoirs," that it was Parr's custom "to demand the service of holding the lighted paper to his pipe from the youngest female who happened to be present, and who, by the freedom of his remarks, was often painfully disconcerted." In fact, the only private and domestic taste Dr. Parr seems to have had which could claim any affinity with his character of clergyman was bell-ringing, in which he delighted and was an expert. But all these "anfractuosities" of character, his editor, Dr. Johnstone, regards as only spots of the sun. After enumerating them with great honesty, he concludes with a burst of eulogy: "But in his cheerful hours, when in the society of men and women he respected or who looked up to him for improvement; when his spirits were calm, his temper unruffled; when the atmosphere around him was genteel and placid; when no one dogmatised, or dictated, or contradicted, or uttered sentiments derogatory from truth; in the society of those whom he did not suspect, his mind, grave and collected then, showed the amplitude of its power and his heart the depth of his goodness. He would then pour forth the stores of his understanding in language pure as that of Plato and utter truths worthy of Socrates. Then would he display the intrinsic worth of his character; his deep and unfeigned piety, his unsullied purity of mind, his probity, his integrity, his mighty intellect, his unrivalled accomplishments, his supreme command over language; then, like an angel, would he instruct. Often and often have I at such times listened to him with rapture, and caught eagerly every syllable that passed from his lips; and, as long as I live, or, at least, as I have reason, I believe that no hour will pass over my head in which I cannot trace from recollection or association some advantage derived from his precepts, his writings, or his conversation."

No one but a great and noble man, it may fearlessly be said, inspires the reverence and affection which lie behind this description. In view of it, it would, surely, be only fair to give the doctor the usual "benefit of clergy," and lay a part of his faults on the long-suffering "age."

Johnson described one of his physicians—Dr. Heberden—as *ultimus Romanorum*. The words have generally been applied to the "Great Cham" himself, but Dr. Parr seems to deserve them better still. He was the last survivor of the genuine, unadulterated high-and-dry last-century scholars. Though he has only been dead seventy-five years, the whole world of thought and form which he represents

is as far removed from our own as the original classical world itself. And while he was the last man of his type, the study of his life and works, full of imperfections as they are, compels one to the belief that no less than the great rival whom he resembled so closely, both in the qualities of heart and head, he ranks among the greatest.

JOHN MAX ATTENBOROUGH.

COMPANIES ACT, 1900.

[63 & 64 VICT. c. 48.]

IT is believed that it is not too much to say that, since the principal Act of 1862, no Act of greater importance and wider scope has been passed on the subject of Company Law than the above Act. If the heads of the various arrangements of the sections of the Act are compared with the "Principal Topics," under which Mr. Francis Beaufort Palmer expounds Company Law in the masterly work which is based on the luminous lectures delivered by him at the Inner Temple Hall, the wide scope and obvious importance of the Companies Act, 1900, will be at once appreciated. So far alone as the provisions of this Act regulate the initial stages of the evolution of a company, and treat of it as a going concern, they clearly confer on this Act a prominence greater even than the Act of 1867. The Act introduces for the first time a distinction, obviously of fundamental importance, between a company which has satisfied all the requisitions of the Companies Acts as to incorporation and a company which is entitled to commence business and borrow money. By the principal Act, which in this respect has remained unaffected by the succeeding Companies Acts, incorporation drew with it the right to commence business; but a cursory examination of the Act of 1900 will show that this will not be the case with companies formed after the commencement of the Act—*i.e.*, after January 1, 1901. A second leading feature of the Act is its requirements for filing with the registrar returns and other particulars. It will also be at once noted that the Act places the law of disclosure in a prospectus on a far higher basis than it existed before; if, indeed, owing to the universal practice of waiving the 38th section of the Companies Act, 1867, any real requirement to disclose can be said to have existed.

INCORPORATION AND OBJECTS.

The provisions of the Act on the above subject apply to all certificates of incorporation, whether given before or after the passing of this Act. The Act was passed on August 8, 1900, and this is the only section in which the Act is made to come into operation at a date not reckoned from the date at which the Act commences. The

Act repeals the 192nd section of the principal Act, which provides (*inter alia*) that the date of incorporation mentioned in such certificate (of incorporation) shall be deemed to be the date at which the company is incorporated. But by section (1), sub-section (3) of the Act of 1900, this is substantially re-enacted, since it provides that the incorporation of a company shall take effect from the date of incorporation mentioned in the certificate of incorporation. Sub-section (1) corresponds to the 192nd section of the principal in the effect it gives to the certificate of incorporation. By both provisions the certificate of incorporation constitutes conclusive evidence that the requisitions of the Companies Acts have been complied with. But these requisitions are not now the same as before, because the Companies Act, 1900, imposes an additional condition precedent to the granting of the certificate of incorporation. It requires that a statutory declaration be produced to the registrar, who is to accept this declaration as sufficient evidence of compliance. The subject of the declaration is that all the requisitions of the Companies Acts in respect of registration have been complied with, and it may be made either by a solicitor of the High Court engaged in the formation of the company, or by a person named in the articles of association as director or secretary of the company. It is to be presumed that this statutory declaration is required to state some fact connected with the validity of the memorandum that does not appear on the face of it as registered. Such a fact would, *inter alia*, be that all the seven subscribers of the memorandum were of full age.

Appointment and Qualification of Director.

Restrictions are imposed on a person being either (1) appointed a director by the articles of association, or (2) named as a director in a prospectus. A person cannot be either so appointed or named as a director unless, before the registration of the articles, or the publication of the prospectus, he has by himself or by his agent, authorised in writing, (1) signed and filed with the registrar a consent in writing to act as such director; and (2) either signed the memorandum of association for a number of shares not less than his qualification (if any), or signed and filed with the registrar a contract in writing to take from the company and pay for his qualification shares (if any). Two points are to be noted: (1) that the first directors of every company registered after January 1 will be required to take their shares from the company; (2) that this Act does not require that a director should hold any shares in the company of which he is an officer; in this respect the Act does not go beyond the principal Act, or Table A. By the schedule appended it will be seen that the applicant for registration is liable to a

maximum fine of £50 if he delivers to the registrar a list of directors containing the name of any person who has not consented to act as director. These provisions do not apply (1) to companies registered before January 1, 1901; (2) to private companies, or to public companies whose capital is privately subscribed; (3) to a prospectus issued after one year from the date at which, under this Act, the company is entitled to commence business. A director must qualify within two months after appointment, when he is required to qualify by the regulations of the company. If he makes default, the office of director is vacated by him, and he cannot be reappointed director till he has obtained his qualification. A penalty of £5 per diem is imposed on every person who acts as director after two months from his appointment, and, being required to qualify, has neglected to do so.

ALLOTMENT.

Directors may not proceed to allotment unless the minimum subscription fixed by the memorandum or articles of association and named in the prospectus has been subscribed, and the sum payable on application for the amount so fixed and named has been paid to and received by the company. If the memorandum and articles do not fix any minimum subscription, the directors may not proceed to allotment until the whole amount of the share capital offered for subscription has been subscribed, and the sum payable on application for such whole amount has been paid to and received by the company. In either case the subscription is to be made in cash, and is to be reckoned exclusively of any amount payable otherwise than in cash. The minimum amount payable on application is not to be less than five per cent. of the nominal amount of the share. If the minimum subscription or the whole share capital has not been subscribed within forty days from the first issue of the prospectus, the directors must repay all the money received from applicants for shares, and after forty-eight days from the first issue of the prospectus, when the money has not been repaid, the directors are jointly and severally liable, not only to repayment, but to pay penal interest at five per cent., as in cases of wilful fraud, on all moneys received from the applicants for shares. But a director is not liable unless he is guilty of misconduct or negligence. These provisions only apply to first allotments. But the applicant for shares cannot lose his right, even if he attempt to waive it, under this section. It will not, therefore, be possible to evade these restrictions as to allotment by a waiver clause, similar to that which is universally adopted to evade disclosure of material contracts required by the 38th section of the Companies Act, 1867. When an allotment is made in contravention of the provisions of this section, it is voidable at the instance of the appli-

cant for shares. But the applicant must exercise his option within one month of the holding of the first statutory meeting of the company. Any director who knowingly contravenes the provisions of the Act with respect to allotment is liable to compensate both the company and allottee for any loss, damages, or costs which they have respectively incurred. But a director knowingly contravening this section (4) is not responsible to either company or allottee for costs, damages, or loss after two years from the date of the allotment. This provision seems important, in view of the recent decision that a director cannot set up the Statute of Limitations in an action under the Directors Liability Act, 1890.

Restrictions on the Commencement of Business.

By the principal Act, a company can commence business or borrow money immediately upon registration of its memorandum and articles of association and the consequent conferment of its certificate of incorporation by the registrar. But by section 6 of the Companies Act, 1900, restrictions are placed after incorporation upon the company, which must be removed before it can commence business. Therefore, the following conditions precedent to the commencement of business must be complied with by every company registering after January 1, 1901: (1) Registration of memorandum of association and articles, statutory declaration by solicitor, secretary, or director; (2) the procuring of the certificate of incorporation; (3) the minimum subscription must be subscribed, or else the whole share capital; (4) the directors must have paid for their shares in cash; (5) the secretary or one of the directors must make a statutory declaration that the minimum subscription has been subscribed, and that the directors have taken and paid for their qualification shares. From the date of incorporation to that of the certificate of the registrar that the company is entitled to commence business, the company can only contract provisionally, and contracts entered into by the company during the intervals only become binding when the conditions have been complied with, and the registrar consequently confers the certificate that the company is entitled to commence business. The conditions precedent are complied with satisfactorily if shares or debentures are subscribed simultaneously with the procuring of the certificate from the registrar that the company is entitled to commence business. If a company commences business or exercises borrowing powers in contravention of this section, every person responsible for contravention is liable to a maximum penalty of £50 for every day during which the contravention continues—without prejudice to any other liability. There is only one other case, outside this Act, where so severe a maximum penalty is imposed by any of the Companies Acts, and that occurs in the Life Association Act, 1870.

RETURN AS TO ALLOTMENTS.

Every company, whether formed before or after January 1, 1901, must, within a month after any allotment made after that date, file with the registrar a return of the allotment, stating (i.) the number and nominal amount of the shares comprised in the allotment; (ii.) the names, addresses, and descriptions of the allottees; and (iii.) the amount paid and payable on each share. If any or all of such shares are allotted for a consideration other than cash, the company must also file (i.) a contract in writing constituting the title of the allottee to such allotment; (ii.) and any contract of sale or for services or other consideration in respect of which such allotment was made. Such contracts must be duly stamped, and a return made stating (i.) the number and nominal amount of shares so allotted; (ii.) the extent to which they are paid up, and the consideration for which they have been allotted. The penalty is £50 for every day during which the default continues, and every director, manager, secretary, or other officer of the company who is knowingly a party to the default is liable to such penalty. It is lawful under the Act for a company to pay such brokerage as it has hitherto been lawful for a company to pay. In the recent case of Metropolitan Coal Consumers' Association *v.* Scrimgeour (1896), 2 Q.B.D. 604, the Court of Appeal held that the payment of a small commission, *e.g.*, two and a half per cent., by a company to brokers for underwriting was not *ultra vires*. Mr. Francis Beaufort Palmer, in *Company Law*, ed. 1898, p. 231, notes that this decision has been acted upon to some extent, which does not make it the less probable that it has implicitly received legislative adoption. The obligation to file a return as to allotments with the registrar is an entirely fresh duty, imposed for the first time upon a company by this Act. But a company, by the 25th section of the Companies Act, 1867, was under an obligation to file with the registrar a contract, duly made in writing, constituting the title to shares allotted as fully or partly paid-up for a consideration other than cash. This section is repealed by the Companies Act, 1900, section 33, and no proceedings under it shall be commenced after January 1, 1901. Also, the Companies Act, 1900, section 7, sub-section (1), paragraph (*b*), substantially re-enacts and requires the consideration and other particulars to be fully stated, in the latter respect going beyond the Companies Act, 1867, section 25.

PROSPECTUS.

The Act requires that a prospectus must be (1) dated; (2) signed by every person who is named therein as director or by his authorised agent; (3) filed with the registrar for registration before it is issued for publication; and every prospectus must state that it has been so

filed. This involves a change in the law, as the only statutory requisitions that mention a prospectus merely regulate the responsibility for the contents of, or require material contracts to be disclosed in, a prospectus. The 10th section of the Act requires that every prospectus must state certain particulars. These particulars specifically required by the statute, it will be at once seen, are of great number and scope, and the section may be said to have set a seal upon the whole law of disclosure in a prospectus. Before January 1, 1901, the only particulars that are, or will be, required to be disclosed in a prospectus are particulars as to any contract made prior to the issue of the prospectus by the 38th section, 1867. These omissions will not support either the action of deceit or the action of rescission. Since the 38th section of the Companies Act, 1867, was habitually waived, it follows that the statute law previous to the Companies Act, 1900, section 10, afforded no remedy, in effect, for non-disclosure of any sort in a prospectus. The duty of those who issue prospectuses inviting application for shares was put on its highest terms by Vice-Chancellor Kindersley in Brunswick Co. *v.* Muggeridge (1861), 1 Dr. & Sm. 383. The learned judge said:

"Those who issue a prospectus, holding out to the public the great advantage which will accrue to persons who will take shares in a proposed undertaking, and inviting them to take shares on the faith of the representations therein contained, are bound to state everything with strict and scrupulous accuracy, and not only to abstain from stating as a fact that which is not so, but to omit no one fact within their knowledge, the existence of which might in any degree affect the nature or extent or quality of the privileges and advantages which the prospectus holds out as inducements to take shares."

These words were described by Page-Wood, V.-C., in Henderson *v.* Lacon (1867), 7 Eq. 362, as "a golden legacy." But subsequent decisions seem to have caused this duty of disclosure, as stated by Vice-Chancellor Kindersley, to be regarded as a counsel of perfection; and the views of the learned Vice-Chancellor were only very partially enforced by the one statutory enactment requiring disclosure in a prospectus. But the 10th section of the Companies Act, 1900, constitutes a full accrual, with interest, of "the golden legacy" bequeathed by the Vice-Chancellor. Not only does this section require a great number of particulars to be disclosed in a prospectus, but the right of the applicant to such non-disclosure is inalienable, and any condition purporting to affect him with notice of any required particular is void. The 38th section of the Companies Act, 1867, is repealed, but it is substantially re-enacted. with an impossibility of any condition of waiver, by sub-section (1), paragraph (*m*) of section 10 of the Companies Act, 1900. The advantages that this last enactment has over the repealed section of the Act of 1867 are as follows: (1) The paragraph requires that the prospectus should state, not only the names of, and the dates to, any contract

entered into by the company, its promoters, or directors, prior to the issue of the prospectus, but also "a reasonable time and place at which the material contract, or any copy thereof, may be inspected." The gravamen of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn's criticism of the 38th section of the Companies Act, 1867, was that it did not require any reference to the substance of the contract, and therefore at the best constituted but a very poor protection to the shareholder. (Twycross *v.* Grant (1877), 2 C. P. Div. at p. 553.) The fact that section 10, sub-section (1), paragraph (*m*) of the Companies Act, 1900, requires that a reference to the substance of the contract should be stated, confers on it a decisive advantage over the 38th section of the Companies Act, 1867. (2) The second advantage has been referred to, and is, perhaps, of greater moment. There can be no waiver of the applicant for shares' right to disclosure of any of the particulars specifically required to be disclosed in a prospectus by the 10th section of the Companies Act, 1900. The remedy of the applicant for shares, when any particular required by the 10th section is not disclosed, will be to bring an action for damages. The applicant will thus be able to have a remedy when previously he could not bring successfully either an action of deceit or an action for rescission. In Heyman *v.* European Central Railway Co., 7 Eq. 154, a prospectus not stating that the directors had been presented with their qualification shares by the company's contractors did not entitle a person who took shares on the faith of the prospectus to rescind his contract. But such a particular is among those specifically required to be disclosed by section 10, sub-section (1), paragraph (*m*); and non-disclosure of it will, therefore, give a right to bring an action for damages.

Statutory Meeting.

The 12th section of the Companies Act relates to the first statutory meeting of the company. This section involves an alteration in the law, since its regulations differ considerably from the 39th section of the Companies Act, 1867, which regulated, and will regulate, the law on the subject till January 1, 1901. The 29th article of Table A requires every company to hold its first statutory meeting, called then the "first general meeting," within six months of registration. But it will not be in the option of a company formed after January 1, 1901, to adopt this article. Every company limited by shares, and registered after January 1, 1901, must hold its first statutory meeting after one month, and within three months from the date at which the company is entitled to commence business. The directors are required to forward to every member of the company a report, certified by not less than two directors, at least seven days before the day on which the first statutory meeting is held. This

report must state: (1) the total number of shares allotted, dividing such total number into shares allotted (*a*) for cash, (*b*) as fully paid-up, (*c*) partly paid-up for a consideration other than cash. The consideration must be stated in both cases; (2) the total amount of cash received by the company in respect of shares allotted as partly paid-up for a consideration other than cash; (3) the receipts and payments of the company on capital account to the date of the report, and an account of the preliminary expenses of the company; (4) the names, addresses, and descriptions of the directors, auditors (if any), manager (if any), and secretary of the company; (5) the particulars of the modification, or proposed modification, of any contract which is to be submitted to the meeting for its approval. The directors must fix with the registrar the head (1), (2), (3) of the report, certified as correct by the auditors of the company, if there are any. The directors must furnish a list, at the first statutory meeting, containing the names, &c., of the members of the company, and the number of shares held by them respectively. This list must be produced at the commencement of the meeting, and must remain open and accessible to any members of the company during the meeting. The members of the company present at the first statutory meeting may discuss any matter arising out of the report or connected with the company. But they cannot pass any resolution at the first statutory meeting unless notice has been previously given in accordance with the articles of association. The first statutory meeting may adjourn; and any resolution may be passed at the adjourned meeting of which notice has been given in accordance with the articles of association, whether such notice is given either before or subsequently to the former meeting. The Companies Act, 1867, section 39, imposes a pecuniary penalty of £5 a day both on the company and every director, or manager, or subscriber of the memorandum of association when default is made in holding the first statutory meeting. Under the Companies Act, 1900, section 12, any shareholder may petition the Court to wind up the company when default is made (*a*) by the directors in filing the report, or (*b*) in convening the first statutory meeting. But by this Act no pecuniary penalty is imposed. By this thirteenth section regulations are laid down for the convening of an extraordinary general meeting by the directors, on the requisition of the holders of not less than one-tenth of the issued capital of the company upon which all calls or other sums then due are paid. It is clear that this right of convening an extraordinary general meeting is to override the provisions of Table A, when it is exercised by an adequate body of shareholders, because it is to be enforced, notwithstanding anything in the regulations of the company, scilicet, whether or not the company has adopted the articles of Table A. The requisition must (1) state the object of the meeting; (2) be signed by the requisitionists; (3) be deposited at

the office of the company. The requisition may consist of several documents in like form, each signed by one or more requisitionists. In any case the extraordinary general meeting must be held within three months from the date of the deposit of the requisition. If the directors do not convene the extraordinary general meeting within twenty-one days from the date of the deposit of the requisition, the requisitionists, or a majority of them in value, may themselves convene the meeting. But the requisitionists must convene the extraordinary general meeting within three months from the date of the deposit of the requisition at the registered office of the company. If a special resolution is sought to be passed at the extraordinary general meeting, the directors must call a further extraordinary meeting within seven days. If the directors make default in convening this further extraordinary general meeting, the requisitionists, or a majority of them in value, may convene the second and further meeting. The requisitionists must give the same notice, and convene the meetings in the same way in other respects, as the directors are bound to do by the regulations of the company.

MORTGAGES.

By the principal Act, the Companies Act, 1862, section 43, the company is bound to keep at its office a register of mortgages and charges, open for inspection by shareholders and creditors. The penalty that a director, manager, or other officer of the company incurs for not registering under this section is £50 for wilfully authorising or permitting the omission of the entry on the register. But omitting to register a mortgage under the Companies Act, 1862, section 43, does not affect the validity of the charge. Again, by the principal Act, mortgages upon the property alone of the company are required to be registered by the company. Therefore, owing to the distinction between "a property" and "a power," a mortgage on uncalled capital does not require registration by the company under the principal Act. Nothing contained in the Companies Act, 1900, affects the duty of the company to register a mortgage upon its property under the principal Act. A company, however, is under a double duty to preserve evidence of any mortgage created after January 1, 1901. By the Companies Act, 1900, section 14, every mortgage or charge created by a company after January 1, 1901, must be filed with the registrar for registration within twenty-one days from the date of its creation. Mortgages on uncalled capital are specifically (*inter alia*) required to be so filed. If default is made in complying with this requirement the mortgage or charge is rendered void against the liquidator and any creditor of the company, as far as any security on the property or undertaking of the company is thereby conferred. But although default is

in filing the mortgage or charge with the registrar, this default will not affect any contract or obligation for repayment of the mortgage or charge. It is sufficient to register a deed purporting to charge the property specifically, when such property is situate outside the United Kingdom, although further proceedings are required to make such mortgage or charge valid *lege loci rei sitæ*. The registrar, after January 1, 1901, shall keep a register of mortgages, and shall enter on the register, on payment of a fee prescribed by the Board of Trade, the following particulars: (1) the date of the creation of the mortgage or charge; (2) the amount secured by it; (3) short particulars of the property to be mortgaged or charged; (4) the names of the mortgagees or persons entitled to the charge. In the case of a serial issue of debentures it will not be necessary for the registrar to enter on the register particulars of each debenture. But in such case the registrar shall enter on the register: (1) the total amount secured by the whole series; (2) the date of the resolutions creating (*a*) the series, (*b*) the covering deed (if any); (3) a general description of the property charged; (4) the names of the trustees (if any) for the debenture-holders. In the case of more than one issue of debentures of the same series, an omission to register the date and amount of any particular issue will not affect the validity of the debentures issued. But the company may require the registrar to enter on the register the date and amount of any particular issue. The registrar shall give a certificate of the registration of any charge or mortgage registered under this section, stating the amount thereby secured. The certificate of the registrar is conclusive evidence that the requirements of this section as to registration have been complied with. The certificate of the registrar must be endorsed on every debenture or certificate of debenture stock. If any person wilfully authorises or permits the delivery of any debenture or certificate of debenture stock without having the registrar's certificate endorsed upon it, he shall, without prejudice to any other liability, be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding £100. The mortgage or charge may be registered, in pursuance of this section, on the application of any person interested, though it is the primary duty of the company to file the mortgage with the registrar for registration, and also to furnish him with the required particulars. The fee for inspection of the register of mortgages kept by the registrar is one shilling. The company is further required to keep at its registered office a copy of every instrument creating any mortgage or charge requiring registration under this section. In the case of a serial issue of uniform debentures, it will be sufficient if the company keeps at its registered office a copy of one such debenture. Any such copy of any instrument creating a mortgage or debenture is to be open to inspection by members or creditors of the company on payment of such fee as may be pre-

scribed by the regulations of the company. But such fee is not to exceed one shilling. The duty thus cast upon the company by the 14th section of the Companies Act, 1900, to keep at its registered office for inspection a copy of every instrument creating a mortgage, and also of every serial debenture, must not be confounded with the duty imposed on the company by the Companies Act, 1862, section 43—the duty, namely, of keeping a register of the particulars of every mortgage or charge upon the property of the company. To a certain extent the duties are supplemental, but the requirements of the recent Act go beyond those of the principal Act in one important particular. By the Companies Act, 1900, section 14, a company will be required, after January 1, 1901, to keep at its registered office (*inter alia*) a copy of every instrument creating a mortgage or charge requiring to be filed for registration under the Act. But a mortgage on uncalled capital is expressly required to be so filed [*cf.* section 14, sub-section (1), paragraph (*b*)]. Therefore the company, under this Act, will be bound to keep at its registered office a copy of every instrument creating a mortgage or charge on uncalled capital. But, it has been mentioned, a company is not required, under section 43 of the principal Act, to enter on its register any particulars of a mortgage on the uncalled capital of the company. Therefore, after January 1, 1901, the Act will have the important effect of causing evidence of a charge on uncalled capital to be procurable even at the company's office. A judge of the High Court may grant relief against the penalty for omitting to register when such omission was not wilful, but was due to accident, inadvertence, or to some other sufficient cause, or when it seems just and expedient to do so. The registrar is required by this Act to keep a chronological index to mortgages and charges filed for registration. Finally, the registrar is empowered to make an entry of satisfaction when he is satisfied, on evidence given, that any registered charge or mortgage has been paid or satisfied. The registrar may, if required, furnish the company with a copy of such entry or memorandum of satisfaction.

A penalty, recoverable on summary conviction, not to exceed £100, is imposed by the 18th section of the Companies Act, 1900, upon the company, and every director, manager, or other officer of the company, when there has been wilful default in omitting to file the mortgage or charge with the registrar. The company is not liable when debentures or certificates of debenture stock are issued without having the certificate of the registrar endorsed upon them. In such cases the penalty falls upon any person knowingly and wilfully permitting the delivery of such debenture or certificate of debenture stock without having the certificate of the registrar endorsed upon it. The maximum penalty for wilful default in filing a mortgage or charge for registration imposed by the 18th section

of the Companies Act, 1900, is exactly double the penalty imposed for omitting to enter in the company's register a mortgage or charge specifically affecting its property. The penalty in the former case, by the Act of 1900, falls on the company and its officers, that imposed by the principal Act falls only on the officers of the company.

Annual Summary.

The Companies Act, 1900, supplements the statutory requirements under the principal Act on the above head by requiring that the annual list and summary mentioned in the Companies Act, 1862, section 26, shall be (1) signed by the manager or by the secretary of the company; (2) contain certain additional particulars. The additional particulars required to be stated by the Companies Act, 1900, are: (1) the number of shares allotted must be distinguished into (i.) shares allotted for cash; (ii.) shares allotted otherwise than for cash; (iii.) shares allotted as only partly paid up for a consideration other than cash; (2) the total amount of debt due from the company in respect of all mortgages and charges which require registration under the Companies Act, 1900; (3) the names and addresses of the persons who are the directors of the company at the date of the summary. The Companies Act, 1867, section 32, requires that the annual list and summary mentioned in the principal Act should contain the following particulars: (1) The total amount of shares or stock for which share warrants are outstanding at the date of the summary; (2) the total amount of share warrants which have been issued and surrendered respectively since the last summary was made; (3) the number of shares or amount of stock comprised in each warrant. The Companies Act, 1900, repeals the words "and not having a capital divided into shares," in both sections 45 and 46 of the principal Act. The effect of this repeal is that every company limited by shares under the principal Act is liable to a pecuniary penalty if it does not keep at its registered office a list of directors, and if it does not send to the registrar from time to time a copy of such list, whenever changes occur.

Audit.

The statutory provisions treating of audit before the passing of the Companies Act, 1900, are the Companies Act, 1879, section 7, which deals exclusively with the audit of banking companies, and the provisions of Table A, sections 21–23, of the Companies Act, 1900, are therefore the first imperative statutory provisions passed on the subject of audit applying to companies generally. These sections provide (1) that a company must always have an auditor or auditors; (2) that their remuneration is to be fixed by the company in general

meeting; (3) that the auditor or auditors is to have at all times a right of access to the books of the company. The duty of an auditor, as defined by section 23 of this Act, corresponds verbally to the definition of the duty of an auditor given by the Companies Act, 1899, section 7, sub-section 6. An auditor, by article 94 of Table A, is entitled to employ, at the expense of the company, accountants and other persons to assist him in investigating the affairs of the company. But an auditor is not given these persons under the audit sections of the Companies Act, 1900.

WINDING-UP.

This Act makes an application of the Statute 33 & 34 Vict. c. 104, s. 2. The Joint Stock Companies Arrangement Act, by which, when there is a proposal between a company which is being wound up and its members, or any class of its members, the Chancery Division of the High Court may order a meeting of the members, or class of members. If the members, or any class of them, arrive at any arrangement or compromise by a majority in number representing three-fourths in value of such members or class of members, such arrangements or compromise becomes binding, not only on the liquidator, but on the contributories. By an amendment of section 138 of the principal Act, any creditor of the company is empowered, by section 25 of the Companies Act, 1900, in a voluntary winding-up, to apply to the Court to exercise all or any of the powers which the Court might exercise if the company was being wound up by the Court.

DEFUNCT COMPANIES.

By this Act the registrar is empowered to strike the name of a defunct company off the register when—(1) the company is being wound up and there is reasonable cause to believe that no liquidator is acting, or when (2) the affairs of the company are fully wound up, and the liquidator, after having been called upon by the registrar, has not made the required return. The Companies Act, 1900, section 26, sub-section (1), for this purpose amends the Companies Act, 1880, section 7. The effect is that—(1) the provisions of the latter Act applicable to the striking off the register of a company not carrying on business or in operation, or adapted by the former Act to the case of companies being wound up, when the liquidator is not discharging his duties; (2) a creditor may apply to the Court under sub-section (2), section 26, of the Companies Act, 1900, under the same circumstances as the company or a member could apply under the Companies Act, 1880, to have the name of the company restored to the register.

Companies Limited by Guarantee.

The provisions of this Act on such companies only apply to companies registered after the commencement of the Act—*i.e.*, after January 1, 1901. A company limited by guarantee cannot have a capital divided into shares unless the memorandum of association so provides. At the present time companies limited by guarantee seldom have a capital divided into shares. Companies limited by guarantee procure a licence to register from the Board of Trade under section 23 of the Companies Act, 1867, and are for the most part companies intended to promote religion, science, or art, and mutual insurance societies. The Companies Act, 1900, section 27, provides that whenever the undertaking of the company is divided into shares or interests, though the number and nominal amount of the shares or interests is not specified thereby, it is to be considered as a company having its capital divided into shares, whether it is a company limited by guarantee or otherwise. This provision does not apply to companies that are intended to be supported by annual subscriptions or donations, such as societies for mutual insurance and charitable societies. The 27th section of the Act further provides that in the case of a company limited by guarantee, and not having a joint-stock capital, neither the memorandum of association, nor the articles, nor any resolution of the company can give any person a right to participate in the divisible profits of the company otherwise than as a member. The effect of this provision seems to be that, after the commencement of the Act, insurance societies will, and charitable societies will not, be able to register as companies limited by guarantee. Another effect of sub-section (3), section 27, appears to be to invalidate a subscription even for a public object made out of the funds of a club.

False Statements.

For the penalty, the reader is referred to schedule appended to the article. It is clear that this Act greatly enhances the liability, both of directors and other persons, for active misrepresentation. It is clear that this is so, because there are many documents required for the purposes of the Act that were not required by previous Acts—*e.g.*, the returns as to allotment, report of directors to the members at the first statutory meeting. It is submitted that the prospectus falls under the category of a "document required by or for the purposes of this Act, and therefore that a director, or other person, who makes a wilful misstatement of any of the particulars specifically required to be disclosed by section 10 of this Act in the prospectus, will be amenable to the penalties provided by section 28." Even if this is not so, a director would in such case

be liable under the Directors Liability Act, 1890; and therefore one effect of this Act will be to enhance the responsibility of a director under the former Act. Section 29 of the Act of 1900 gives the first statutory sanction to the process of reconverting stock into shares. In order so to reconvert stock, the company must modify its memorandum of association, either under a power to do so by its articles as originally framed, or else by special resolution. The heading "Supplemental" contains definitions. These, no doubt, are legally and substantially adequate; but, like the definitions in the principal Act, to which reference is made, the definitions given in section 30 are defective logically, being all *circuli in definiendo*, since they each contain a term synonymous with that defined. But to show the care with which this Act has been drafted, it is provided that "the expression 'debenture' includes debenture stock," and thus no omission can be incurred in this Act similar to that which occurs in the Directors Liability Act, 1890, section 3, sub-section (3), where "debenture stock" is obviously omitted *per incuriam* after "debentures."

N. W. SIBLEY, B.A.,LL.M.

SCHEDULE.

LIST OF PENALTIES *to which directors and other persons are liable in respect of offences committed in relation to a company under Stat.* 63 & 64 *Vict. c.* 48, *also penalties to which a company is liable.*

Offence.	Section, Sub-section of Statute.	Person Liable.	Maximum Penalty.
Delivering to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies a list of directors containing the name of any person who has not so consented to act as director	Section 2 Sub-section 2	Applicant for registration of memorandum and articles of association	£50.
Acting as director without taking from the company and paying for qualification shares (if required) at the expiration of two months from appointment	Section 3 Sub-section 3	A person who being appointed a director and required to qualify neglects to qualify within two months of appointment	£5 for every day during which he acts.—To be paid to the company.
Commencing business or exercising borrowing powers before restrictions on commencement of business have been removed	Section 6 Sub-section 5	Any person responsible for contravention	£50 for every day during which offence continues.
Default in filing with the registrar a return as to allotment, within one month after allotment	Section 7 Sub-section 2	Every director, manager, or secretary or other officer of the company who is knowingly a party to the default	£50 for every day during which default continues.

SCHEDULE—*continued.*

Offence.	Section, Sub-section of Statute.	Person Liable.	Maximum Penalty.
Default in filing with the registrar for registration every mortgage or charge created by a company after Jan. 1, 1901 ; within twenty-one days after the date of its execution	Section 18	The company and every director, manager, or other officer of the company, knowingly and wilfully permitting such default	£100.
Knowingly and wilfully authorising or permitting the delivery of any debenture or certificate of debenture stock required by this Act to be registered, without a copy of the certificate of the registrar being endorsed upon it	Section 18	Any person so offending	£100.
Wilfully making a statement, false in any material particular, knowing it to be false, in any return, report, certificate, balance-sheet, or other document, required by or for the purposes of this Act	Section 28	Any person making the same	A fine in lieu of, or in addition to imprisonment, to be imposed either on conviction on indictment, or on summary conviction, if on latter not to exceed £100.

Directors are jointly and severally liable to pay penal interest at 5 per cent., as in cases of wilful fraud, on the money of applicants for shares, when the minimum subscription has not been subscribed, and forty-eight days have elapsed from the first issue of the prospectus, without the directors having repaid the money. *Cf.* section 4, sub-section (4) of the Companies Act, 1900.

Offence Punishable with Imprisonment, specially provided by Companies Act, 1900.

Offence.	Section.	Person liable.	Punishment.
The misdemeanour of wilfully making a statement false in any material particular, in any return, report, certificate, balance-sheet or other document, required by or for the purposes of this Act	28	Any person so offending	On conviction on indictment, imprisonment for a term not exceeding two years, with or without hard labour, on summary conviction to imprisonment for a term not exceeding four months, with or without hard labour. In either case a fine may be imposed in addition, *cf. supra.*

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS IN LUNACY AND THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S LUNACY BILL.

THE fifty-fourth report of the Commissioners in Lunacy contains, scattered throughout a mass of dry and uninteresting details, a sufficiency of facts to arrest attention and to afford material for grave reflection. It informs us that the number of admissions (19,289) during the year is twenty-five less, and that the annual increase—an announcement which we now look upon as inevitable—is a little less than half that of the preceding year. The explanation offered of the latter statement is threefold—the stationary character of the admissions, the higher recovery and the higher death rates. The effect of the latter two is self-evident, but why to the stationary character of the admissions is attributed the principal cause of the diminished annual increase is not so clear. The Commissioners, we are inclined to think, are perhaps rather premature in the satisfaction they express at this resultant diminution, for, given unusually low recovery and death rates during this year, the annual increase—if the number of admissions remains about the same as last year—will be correspondingly high. A diminished annual increase, however, depending upon such fluctuating causes as the recovery and death rates, may be quite in keeping with a great increase of insanity, and cannot afford a correct basis for determining the actual increase of insanity—a question of the utmost importance. As a matter of fact, the ratio of lunatics to the total population is stated in the report to be 1 to 301, as against 1 to 302 of the preceding year.

Of the admissions, 3537 were re-admissions, and the percentage of a yearly average of the admissions—exclusive of congenital cases—during the five preceding years gives for this class a return of 28·9 per cent. The discharges include a large proportion of unrecovered cases, and, knowing the predominating influence of heredity in the causation of insanity, such, unless under exceptional and well-considered circumstances, is strongly to be deprecated.

Again taking an average of five years, the number of those admitted with suicidal propensities is 4442, or 24·1 per cent. When we consider that, in addition to the suicidally predisposed of

the past year's admissions, many among the 106,000 and odd lunatics must also have a similar tendency, it speaks volumes for the care and attention of the asylum officials.

As to the causes of insanity, hereditary influence appears to play by far the most important part. Bodily diseases, former attacks of insanity, and drink also loom large; and it is a curious fact that among women natural causes seem to about equal intemperance as a cause.

Prosecutions for assault were instituted in but six instances; and here, as in the cases of suicide, we think there is cause for congratulation, such a record bearing high tribute to the extreme tact and forbearance under all manner of provocation of those attendant upon the insane. No one unacquainted with asylum life can form any conception of the almost unendurable insults and assaults to which asylum officials are daily subjected, and to refrain from retaliation requires an amount of stoical passivity and self-control that in ordinary life would seldom or never be demanded, much less conceded.

In that part of the report dealing with the expenditure for the year we are appalled to find that the money spent in the maintenance of patients, in the purchase of land, and in building and repairs amounts, roughly speaking, to the enormous sum of £2,250,000. This is matter for serious consideration, for, unless some radical alterations be insisted upon, there is little likelihood of the amount ever becoming less. As is the case with insanity itself, the expenditure invariably shows an annual increase. It is time that some economical reform were inaugurated and a searching inquiry instituted to this end. Attention has on a former occasion been drawn to unnecessary expenditure in connection with the building and equipment of asylums, and we are glad to see that the Commissioners themselves have at length awakened to the exigencies of the case and sounded a note of alarm. The increasing financial burden on the country that provision for the insane necessitates has begun to impress them, and their recommendation to the exercise of economy is to be viewed with satisfaction. They recommend for chronic and hopeless cases of insanity a cheaper and simpler form of building and a less expensive therapeutic machinery. As the erection of nine new asylums is contemplated, and extensive additions to nineteen others are about to be undertaken, we trust they will insist that their views be given effect to. Why, however, the building for acute cases should not be as unpretentious as that for chronic cases, and what is exactly meant by expensive therapeutic machinery, is not quite clear. Do the Commissioners mean to imply that architectural form and ornamentation are important therapeutic agents, or that drugs, where there is sound physical health, are of inestimable value to a mind diseased? Surely a simple and comparatively inexpensive form of building would serve equally well the purpose of housing in acute as in chronic cases of

insanity. The Commissioners practically approve and pass the plans of all asylums, and why they are only at this time of day beginning to recognise that a cheaper form of building will meet all requirements for the care of the chronic and hopelessly insane who form the vast majority of the inmates of asylums does not redound to their credit. It is to be noted also that in individual asylums the average weekly cost varies considerably within wide limits, and the same applies to the separate items in the maintenance account.

The Commissioners, in reporting upon licensed houses generally, refer to the custom of some of the proprietors giving gratuities to relieving officers. As such, however, does not constitute an offence under the Lunacy Acts, nor yet one under the Public Bodies Corrupt Practices Act, we think that the threat of the Commissioners that any repetition would imperil the licence of the house guilty of the practice is going a little beyond their legal powers. We are at one with the Commissioners in their denunciation of the practice, but until the law makes it penal—and as yet it apparently has not—we fail to see that they have any right to interfere, so long as the proprietor complies with the conditions upon which his licence has been granted. Much capital was made of the circumstance at the time, and the public were provided with some most ridiculous and at the same time misleading opinions on the subject. The question of giving and receiving bribes does not in any way affect the legal formalities and safeguards necessary to be gone through before certifying an alleged lunatic, nor influence one iota the treatment of him. It is a matter which concerns alone Boards of Guardians and their relieving officers. That a lunatic be taken to asylum A in preference to asylum B, owing to the proprietors of the former giving a larger *douceur*, does not imply that the patient is to be ill-treated and his lot made a cruel one, as some would have us believe. He is insane, and must be accommodated somewhere; and however reprehensible, to use the words of the Commissioners, with whom we agree, the practice be, it in no way alters the fact that the patient is insane. It is undoubtedly derogatory on the part of medical men to offer bribes, but the practice is one which in ordinary business is not unknown. And the keeping of lunatics can be regarded in no other light than that of a purely business one for the purpose of gain. Whatsoever ideal may be conceived as to the charity of medical men, it cannot be expected that they will invest their money in private asylums and undertake the responsibilities which the care of the insane entails from purely philanthropic motives. The Lord Chancellor was quick to seize the advantage which the so-called lunacy scandal offered, and previous to his Bill reaching the House of Commons had introduced a clause dealing with the question. Owing to the highly coloured descriptions of the purely imaginary evils occasioned by the alleged offence, considerable excitement was aroused, and it is quite possible that, had the Bill at that time come

before the House of Commons, it would have been rushed through. Fortunately, however, the Bill was not considered; and now that time for reflection and calm consideration has been gained, we are of opinion that, however contemptible the practice of giving bribes be, it can in no way affect the welfare of the lunatic, for whose kind and considerate treatment the Lunacy Act already amply provides. And we would further impress upon the Lord Chancellor that there are other questions of much more vital import, deserving of his utmost consideration, than the purely ethical one of giving bribes. The present is a fitting occasion for introducing that hardy annual, the Lord Chancellor's Lunacy Bill, which has on many occasions within the past few years been before the House of Lords, and is alluded to by the Commissioners in their report under the heading of Lunacy Legislation. Opportunity will therefore be taken of expressing our opinion on its merits as it last appeared, and all the more so as it will doubtless be again brought forward. However much one may admire the fostering care which has been so persistently lavished upon it, we fail to see that the Bill in the slightest degree tends to simplify the already too cumbrous Lunacy Laws. For as it stands, as a piece of useful legislation it is not worth passing. It ignores most vital and pressing questions, and in the main may be described as puerile and narrow, and seems to have an unfavourable bias against the owners of private asylums and the managers of hospitals and licensed houses for the insane. We wonder if any experiences at the bar of asylum misdeeds have influenced the Lord Chancellor in his drafting of the Bill? But in whatever spirit this has been done, the Bill is not calculated to make "the crooked straight and the rough places plain." There are in it many sins of commission, to say nothing of those of omission. Sections 15, 16, and 19 propose giving additional, but at the same time injudicious, powers to the Commissioners. It is intolerable that rules and regulations of an institution managed by competent and well-qualified men should be altered at the whim of a central authority. Section 19 will especially evoke a storm of opposition, abrogating as it does the right of asylum authorities to appropriate parts of an asylum to purposes other than those originally intended and sanctioned. Circumstances might from time to time arise in which it would be expedient, even necessary, to adopt such a course, and surely those on the spot are better able to decide. In Section 1 the reduction in the duration of an urgency order from seven to four days is, for very obvious reasons, to be regretted. Section 23 permits, on a medical certificate, the reception in private houses of non-confirmed cases of mental disease. Having regard to the fact that the Bill bristles with safeguards to protect the liberty of the subject, and surmising from its general tenor a deep-rooted conviction in the mind of the Lord Chancellor that facilities for incarceration in asylums are too abundant and of such a nature that the spiriting away of persons into them is easy

of accomplishment, we confess to a feeling of astonishment at the inconsistency displayed. Here and there in the Bill we notice the predilection of the Lord Chancellor for imprisonment as a means of punishment for asylum officials. He, like the general public, has no knowledge of the patient endurance manifested by nurses and attendants under acts of provocation, for the resenting of which, in ordinary life, any jury would forgive even manslaughter. The slightest lapse is to be severely punished. It is not for a moment to be supposed that ill-treatment of the insane should be condoned or go unpunished, but we think that the Lord Chancellor, in his desire to prevent this, becomes too severe, and does not always fit the punishment to the crime. Two most glaring errors of omission in the Bill are the striking out of the superannuation clause hitherto included in the Bill as it appeared in 1897, 1898, and 1899, and the signal absence of any indication that the reconstruction of the Board of Lunacy and the appointment of additional medical Commissioners in the shape of Deputy Commissioners are to be considered. We venture to assert that any Bill ignoring these points will be incomplete. As to the question of superannuation, it would seem that the Lord Chancellor, in his anxiety to get the Bill made law, has sacrificed to the opposition of, if we recollect aright, but a solitary individual that which is the best means of securing efficient officers and servants in the most trying and depressing of all callings—the asylum service. The justice of an equitable and assured pension for such officials is surely but fair and right, and the incorporation of a compulsory superannuation clause in the Bill as it has hitherto appeared is tantamount to an admission that it is so. According to the existing Lunacy Act, superannuation is optional with asylum committees, and the latitude thus allowed is sometimes carried to the extent of giving none whatever. The obvious intention of the Act would appear to be that retiring allowances were to be given. Unfortunately, however, the clause was not made obligatory. There is a great difference between "the committee may give" and "the committee shall give." As the salaries of the majority of asylum officials are not of themselves sufficient to make provision for old age and infirmity, it becomes all the more necessary that uncertainty and doubt on the score of superannuation should be removed by the adoption of a satisfactory and obligatory pension clause. We are glad that the Commissioners are at one with us in an emphatic pronouncement for such. One point, however, of considerable importance, which, after reading their remarks, we do not think has appealed to them with the force it ought, is that, whatever standard of computing pensions be adopted, it must be such as will give a fair retiring allowance to the more poorly paid officials, who form by far the majority of an asylum staff. Their position is not by any means

an enviable one, nor is their life a bed of roses, and after twenty or twenty-five years service, and having attained the age of fifty, we think they are fairly entitled to a pension. For them we would suggest a scale with a minimum of one-third and a maximum of two-thirds, according to years of service, twenty-five years to be a maximum. Some such scheme as this would, in our opinion, be more just and equitable than one based on the system of a fractional allowance—say one-sixtieth of salary and emoluments—for each year of service, and which in many instances would not suffice to keep body and soul together. It would certainly comply more with the spirit of the clause in the existing Act, which, though not obligatory, yet allows of a certain latitude of which an asylum committee in dealing with the pensions of the more poorly paid officials may or may not, as they think fit, take advantage.

Did space permit, much might be said concerning the constitution of the Board of Lunacy and the method followed in the appointment of Commissioners. Both merit a most careful consideration, and the question has been discussed in a former number of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW. So far as one can judge, it has not attracted the attention it deserves, and the Commissioners themselves do not seem to entertain the idea of medical deputy Commissioners, but none the less should their appointment be strongly insisted upon. It is almost incredible, though true, that the number of Commissioners—three medical and three legal—remains the same as when the office was first made nearly half a century ago. And this notwithstanding an ever increasing yearly number of lunatics and a total increase of considerably over 80,000. Opportunity should be taken, on the next retirement of a legal Commissioner, to consider seriously the advisability of increasing the medical at the expense of the legal element in the Board of Commissioners. The custom of appointing as Commissioners medical men having no asylum experience is also strongly to be condemned as, in our opinion, not calculated to strengthen the Board. Indeed, we fail to see the object of such. As well appoint a general to the command of the Channel Squadron, or an admiral to conduct army manœuvres at Aldershot. If the Bill but succeed in directing the attention of members of the House of Commons, when it comes before them, to these anomalies in the Board of Lunacy, it will serve at least one good purpose.

HAGUCH.

*** Since writing the above we notice the appointment as Commissioner in Lunacy of Mr. H. F. Giffard, secretary to the Board, in place of Mr. Frere, deceased. It is not our intention to refer to any objections that might have been taken to Mr. Giffard's initial appointment as Secretary, but, in view of the opinion we have expressed as to the substitution of medical for legal Commissioners, the action of the Lord Chancellor is strongly to be condemned.

"SCIENCE AND RELIGION."

A REJOINDER.

MY recent attempt to demonstrate in the pages of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW[1] the possibility of enunciating the existence of a Central Authority in Nature upon scientific principles is described by Acton Burnell as "irritatingly suggestive of criticism," who has been stung into an able reply in the October number.[2] Although the previous article was intended as an answer to the remarkable demands which have recently been put forward by the leaders of what is termed the "new Evangelicalism" for a return to the homo-centric theory of the universe on ethical grounds, the nature of the criticisms offered by the author of "Science and Religion" is not with regard to the minimum, but to the maximum of metaphysics which it is alleged has been introduced into an empirical argument.

His Spencerian confusion between a strictly etymological interpreter of the term religion (as used by me), denoting a bond of unity, and the popular acceptation of the word as a synonym for emotional unction, relieves me of the necessity of referring to Acton Burnell's apparent difficulty in making such ethical doctrines as those, for instance, of Jesus of Nazareth conformable with purely scientific principles of natural existence, further than to remark that it is not so much my "complete misapprehension of the trend of modern science" as his own misconception of the true meaning of religion which is responsible for the only hackneyed note in an otherwise original and brilliant essay. But it is not religion, conceived either etymologically or otherwise, with which I am particularly concerned, but rather with theology, which I have endeavoured to treat scientifically, and it is to this that Acton Burnell's most serious and valuable criticisms are addressed. His principal attack is upon the delineation of the extent and limit of authority in nature, indicated in the "Final Seat of Authority," and this he bases upon a refusal to accept as scientific deductions which transcend the sphere of empiricism. Mere metaphysical postulates are, of course, less than worthless in the study of noumenal philosophy; but, in spite of

[1] "The Final Seat of Authority." WESTMINSTER REVIEW, June 1900.
[2] "Science and Religion." WESTMINSTER REVIEW, October 1900.

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Acton Burnell's subtle use of the obvious imperfection of all mental conclusions, since every conceivable major premiss is bound to contain some element of assumption, I still claim for the theological conclusions contained in "The Final Seat of Authority"—conclusions admittedly based upon the rational observation of phenomena—the same scientific value which every one but the most extravagant pedant would acknowledge to attach to the results of research similarly achieved in any other sphere of intellectual activity. When Acton Burnell appeals to the fact that all is "of necessity based on certain metaphysical assumptions which are not and cannot be verified and that all knowledge is based on belief," he handles a dangerous weapon from which no amount of casuistical dexterity will protect his own argument. To command a surrender of scientific research to dependence upon a purely constructive framework of knowledge would amount to the declaration of a universal *non possumus*, and compel retirement into a condition of hyper-agnosticism that leaves us no alternative but to doubt, with perfect logic, the reality of our own self-consciousness! In fact, it would sweep away the very ground upon which the conception of self-conciousness itself must inevitably rest; and, if even this is to be denied us, we may as well give up the task, not merely of discussing scientific theology or any other theology, but of seeking any knowledge at all, for there can be no such thing as pure knowledge—that is, knowledge achieved by purely constructive methods. The simplest problem of daily life withholds its solution, since we cannot *know* that we conceive.

Acton Burnell himself admits as much by his second, but hardly consistent, appeal to the very law of parsimony which the situation has demanded, and, accepting the inevitable necessity of taking some things) including the important factor of the reality of our own existence), for granted, he proceeds to ask what he correctly describes as the only question left to be asked, "How much assumption is permissible"? The answer should be obvious. Practical science, which, according to Acton Burnell's former and more pedantic position is not science at all, but guess-work, begins, not at the very beginning of things, but as low down the scale of relative conceptions as mental activity can descend. The law of parsimony, from an appeal to which I do not shrink, determines exactly the depth of that descent. The claim to scientific conclusions in theology must be exactly on a par with similar claims in any other science. The theologian must have at least as good a ground for postulating his personal God, or his impersonal authority, as the astronomer has for assuring us of the composition of the milky-way, or the physiologist has in enunciating the functions of the several animal organs. It would be folly to attempt to take a stand upon any other ground.

The adaptability of nature, physical and psychological, from which I deduced the existence of authority, but which Acton Burnell, appealing to pedantic agnosticism, rejects as a whim of the individual conception, when regarded in the light of the admitted common ground of initial assumption becomes a universally accepted axiom of natural science. The strictest logical economy cannot get rid of the only possible explanation of this adaptability; that it is the expression in phenomena of a force, not necessarily phenomenal (outside expression) and probably acting upon hedonistic principles, compelling a mutually beneficial activity.

It is a perfectly simple argument which seeks to extend the principles underlying purely physical activity to the realm of psychology, and that is all that is necessary in order to arrive at the conclusion that there is a moral as well as a physical authority in the activity of natural phenomena; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that the same authority acts throughout. This process of reasoning should be peculiarly easy to a materialist like Acton Burnell, unimpeded by the interpolation of supernaturalism and free from the fetters of having to find a place in the rhythm of natural mechanism for an erratic and eccentric will. It is unnecessary, or should be, to remind materialists that the most delicate activity of the mind falls within the sphere of naturalism, for to them we owe the skilful tracing of the moral sensations and ethical conceptions to the agitation of brain-cells secreted within the human anatomy, and from them we have learnt that that mysterious entity men call "the soul," which evangelicalism seeks to locate in a supernatural sphere, is, if not a blind instinct, at all events a function—possibly the highest function—of psychological mechanism.

It is, therefore, remarkable that the author of "Science and Religion," while correctly summing up my general position as an analogy of Newton's discovery of the law of gravity, and comparing the result of the great scientist's observation of certain physical phenomena with my own humble conclusions in the sphere of psychology, should exhibit so great an inability to differentiate between effect and cause; between the effect of gravity which must be empirical (or Newton could never have observed it) and its cause, which is metempirical, and can only be deduced, although with good reason and by sound logic. The *cause* of a falling apple is as much outside the phenomenon of its descent as is the cause of moral obligation outside either the objective or the subjective perception of its action. Cause, by the very nature of it, can be neither phenomenal nor empirical, but it is none the less noumenal because it cannot be conceived until it is revealed in a relative effect. Force is no less force because it does not and cannot become matter; force as force is not empirical, it relies upon empirical matter to reveal its existence. But it is impossible for

Acton Burnell or anybody else to treat force in one way when revealed in the mineral, the vegetable or the animal world, and in another way when similarly revealed in the psychological world, and if, as he says, and, I believe, says truly, that science knows nothing of any ultra-rational faculty, such as the Christian apologist claims to enable him to apprehend God "by faith," it still remains that science is as worthy to declare the existence of moral force as she is to proclaim the existence of physical force. The apprehension of a moral authority on such grounds only ceases to be scientific when we acknowledge that nothing else can be scientifically deduced, because "all our present knowledge (?) is in truth dependent upon a certain element of belief and is, therefore, less than logically complete knowledge"; but as we pointed out at the outset, such a position forbids us to be sure of our own existence!

C. PENRHYN GASQUOINE.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

ANYTHING from the pen of A. R. Wallace is sure of a hearty welcome from scientific men, and the two volumes of *Studies, Scientific and Social*,[1] which have just appeared, will undoubtedly have a large circle of readers. The work consists mainly of reprints of articles from reviews and periodicals; but, as they extend over a period of thirty-five years, and some of the periodicals are not easily accessible, it is a great advantage to have them in this more convenient form. The essays are on a great variety of subjects: those on plant and animal distribution and on the theory of evolution are perhaps best known, but the political and sociological studies are well worthy of the attention of public men. Many of the topics which are now occupying public attention have at one time or another formed the subject of essays by the versatile author. On the question of the permanent colonisation of the tropics by Europeans, for instance, Mr. Wallace speaks with the experience which a residence of twelve years in tropical climates has given him, and he is distinctly of opinion that such colonisation is possible. This agrees with the conclusion arrived at by Mr. T. M. Donovan in our columns, who quoted Queensland as an example of a tropical country where the bulk of the work is being carried out by white workmen. On the possibility of increasing the produce per acre of our English land Mr. Wallace has much to say. It is estimated, on the basis of the yield from allotments and small holdings, that by means of a system of peasant cultivation an increased produce of £200,000,000 a year could be obtained from the land in Great Britain. The author advocates the nationalisation of land and the reform of the House of Lords, beginning with the exclusion of the bishops. The article on how to civilise savages contains some remarks about missionaries which are worthy of the attention of our diplomatists, who will in all probability be shortly engaged in forcing the unwilling Chinese to receive an increased number of zealous but tactless missionaries.

The views of the author on the ice age and the glacial erosion of lake valleys are well known, and show an intimate knowledge of the

[1] *Studies, Scientific and Social.* By A. R. Wallace. London: Macmillan & Co. 1900.

subject. With regard to our molten globe, however, we do not agree with Mr. Wallace that a hole bored through an extensive ice-field at all resembles the orifice of a volcano leading to the molten interior of our globe. In the former case the crust may be a few feet in thickness, and the liquid beneath it has abundant opportunity of escape in a lateral direction, while the crust of the earth is at least eighteen miles thick, with no means of escape for the molten mass below except the volcanic apertures. Calculation will easily show that an extremely minute contraction of the earth's crust would suffice to produce the enormous force manifested in volcanic eruptions.

There are numerous subjects of interest in these two volumes to which space will not permit us to refer. We can recommend the work to all scientific men.

Under the extraordinary title of *Valics, or the Science of Value*,[1] Mr. G. Reed, of San Francisco, has published an equally extraordinary book, in which he seeks to show that the law of a single gold standard is a "thieving scoundrelism," and that the abolition of the gold standard would lead to the extinction of the "octopus" or "money power." The book begins with the words, "Ye fools and blind," and ends with the modest statement by the author that "There is more real information in 'Valics' upon the subjects of value and money than can be found in all other works collectively that have heretofore been published." We are sorry to differ from the author. We have rarely found so much literary rubbish crammed into so small a space. It is even below the average of American election literature, of which it appears to form part.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

It is with almost as much enlightenment as pleasure that we have read Professor Th. Ribot's *Essai sur l'Imagination Créatrice*,[2] and it is with some surprise we recall how little attention has been given to the subject by psychologists generally. After perusing this work we are almost led to think that in a very real sense we are creatures of imagination. The common opinion is that imagination is confined to art and poetry, but M. Ribot clearly demonstrates that it plays a part of no less importance in science, mechanics, invention, commerce, and religion. In the earlier exercise of its functions it is not creative, but by the aid of memory, association, and combina-

[1] *Valics, or the Science of Value.* By G. Reed. San Francisco: G. Reed. 1900.
[2] *Essai sur l'Imagination Créatrice.* Par Th. Ribot. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1900.

tion it works up the material provided by experience simply into new forms. In most cases the work of the imagination never passes beyond this, but in some cases it attains to what may truly be called creative power, and conceives that which is new and original. M. Ribot holds that there are two factors which go to the development of the creative power: first, the motive power, consisting in the action of needs, tendencies, and desires; and second, the possibility of a spontaneous revival of images which group themselves in novel combinations. Needs and desires in themselves create nothing, they only act as stimulants; it is the work of the imagination to find the means of satisfying them. Desire, necessity, is therefore truly the mother of all invention, not only in the ordinary life—agriculture, architecture, engineering, &c., and in military strategy and commercial schemes (which are a kind of warfare), but also in schemes of social reform, and not least in religion. The light this theory throws upon the workings of the human mind is enormous, and M. Ribot's book has almost the value of a new revelation—it explains so much that has generally been regarded as mysterious or even supernatural. The imagination, so often regarded as a mere adjunct of the understanding, is seen to hold a commanding place amongst the faculties of man, and our author, we think, is fully justified in his concluding sentence: "The constructive imagination penetrates the whole of life, individual and collective, speculative and practical, under all its forms; it is everywhere."

The admirers of the late Cardinal Newman will, we are sure, find great pleasure in reading the appreciative and sympathetic essay, *Newman, Sa Vie et Ses Œuvres*,[1] by Lucie Félix Faure, daughter of the late President Faure. The story of Newman's early life, struggles, and successes is told with unusual clearness and simplicity, and the course of his spiritual and intellectual development is unfolded with extraordinary insight.

The account of his conversion to Rome is full of pathos: his convictions and hesitations, his consideration for others, the pain he felt at severing himself from his dearest friends, are depicted with a fidelity which can only spring from a profound insight into human nature. Even readers who have nothing in common with Newman must feel convinced of his sincerity as they read this story. The life of Newman is so well known that it is unnecessary to enter into details, but we can recommend the present work as presenting it in a light which is not very familiar to English readers.

The second part of Mdlle. Faure's interesting volume is devoted to a review of Newman's writings in four sections: (1) His teaching at the Oratory; (2) his poetry; (3) his historical works; and (4) his philosophical writings. We are very much inclined to agree with the distinguished authoress of this volume that Newman

[1] *Newman, Sa Vie et Ses Œuvres.* Par Lucie Félix Faure. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1900.

was a poet, not only because he wrote some real poetry, but because his was essentially a poetic nature. We constantly are sensible that feeling and imagination had more influence over him than reason and logic, though he was a keen logician enough when he had taken his premisses for granted. Newman's *Verses on Various Occasions* serve the writer for a text for an examination of his poetical work, to which full justice is done, with perhaps the exception of the *Dream of Gerontius*, to which only a few telling lines are devoted. A version of the most popular of Newman's hymns, "Lead, kindly Light," will be read with interest by the innumerable lovers of those touching verses. The accomplished authoress does full justice to Newman's historical works as well as to his remarkable *Apologia*, and perhaps more than justice to his philosophical writings. Notwithstanding our own lack of sympathy with Newman's position, which we feel bound to confess, we have read the present volume with considerable interest and can cordially recommend it to our readers.

The "neglected Peninsula" has found a good exponent in the Rev. S. M. Zwemer, whom we take to be an American missionary. *Arabia, the Cradle of Islam*,[1] is almost cyclopædic in its contents. It treats of the geography, ethnology, history, politics, literature, and religion of this remarkable land. It may be consulted with confidence and generally read with profit. It is as the cradle of one of the great world religions it has interest for most people, and we naturally turn with curiosity to see what the evangelical missionary has to say about the monotheistic prophet. We are scarcely surprised to find that he does not share Carlyle's admiration for the hero-prophet, though he does not seem to be quite clear whether Mohammed was an impostor or a genius. His verdict seems to incline rather to the impostor view. His judgment on the religion is almost contemptuous. "It is not an invention but a concoction! There is nothing novel about it except the genius of Mohammed in mixing old ingredients into a new panacea for human ills and forcing it down by means of the sword." On the other hand, he says, "Mohammed was a prophet without miracles but not without genius." The evangelical spirit of the author leads him to some superficial judgments. For instance, he quotes with approval, as if it were conclusive, a statement made by the Rev. Dr. G. E. Post in reply to a eulogy on Islam delivered by Mohammed Webb at Chicago. Dr. Post said, as if it settled the matter, "There is one chapter which I dare not stand before you, my sisters, mothers, and daughters, and read to you. I have not the face to read it, nor would I like to read it even in a congregation of men. It is the sixty-fourth chapter of the Koran." Unfortunately for the value of

[1] *Arabia, the Cradle of Islam.* Studies in the Geography, People, and Politics of the Peninsula; with an Account of Islam and Mission Work. By the Rev. S. M. Zwemer, F.R.G.S. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1900.

his argument, there are several chapters in the Old Testament itself of which we should be compelled to say the same.

Some extremely interesting details are given about Mecca and Medina, and there is an engraved copy of the curiously illustrated "certificate" which is given to the pilgrims at Mecca, and which Moslems regard as a passport to heaven.

The growing power of Nonconformity in England is naturally leading to increased study of its origins, and to this study Dr. Powicke has made a useful contribution in his account of Henry Barrow,[1] one of the Congregationalist martyrs in the time of Elizabeth. Some historians have attributed the writings of Martin Marprelate to Barrow, but this is shown to be an error, the author more probably being Penry, another martyr. There is not much that is new in this life of Barrow, but the story is well and succinctly related. In his account of the church of the exiled English Congregationalists at Amsterdam Dr. Powicke successfully demolishes the unfavourable verdict pronounced upon those people by Mr. Arber in his recently published *Story of the Pilgrim Fathers.*

Everybody knows that the Bible is not an easy book to understand, but Mr. Gough does not make it easier. He has written, or is writing, eight volumes of over 600 pages each (that is, about 5000 pages altogether) to prove the *Bible True from the Beginning.*[2] There is much learning and sometimes good sense in these volumes, and probably, if one accepted the author's system, the whole might become intelligible; but without the key it is all confusion. As far as we can understand it, everything in the Bible is allegorical and means something different from what it appears to mean, but what that meaning is nobody knows but Mr. Gough.

MEDICAL.

THE publications of the *Progrès Médical* have long held a position almost unique in scientific medical literature. It was perhaps during the contributions of the late M. Charcot that they first riveted the attention of English physicians. But whether that be so or not, his chief collaborator and successor, M. Bourneville, has not allowed our interest in them to decline. His researches and annual reports of the Bicêtre, with those of his collaborators, have been

[1] *Henry Barrow, Separatist (1550?–1593), and The Exiled Church of Amsterdam (1593–1622).* By Fred. J. Powicke, Ph.D. London: James Clarke & Co. 1900.

[2] *The Bible True from the Beginning.* By Edward Gough, B.A. Vol. VII. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1900.

issued regularly for twenty years. The last issue is now before us.[1] It is a goodly volume of nearly 300 pages with seventy-six woodcuts and thirteen plates, and contains the reports of the Bicêtre for 1899 as well as a number of clinical researches carried out by M. Bourneville and his collaborators during the year on Epilepsy, Hysteria, Idiotcy, and other neuroses. Among the wood-cuts we notice the various kinds of apparatus used in the instruction of idiots. The methods employed are as successful as they are interesting. Children who are too often considered incurable are found susceptible of great improvement. They are taught to stand by means of parallel bars, then by other apparatus to walk, to use their arms, their hands, their fingers; then to dress and undress themselves and to feed themselves. Eventually in the school for the youngest they learn the use of single words and sometimes phrases.

In somewhat older children the results may at times appear more striking to the outsider, but the younger the idiot when admitted, the more beneficial is the training likely to be. In the classes for the older children, reading, writing, and some arithmetic are taught besides singing, music, gymnastics, fencing, dancing, &c. As to this last, out of 85 children, 55 learned the polka, 28 the mazurka and schottische in addition, while 50 learned a number of different dances. The children are also taught various handicrafts, and so well that their work is sold for the benefit of the institution. They take great pleasure in this work, and people who at one time considered it useless to attempt to teach them, would now be willing to exact from them a fixed amount of work. To this Dr. Bourneville objects with reason that the main object of the work is its moral influence. These idiot, epileptic, and neurotic children, are delighted to know that their work is useful and contributes to their own welfare, but must never be allowed to feel that what they do is a task.

Passing to the second part of this volume we find a collection of eighteen articles by M. Bourneville and his colleagues detailing the researches they have carried on during the year. One of these relates to eosinate of sodium, which has been proposed as a remedy in epilepsy. This investigation shows that the drug is worse than useless, inasmuch as it has no influence over the disease, though it is apt to produce trophic troubles somewhat different, but perhaps worse than those caused by the bromides. A more ancient popular remedy, the common house leek, was also investigated and shown to be of no value.

Among the contributions to this volume there are several cases recorded with the extreme degree of minuteness characteristic of French neurologists. Every circumstance that can be ascertained

[1] *Recherches cliniques et thérapeutiques sur l'épilepsie, l'hystérie et l'idiotie,* Par Bourneville avec la collaboration de MM. Bellin, Boyer, Chapotin, Dardel, Katz, Noir (J), Paul-Boncourt et Poulard. Paris. 1900.

as to the patients and their families is detailed. The inquiry is also extended to the grand-parents and their collaterals, and further back when possible. The records have therefore no little importance in regard to questions of heredity. Equally minute are the details furnished of the morbid anatomy in fatal cases. These records are often rendered more complete through the rule of communicating with the physicians of other institutions in which the patients have been, or to which they have gone after leaving this. In fact, every possible means of ferreting out any facts which may complete the history seem to be employed.

Such subjects as the effects of alcohol, the marriage of epileptics and heredity, receive unexpected sidelights in some of the records, while various nervous diseases are fully illustrated. This volume is a good specimen of a series which every neurologist should study.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE.

THE title of the latest important work on the South African problem, *The Settlement after the War in South Africa*,[1] by Dr. Farrelly, is somewhat of a misnomer, since, out of 321 pages, 30 only deal with the immediate question of the settlement. But, as in all other problems, so in this of South Africa, discussion is useless unless we know the facts of the case; and so Dr. Farrelly very wisely, in our opinion, endeavours to place the real facts before us, honestly and impartially, giving, too, the arguments on each side whenever possible. Having lived in the country for the last four years, and having acted as advising counsel to the South African Republic, Dr. Farrelly had almost unique opportunities, of which he took the fullest advantage, as this work abundantly testifies.

For instance, the case for the Uitlanders is set forth without exaggeration or partisanship, and the cases of the conservative and progressive burghers in opposition is stated with equal fairness and moderation. In the earlier history, however, there is a tendency to verbosity, and there is to our mind much needless repetition. In the narrative as a whole there is nothing very original; in fact, there is scarcely an idea or question which has not already appeared elsewhere, notably in the pages of this REVIEW, where Mr. Hugh H. L.

[1] *The Settlement after the War in South Africa.* By M. J. Farrelly, LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1900.

Bellot, in *The Problem in South Africa*, arrived at almost precisely the same conclusions upon all the important questions discussed by Dr. Farrelly.

Upon the suzerainty question, however, Dr. Farrelly goes a step further, and unwarrantably so. It is true, as he says, that the preamble of the Convention of 1881 disappeared with the execution of the 1884 Convention. From this Dr. Farrelly argues that the suzerainty vanished with it. He altogether omits Lord Derby's statement that, although the word went with the preamble, the substance still remained in force.

Nothing could be better than Dr. Farrelly's address to the Transvaal burghers, which appeared in the *Press* of Pretoria, June 13, 1899. It is in the highest degree moderate and sensible, and shows a clear grasp of the situation. He bases the right of the British Government to secure political rights for the Uitlanders not, as Mr. Chamberlain foolishly did, upon disputed points in the Conventions, but upon the fact that the Imperial Government was entitled to interfere by reason of its predominant interests in the peace of the whole of South Africa. And he very properly argued that, if the Boers wished to preserve their independence, they must consider the interests of the strangers within the gate.

Dr. Farrelly believes that the Boer offers on the franchise were not genuine, and we think he is right. He explains also how the Boer executive was, as well as Mr. Chamberlain, playing a game of bluff, and how they were forced into war by the veldt burghers whom they had sent to the borders.

Annexation, says Dr. Farrelly, must be absolute, but the condition of the Boer mind must not be ignored.

A system of Crown Colony government for many years is, he says, inevitable. If by Crown Colony government Dr. Farrelly means direct administration by Downing Street, we cannot agree. This is proved by experience to be one of the worst.

It tends also, as Dr. Farrelly observes, to perpetuate itself, and so he proposes a time limit. He is also fully aware of the capitalist danger, which he describes as mainly Jewish. Officials must be carefully selected, and, as far as possible, from the loyalist Dutch and English in the colonies. English must be the official language, and amongst commissions for various purposes must be one on law reform, which is urgently needed. State irrigation works are an absolute necessity, and a Forest Department would have a most favourable field.

In all this there is nothing new, and, although Dr. Farrelly states the principles to be observed, he does not give much practical assistance in their application. The value of his book lies in its narration of facts, its pros and cons, and for this reason it will take a leading place in the literature upon South Africa.

Socialism and the American Spirit[1] is the title of an extremely readable book by Mr. Nicholas Paine Gilman, whose *Profit Sharing between Employer and Employee* we noticed last month. The object of the author is, of course, to show the attitude of American thought towards socialism. In carrying this out he endeavours to define the limits of socialism and of individualism.

There is, he tells us, "a social order which is distinctively American," but he is, nevertheless, forced to admit that the American spirit may be roughly defined as opportunism in relation to social reform. The average citizen cares little whether a measure is socialistic or the reverse, provided it is practicable and likely to attain the desired result. In all this there is little difference between the American and English spirit. Both are opportunist. But the American is no doubt the bolder. In the New World social experiments can be made with greater facilities, and with less danger if unsuccessful. On the other hand, and perhaps the latter fact is the effect, individualism is even stronger in the States than in England. Although this is a conclusion formed from Mr. Gilman's pages, he does not seem to recognise this himself.

We are in thorough agreement with the author's views on "socialism" and "individualism." As he puts it, "Each of these strictly taken denotes an ideal which has never been realised, and in all probability never will be."

The American spirit does not consciously work through either of these methods in social reforms. As has been said, it is opportunist. As we have often suggested in these pages, the true solution lies in taking the best from each system, and avoiding the worst, not so much in the spirit of compromise, but because certain principles in each are found to be of practical utility. To give an example: Decentralisation in local government has in England resulted in enormous improvement. The principle of this is individualist, but it was accompanied by a large increase in each local self-governing community of various institutions based upon collectivist or socialist principles. Of Christian socialism, both in the United States and in England, Mr. Gilman writes trenchantly, but with moderation, and in such a way as to hurt no one's susceptibilities. He might with safety have gone even further, but his own religious views prevented this, and has left us with the impression of a man strictly logical upon every subject, except when it conflicts with religion. A very useful select bibliography closes this extremely able contribution to one of the burning questions of the day.

Educational Aims and Methods,[2] by Sir Joshua Fitch, is not a

[1] *Socialism and the American Spirit.* By Nicholas Paine Gilman. London: Macmillan & Co. Ltd. New York: The Macmillan Company Ltd. 1900.

[2] *Educational Aims and Methods.* Lectures and Addresses by Sir Joshua Fitch, M.A., LL.D., late H.M.'s Inspector of Training Colleges, &c. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1900. London: C. J. Clay & Sons. New York: The Macmillan Company. Bombay: E. Seymour Hale. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus.

other, indep

systematic treatise on education, as its title might suggest, but a disjointed collection of lectures and addresses, dealing, however, with some aspects of educational work to which the author's attention has through a long official life been specially directed. It is impossible within the limits of a short notice to do more than hint at some of the problems discussed by Sir Joshua :—The place of the Bible as a text-book ; the value of the Socratic method ; the Darwinian theory applied to the formation of character ; the training of the reason ; the relative advantages of physical and mental instruction ; endowments and their influence ; Ascham and the schools of the Renaissance ; and teachers' institutes and conventions in America. Then there is a stimulating chapter on Edward Thring and Uppingham, followed by a sketch of the University extension movement. Next we have criticisms on Joseph Lancaster, Dr. Andrew Bell, and Pestalozzi. Of the Sunday School, Sir Joshua says it is not only a place for religious instruction, but a centre of civilisation and social improvement. If the present narrow dogmatic religious instruction were relegated to the background, there might be some hope of its machinery and wasted energy producing some immediate tangible result. This so-called religious instruction has been at work for centuries, and never have more strenuous efforts been made by religious persons than during the last thirty years ; yet never in the history of our country has the moral sense of right and wrong been so obliterated as it is at the present moment. This, to our mind, is the least convincing chapter in an otherwise valuable book, not only to educationists, but to the average citizen.

In Mr. Winch's *Problems in Education*[1] we have six problems stated for the consideration of the educationist, rather than their solution—problems which the author approaches from the philosophical and psychological point of view. The second problem is the degree to which the teacher should also be a psychologist, the third how far observation should be encouraged which observes without desiring to know more of the object observed. This, says Mr. Winch, does not constitute knowledge. Next is a discussion on imagery, thought, and language, followed by some thoughtful suggestions on "Following Nature"—*i.e.*, the principle of letting natural consequences be the penalty. Lastly, we have some observations upon the best method of studying nature. More than half this little volume is taken up with practical details of education contained in appendices. Educationists cannot afford to neglect this thoughtful and suggestive contribution to a thorny subject.

La Suède son Peuple et son Industrie[2] is an extremely useful

[1] *Problems in Educatian.* By William H. Winch, M.A., Inspector of Schools for the London School Board. London : Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. 1900.

[2] *La Suède son Peuple et son Industrie exposé Historique Publié par Oudre du Gouvernment Rédigé.* Par Gustav Sundburg. Stockholm : P. A. Nordstedt & Söner. 1900.

publication. It contains in outline all the main characteristics of the country—its physical geography; its history from the primitive times of the Vikings; the demography of the people, and their social condition; the constitution of the State and administrative services; religion; intellectual and physical culture; literature; art, and science. The second portion of the book is devoted to agriculture and commerce, navigation, locomotion, monetary institutions, and industrial legislation. The whole is supported by statistics and rendered attractive by numerous excellent illustrations.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Lepcha Land, or Six Weeks in the Sikhim Himalayas,[1] by Mrs. Florence Donaldson, is the simple narrative of what the authoress herself describes "as a prolonged picnic in one of the byways of the Himalayas—where Time still walks on crutches." It was undertaken with her husband during his leave in the summer of 1891, but the last nine years have, says Mrs. Donaldson, made little outward difference in the country or in our position, since our desire for extended influence has been checked by Chinese diplomacy and the chronic antagonism of the great Lamas of Llassa. Mrs. Donaldson lays no claim to increasing our scientific or historical knowledge of the country, but she writes with observation and discrimination, and by the aid of illustrations derived from photographs, produces a graphic and effective picture of this beautiful and hitherto little-known district. Mrs. Donaldson, too, writes with humour.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

A MORE interesting and charmingly written collection of essays and reviews on economical, and what may be called, historico-economic subjects, than those contained in the volume entitled *Surveys: Historic and Economic,*[2] by Professor W. J. Ashley, of Harvard

[1] *Lepcha Land; or, Six Weeks in the Sikhim Himalayas.* By Florence Donaldson. With a Map showing Route, and 106 Illustrations. Photographs by P. & F. Donaldson. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1900.

[2] *Surveys: Historic and Economic.* By W. J. Ashley, M.A., Professor of Economic History in Harvard University. London: Longmans Green & Co. 1900.

University, it would be hard to find. Professor Ashley is an Oxford man, who is now on the professorial staff of one of the great American Universities. He has evidently studied economic history deeply. His two lectures on the "Study of Economic History" exhibit enormous research. His acquaintance with German writers on the subject is very extensive.

Amongst the important questions ably handled by Professor Ashley are English Serfdom, the Anglo-Saxon "Township," the Tribal System in Wales, the Beginnings of Town Life, and the Tory Origin of Free Trade Policy. The last paper is, in our opinion, misconceived, and the author makes history prove too much. The discussion of the commercial legislation of England and the American colonies has more than a passing interest. It tends to prove that British policy with regard to the Americans before the era of Independence was not wholly wrong. The style in which Professor Ashley conveys his views constitutes one of the attractions of the volume. It is to be regretted that the book has no index.

Scottish superstition is a fruitful subject. Much has been written about it, and there are abundant materials for the display of fresh erudition in this direction. A book just published, entitled *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*,[1] which, we learn from the editor's note, is the result of many years labour by the late Rev. John Gregorson Campbell, Minister of Tiree, is intensely amusing, and, at the same time, historically valuable. It shows a really marvellous knowledge of the folk-lore of the Highlands, as well as of the islands of Skye, the scene of one of the late William Black's most popular novels. The stories about Gaelic superstitions with regard to the devil have a grotesque horror that might, if possible, make even his Satanic Majesty laugh. The "awful ceremony" of "giving his supper to the devil" seems to have been actually performed in the West Highlands. It consisted of putting cats on spits and roasting them alive before a blazing fire. By-and-by other cats came in and joined in the horrible howling of those being roasted. One of the cats actually spoke, and invoked a brother-cat, known as "Ear of Melting." This mysterious member of the feline species eventually appeared, and proved to be the devil himself! Surely the lover of the grisly and lurid can ask for nothing more "awful." The author gives a superadded vividness to his queer narratives by his quotation of the original Gaelic from which he derived his "quaint and curious" information.

It is only natural that Carlyle should have admirers in Germany. The spirit of German philosophy was interpreted to English readers by Carlyle. Germany is now returning the debt she owes to the "sage of Chelsea." Herr Paul Hensel has written a very appreciative

[1] *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.* By John Gregorson Campbell, Minister of Tiree. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons.

study of Carlyle, which forms the eleventh volume of the series known as "Frommanns Klassiker der Philosophie."[1] The early work of this great writer, as a contributor to the *London* and WESTMINSTER *Reviews*, consisting of articles on Mirabeau, the French Revolution, Scott, and other subjects, receives a considerable share of attention in Herr Hensel's volume. There is an admirable portrait of Carlyle, accompanied by a facsimile of his autograph.

In the life of *Edouard von Simson*,[2] by B. V. Simson, we have an admirable survey of the life-work of one who played a useful, if not a conspicuous part, in the annals of modern Germany. The account of Dr. Simson's early years is very minute, and special attention is paid to his political career.

It is refreshing to find a Frenchman denouncing modern France in the most uncompromising fashion. This is what M. Georges Darien does in *La Belle France*.[3] M. Darien holds that the French have lost their virile qualities. He is in favour of a proletariat revolution, not on the lines of the Revolution of '93, which (by a paradox) he attributes to the Church of Rome, but in the direction of land nationalisation and a proper adjustment of taxation, so as to relieve the heavy burdens of the people. There is a great deal of force in many of M. Darien's suggestions; but his iconoclasm is too violent. Mr. Henry George's theory is not a panacea for all ills, and it remains to be proved whether physical and moral courage have died out in France. It is desirable to show up the blots on French civilisation; but why should the misfortunes of a great nation be all attributed to baseness in the national character?

A cynical Frenchman might be inclined to say of the Dreyfus case, that "like the poor it is always with us." But it is the scandal of military maladministration that has made it inevitable to have a prolonged discussion of the trial of Dreyfus. Two remarkable books have just appeared on the subject. M. Jean Ajalbert has written *Quelques Dessous du Procès de Rennes*,[4] and he demonstrates without any rhetorical verbiage that General Mercier and his satellites were guilty of gross misconduct. Some piquant details with reference to the trial at Rennes will be found in the volume.

M. George Clemenceau has minutely analysed the evidence in the case in a volume entitled *Des Juges*.[5] The admirable skill of M. Clemenceau enables him to prove clearly that injustice was done, not only to Dreyfus, but to his brave and fearless defender, Colonel Picquart. The stigma cast on the Etat-Major by the entire case is rightly indicated by M. Clemenceau in language of inflexible

[1] *Thomas Carlyle.* Von Paul Hensel. Stuttgart: Fr. Frommans Verlag. (E. Hauff).
[2] *Edouard von Simson.* Von B. V. Simson. Leipzig: Verlag von S. Hirzel.
[3] *La Belle France.* Par George Darien. Paris: P. V. Stock.
[4] *Quelques Dessons du Procès de Rennes.* Par Jean Ajalbert. Paris: P. V. Stock.
[5] *Des Juges.* Par George Clemençeau. Paris: P. V. Stock.

other, independently of the outside world. Let us say, how-

severity. M. Clemenceau writes in the brilliant and vigorous style which has won for him celebrity.

The fifth number of the valuable work, by Professor Aulard, entitled *Histoire Politique de la Revolution Française,*[1] contains a luminous and comprehensive study of the nature and characteristics of the Revolutionary Government of 1793. No attempt is made to justify the Terror; but it is shown that at the period France was fighting for her national existence against Europe, and that the leading spirits of the Revolution, for that reason, believed extreme measures against traitors, or supposed traitors, were necessary. The chapter on Royalism is very interesting. It shows that at the time when Louis XVI. was executed, there had ceased to be any Royalist party in France. The remaining parts of Professor Aulard's work will be eagerly awaited by all students of the Great Revolution.

BELLES LETTRES.

A Traitor in London[2] is the startling title of Mr. Fergus Hume's latest experiment in sensational fiction. The narrative is exceedingly complicated, and many of the scenes take place in South Africa. Of course there is a mysterious murder, and the reader's curiosity is whetted by the difficulty of solving the problem. Mr. Fergus Hume must be congratulated on his ingenuity in weaving impossible stories on the most seasonable topics. It is a pity that a *true* story is not written about the war in the Transvaal. Such a work, however, cannot be expected from the pen that wrote *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab.* Perhaps we may some day hope for such a novel from the pen of Olive Schreiner.

An English translation of Maurus Jokai's great novel, *The Day of Wrath,*[3] is sure to attract attention. The book was written when the gifted Hungarian novelist was the victim of misfortune owing to his own patriotic self-sacrifice. It was after the collapse of the Magyar Revolution of 1848–49, Jokai was one of the prescribed. As may well be imagined, the story is a gloomy picture of suffering and tragic misery. The description of the wretched state of Hungary at the period is magnificent. The ignorance and brutality of the people are unflinchingly portrayed. The conflagration at the

[1] *Histoire Politique de la Revolution Origines et de la Democratie et de la Republique (1789–1804).* Par A. Aulard. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.
[2] *A Traitor in London.* By Fergus Hume. London: John Long.
[3] *The Day of Wrath.* By Maurus Jokai. Translated by R. Nisbet Pain. London: Jarrold & Co.

headsman's house is one of the great scenes in the book. Through all the tragedy runs a thread of romance and an illuminating humour. Mr Nisbet Bain's translation is very readable.

Miss May Crommelin has written better stories than *The Luck of a Lowland Laddie.*[1] The title of the book, which is a striking example of "apt alliteration's artful aid," may fascinate the unsophisticated reader, especially if he (or she) happens to be Scotch. The hero is the seventh son of a seventh son, and after various vicissitudes he becomes rich by a stroke of good luck in Peru. The descriptions of life in Peru are vivid, and remind us of some of Captain Mayne Reid's books. But, as a whole, this novel is of too patchwork a character to take a high place in contemporary fiction.

If we must have children's tales at this season, it is well to find them perfectly innocuous. This much at least we may say of *Glimpses from Wonderland,*[2] by John Ingold. "The Necromancer" is perhaps the best of these tales: it is "a legend of Simolesia." The last story in the book, "The Garden of Johns, or Neglected Graves," is even more "goody-goody" than anything that Dickens ever wrote. Let us pray it may not convert its juvenile readers into pious prigs! But the book is, on the whole, harmless, though it has not one ray of the light that never was on sea or land.

Mr. G. G. Chatterton has already written some remarkable novels. His latest book, *Straight Shoes,*[3] is full of human interest. May Fletcher is a charming feminine character-study. The closing scene is perhaps too melodramatic to please readers who crave for uncompromising realism in fiction. Mr. Chatterton's style is simple and unaffected, and he has the rare faculty of being able to tell a story naturally and lucidly.

Yolande the Parisienne[4] is a very fantastic story, and its author Lucas Cleeve, has candidly abandoned all claim to be regarded as a painter of contemporary life or manners by calling it "a dream of the twentieth century." It certainly is a dream—a very wild and incoherent dream in which Death and the Devil play "strange tricks before high Heaven." The book seems like an echo of some of Miss Marie Corelli's worst monstrosities in fiction. We must, however, do Lucas Cleeve the justice to say that he is free from some of the eccentricities, both of style and opinion, which have tended to make Miss Corelli an object of ridicule amongst all critics endowed with a ray of humour.

Roses of Paestum[5] is the fascinating title of a series of essays by Mr. Edward McCurdy which "treat of Italy and the mediæval spirit." The book is interpenetrated with the spirit of Ruskin.

[1] *The Luck of a Lowland Laddie.* By May Crommelin. London: John Long.
[2] *Glimpses from Wonderland.* By John Ingold. London: John Long.
[3] *Straight Shoes.* By G. G. Chatterton. London: John Long.
[4] *Yolande the Parisienne: A Dream of the Twentieth Century.* By Lucas Cleeve. London: John Long.
[5] *Roses of Paestum.* By Edward McCurdy. London: George Allen.

other, independently of the outside world. [illegible]

The glamour of Italy has evidently captivated Mr. McCurdy. His descriptions of Pisa, Salerno, and the Boy of Naples, are beautiful word-pictures. The essay on the "Vita Nuova" tells the history of Dante's love for Beatrice, in a style which is at the same time poetic and minutely accurate in its attention to details. This little volume is a kind of spiritual and æsthetic guide to Italy. Mr. McCurdy has some of Heine's intuition and Maeterlinck's mysticism.

M. Georges d'Esparbès has written a prose epic entitled *Le Roi*,[1] founded on the life of Henri IV., familiarly known to students of French history as the "Bearnais." The preface to the book has been written by M. Maurice Barrès, who claims for *Le Roi* what he calls a "vertù educative." The book is full of stirring scenes, and should appeal strongly to French patriotism. It is dedicated to the "Gascon people."

Mr. Allan Upward is the author of Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual, and he has succeeded in exciting the reader's interest from the start, and riveting it down to the last page. *The Wrongdoer*[2] is sensational in the extreme. In form it recalls the method of the late Wilkie Collins, but Mr. Upward, with much ingenuity, represents his narrative as nothing more than one of "the secrets of the Law Courts" elicited from legal documents to which the author is supposed to have had access under somewhat mysterious circumstances. The case of Lord Carnsworth is not exactly unique, and the plot bears a curious resemblance to that of one of Victor Cherbuliez's novels. The Chinese element in the story will strike the average reader as extravagant However, *The Wrongdoer* is, though unreal, a remarkably clever book.

Mr. Burgin's novel, *The Way Out*,[3] opens in a Californian mining camp thirty years ago. The description of mining life is worthy of Bret Harte. The social tone of the place is indicated by the sapient remark of Alkali Jack: "A man as can't play poker up here's better dead." The little village of Four Corners is vividly pictured in Mr. Burgin's pages. The plot of the story is thin, but the characterisation is admirable. The Lajeunesse household forms an interesting study. Mr. Burgin writes in a breezy, charming style.

We have here an old friend[4] re-presented to us by a very learned sponsor, Professor Francesco d' Ovidio, who does not, by the way, spare the author his criticism. It is pleasing, however, to renew under these circumstances our acquaintance with a book that sixty years ago justly stirred the political and literary world of Europe. *Le Mie Prigioni* is a book most simply written, yet the

[1] *Le Roi.* Par George Esparbès. Epique Poeme précédé d'un Preface par Maurice Barrès. Paris: Ernest Flammarion.
[2] *The Wrongdoer.* By Allen Upward. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.
[3] *The Way Out.* By G. B. Burgin. London: John Long.
[4] *Prose e Tragedie scelte di Silvio Pellico.* Milano: Ulrico Hoepli. 4900.

episodes are striking and leave on the reader a deep impression. Silvio Pellico's book is a fitful and pitiful description of the Austrian Government of his day, and he who wishes to acquire an inkling of that system of government cannot do better than read Pellico's work. Signor Ulrico Hoepli, the publisher, had the happy idea to add to *Le Mie Prigioni* a well-written preface, a sketch of Pellico's life and Pellico's essay of *Man's Duty* and two tragedies of the author. *Man's Duty* is a very interesting essay, the trend is extremely religious, but one will be a perfect man towards his Maker and his neighbour, if he can mould his inner self according to Pellico's teaching. *Francesca da Rimini*, one of the tragedies, has a special merit in the sight of English readers. Pellico, when he wrote that play, was a friend of Byron, and to him he sent the first copy. Lord Byron liked it so much that he translated it into English, and the Italian playwriter returned the compliment by translating into Italian Byron's *Manfred*.

By an Unseen Hand,[1] by the same author, is much superior as a story of adventure. The history of the secret society known as the "Ragged Thirteen," is certainly most extraordinary, and, having regard to what we know of the Invincibles, it is not altogether outside the bounds of possibility. Some of the chapters are, however, examples of lurid extravagance, such as the scenes in one of the Fiji Islands. If Mr. Hughes were less melodramatic, less prodigal of indiscriminate blood-letting, he would produce more solid work in fiction.

A Case of Blackmail[2] is a clever story, though it is somewhat unreal. The character of the American widow, Mrs. Western, is a really well-drawn portrait.

The Tutorial French Accidence,[3] by Mr. Ernest Weekly, M.A., is a book which will be exceedingly useful to the English learner of French. Mr. Weekly has evidently bestowed very great pains on the preparation of the volume. The introductory chapter, dealing with the origin and formation of the French language, is admirable.

The double-section just issued of the *New English Dictionary*,[4] by Dr. James A. H. Murray (INPUT—INVALID), contains 3028 main words, 47 combinations explained under them, and 184 subordinate entries of obsolete forms. The number of words recorded is considerably more than in any previous English Dictionary. Perhaps the three most interesting words in the section are *insect*, *intention*, and *instance*. *Insect* originally means "an animal notched

[1] *By An Unseen Hand.* A Story of the Secret Society known as "The Ragged Thirteen." By Edwin Hughes. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

[2] *A Case of Blackmail.* By Chas. K. Moore. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

[3] *French Accidence.* By Ernest Weekly, M.A. Lond. London: W. B. Clive (University Tutorial Press).

[4] *A New English Dictionary.* Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. (INPUT—INVALID. Vol. V.) Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

or cut into." *Instance* in the earliest use meant "eagerness." *Intention* is a "straining of the mind towards something."

The idea of purpose which we usually associate with the word is derivative. The supposed origin of the English word "insult," from *insilire*, of which *insultare* would be a frequentative, is curious. *Insilire* means "to leap on;" and so we might literally define an insult as jumping on another person's chest.

The little volume of short stories,[1] by Dollie Radford, just issued by Mr. Arrowsmith, contains some exquisite workmanship. Each of these little stories is a gem. "A Castle in the Air" is a charming sketch of a literary man's self-sacrifice under somewhat trying circumstances.

It is impossible to deny that Mr. Frederic Carrel's new book, *The Realisation of Justus Moran*,[2] is a work of remarkable power. At the same time, the subject of the novel must be distasteful to even the least rigid moralists. The love of an uncle for his niece ending in their marriage is one of those painful themes which it would require the genius of a Ford to deal with effectually. Mr. Carrel appears to understand the morbid side of human nature, but the character of Justus is not attractive, and that of Blanche is rather disgusting in its unrestrained submission to the promptings of a purely animal impulse. The author might extenuate the weakness of his heroine on certain esoteric grounds; he might even point out that in ancient Egypt it was not considered unnatural for brothers and sisters to marry; but the modern world has, whatever may be the rottenness of our moral fabric, resolutely set its face against all incestuous unions as simply abominations, and the lives of the Ptolemies seem in our eyes a revolting picture of corruption. Even so masterful an imagination as that of D'Annunzio has failed to invest the subject of incest with real human interest. Mr. Carrel's novel is an experiment which can scarcely be described as successful. But his book contains some striking and even beautiful passages, and the closing scene is full of pathos and dramatic force. The novel is not free from faults of style, one of which is the utterly unnecessary use of French words where English words would be more suitable. For instance, a soldier in one place is referred to as a "spadassin." As this talented writer has certainly not yet said his last word in fiction, we take the liberty of freely pointing out what seem to us to be his chief faults. But we must pay a tribute of admiration to his decided originality and his extraordinary boldness in handling a very risky theme.

Not much has been written about Ottoman poetry. Baron von Hammer-Kirgstall's work on the subject is not widely known,

[1] *The Poet's Larder and Other Stories.* By Dollie Radford. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

[2] *The Realisation of Justus Moran.* By Frederic Carrel. London: John Long.

and probably the uninitiated may think there are not sufficient materials for writing a history of Ottoman poetry. The appearance, therefore, of Mr. Gibb's work[1] on the subject will excite much interest. It may surprise English readers to find that a great portion of Ottoman poetry is religious. Love is not so prominent in Oriental verse as might be expected. Some specimens of Ottoman poetry given by Mr. Gibb have a charming simplicity. One poet makes God responsible for all his sins, inasmuch as he owes his existence to the Deity, who endowed him with irresistible passions. The Moslem requires only fanatical belief to win Heaven, regardless of acts which in a giaour might justly be called crimes. This beautiful book will be welcomed not only by scholars, but by all who love the mysterious East. Messrs. Luzac and Co. must be congratulated on the manner in which they have brought out the book. It is to be hoped that the second volume will soon see the light.

Songs of Modern Greece[2] is the title of a little volume which will be deeply interesting, not merely to classical scholars, but to all lovers of folk-lore. The original of each poem is accompanied by an admirably clear and idiomatic translation. Some of the romantic poems and love distiches are exceedingly beautiful. The historic ballads are of unequal merit. One thing to be gathered from some of them is that patriotism and brigandage are often convertible terms in latter-day Greece. Mr. Abbott's little book is attractive from a purely literary point of view, and the introduction and notes render it useful also to the student of modern Greek.

Premier Voyage Premier Mensonge[3] is the title of a work by the late Alphonse Daudet—a charming story of a boy's first experience in love. The book is beautifully illustrated.

POETRY.

MR. LLOYD MIFFLIN'S volume of sonnets, entitled *The Fields of Dawn*,[4] contains some admirable pictures in verse of the scenery of Pennsylvania and the Susquehanna. Mr. Mifflin is a genuine poet, as his previous volumes, *At the Gates of Song* and *The Slopes of Helicon*,

[1] *A History of Ottoman Poetry.* By E. J. W. Gibb, M.R.A.S. Vol. I. London: Luzac & Co.

[2] *Songs of Modern Greece.* With Introduction, Translations and Notes. By G. F. Abbott, B.A. Cambridge: University Press.

[3] *Premier Voyage Premier Mensonge.* Par Alphonse Daudet, Paris: Ernest Flammarion.

[4] *The Fields of Dawn.* By Lloyd Mifflin. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin & Co.

have shown. He is a master of the rare art of sonnet-making in which so many poets have failed. Many of the sonnets in the volume recall some of Wordsworth's most beautiful efforts. Some of Mr. Mifflin's language has a peculiar dignity and appropriateness, as, for instance, where he speaks of "the vast Valhallas of man's heart."

ART.

MESSRS. BELL & SONS have had the happy thought to continue their English Cathedral series by similar handbooks to Continental Churches. This second series is greatly needed; and the simple, complete method, which has already secured excellent results in the case of our national monuments, is likely to produce indispensable aids for the "little tour in France" and elsewhere on the Continent. The first number is as unique as it is admirable. In the compass of a hundred and twenty pages we are given clearly and completely for all purposes, except those of detailed professional study, an historical and artistic guide to *Chartres: its Cathedral and Churches.*[1] The author, Mr. H. J. L. J. Massé, wrote the volumes on Gloucester Cathedral and Tewkesbury Abbey for the English series. He shows the great advantage, for work of this kind, of familiarity with architecture and ecclesiastical archæology. A general knowledge of art and history is not enough. In pursuance of the thorough method followed in all these handbooks, we have successively—a brief account of the history and present state of the city of Chartres; a history of the Cathedral; a long chapter on the exterior, and another on the interior, with the orderly and detailed description, part by part; two further chapters on the chapels, sacristy, and windows in the choir aisles, and the crypt; a list of the Bishops from the first, A.D. 200; and final pages on the interesting, but usually neglected, other ancient churches in Chartres. The forty-six illustrations, many from photographs by the author, are as novel and interesting as the text itself. In the latter, for a minor criticism, the difficult problem of reproducing proper names in English does not seem quite satisfactorily solved. Thus, on the same page, we have "S. Cyprian" and "S. Potentien;" "S. Eustace," "S. Vite," and "S. Avit (—);" "S. Leon" (without an accent), and "S. Giles" (without one of the French *l*'s); and "S. Yves" on one page becomes "S. Ive" on another.

The efficiency of method, in the making of art-books which shall

[1] *Chartres: its Cathedrals and Churches.* (Bell's "Handbooks to Continental Churches.") By H. J. L. Massé, M.A. London: George Bell & Sons. 1900.

be at once popular and complete, is shown again in the latest volume received from another series published by Messrs. Bell—*Sodoma*, of the "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture."[1] There is a bibliography, useful for readers desirous of studying farther; seven chapters on the early life of the Master, his successive stages at Monte Oliveto, Rome, and Siena; the unknown period and later years, and general character; a catalogue of the Master's known works, by countries and galleries where they may be found; a chronological list of the works in order of production, with various historical documents, complete index, and list of illustrations, of which there are thirty-eight to a hundred and forty pages of text. This is much for a 5*s.* volume, which is, moreover, well written, and will make known one who narrowly escaped being in the first rank of Great Masters, "who helped to make the Renaissance the widespread and penetrating movement which it became."

The Lecturer on Æsthetic and Modern Literature at the University of Finland, Helsingfors, has written and published in English a noteworthy book on *The Origins of Art*[2] It is a compliment to our language which our literature in philosophy and art would scarcely have justified in the old days Since Darwin and Herbert Spencer, however, evolutionary principles and methods have so radiated from our island that a work of this kind, taking up the arduous problems involved in the full light of the most recent science, has its proper place among us. It is a fundamental work, and, though written by one who too modestly excuses himself for using a foreign language, comes as near as may be to what Cardinal Newman, an experienced Englishman, thought impossible—making Psychology easy reading. The philosophical merits of the book are still greater. As "a psychological and sociological inquiry" into certain foundation facts of the natural history of man, it is easily the completest and most thorough book yet published. This is rather helped than hindered by the fact that the author has a distinct theory of his own. "The instinctive tendency to express over-mastering feeling, to enhance pleasure, and to seek relief from pain, forms the most deep-seated motive of all human activity. We can therefore derive the distinctive qualities of artistic production from this impulse only when it has been proved that art is better able than any other kind of mental function to serve and satisfy the requirements which arise from this impulse when it occurs in its purest form. That this is the case, is the fundamental hypothesis upon which this work is based."

[1] *Sodoma.* ("Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.") By the Contessa Priuli-Bon. London: George Bell & Sons. 1900.

[2] *The Origins of Art.* A Psychological and Sociological Inquiry." By Yrjö Hirn, lecturer at the University of Finland. London: Macmillan & Co. 1900.

THE

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

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THE COST OF 230,000 FIGHTING MEN.

THE manner of spending so large a sum as £60,000,000 sterling is always a matter of interest, more especially to those who are providing the money; and as it is estimated that between October 17, 1899, and September 30, 1900—a period of 348 days—we Britons disbursed exactly £60,796,700[1] for war purposes alone, it may be worth our while to go into the question seriously and to consider: I. Whether we are successful financiers as compared with other nations? and II. What have been the chief items of this expenditure?

I. £60,796,700 is an enormous sum, and includes so many large sub-totals on each of its 237 pages that to the uninitiated eye they have almost a bewildering effect; after considering, for instance, a necessarily spun-out category of minor sub-headings, which vary in amount from a few thousands to ten millions, the ordinary man is apt to find that he has no very much clearer impression on his mind than when he began, as to whether the main result is satisfactory or the reverse; in the words of the proverb, he "cannot see the wood for the trees in it." Our aim, therefore, is to reduce the

[1] These figures, it will be seen, are estimated on the most conservative basis; our actual gross expenditure has been as follows (November 1900):

March 1900 Loan . . .	£30,000,000	interest 2¾ per cent.
August 1900 Exchequer Bonds .	10,000,000	„ 3 „
Treasury Bills outstanding .	20,000,000	
Borrowed from Bank of England	7,500,000	
Increased Taxation . . .	12,000,000	
Total .	£79,500,000	

As, however, it is impossible to say on what items this money has been expended, I have only included such charges as were especially apportioned by Government for direct war expenditure; so that at all events there cannot possibly be any exaggeration in my calculation.

many and large totals down to a few small headings, including only shillings and pence, among which every one can preserve his vivid sense of the value of money, and for this purpose we may begin by calculating how much we pay per day for the keep of each of our soldiers and of their machines of war, at the same time comparing this sum with the rates per man of other nations.

To begin with the foreigners. Mr. Bloch, who is a financier by profession and has gone very deeply into war-figures, estimates that no continental nation could wage war for less than 8*s.* per man per day. Now, our present war cost us, according to estimate, £60,796,700 of extra expenditure from October 17, 1899, to September 30, 1900—348 days; we were to have 430,000 paid men at our disposal, so that for those 348 days, at the beginning, we were waging war at the rate of 8*s.* 1*d.* per man per day, including everything.[1]

This, however, is not in reality a fair estimate. Mr. Bloch would reply to it that many of our 430,000 men were merely temporary soldiers, such as the C.I.V. or those regiments of the militia who were only embodied for five months. This is undoubtedly true; and, as it is almost impossible to calculate the exact length of time during which each man has served the country, the only plan is to test our estimates from another and more accurate point of view—namely, by reckoning only the expenses of those men who are actually in the field. This, too, will be the basis of all our foreign calculations—the numbers and cost of the men who are on active service.

The army estimate for the current year—from March 31, 1900, to March 31, 1901—devotes a special calculation to the expenses of the troops in Africa. They are to be 200,000 strong, and each item is carefully calculated out for them, and for them alone, thereby excluding all disembodied militiamen, new regiments with only a paper strength, recruits, &c. Our 200,000 fighters were to cost us £22,765,000 sterling for the six months from March 31, 1900, to September 30, or 183 days. This sum does not include the sea-transport out to the Cape, which is rightly an extra as far as our continental comparisons are concerned, for of course no other European nation calculates upon having 6010 miles of sea to cross before reaching the scene of hostilities. To this total, however, must be added the cost of ammunition, projectiles, swords, lances, equipment, &c., and also such expenses as pensions for wounds, which are not included in it, but which the continental estimates are intended to cover. These extras, we may fairly allow, would bring our total up to about £28,000,000, and, as in order to keep up the estimated quota of 200,000 men we have been obliged

[1] Substituting 79½ millions for the £60,796,700 given here, the cost per man per day would amount to 10*s.* 7*d.* I have, however, throughout these calculations adhered to the smaller total for the reasons given in note to page 117, deeming it better to underestimate than to run the chance of exaggerating.

to keep in hand about 220,000,[1] we find that each man, on an average, has cost us 13*s.* 10*d.* per day, or 5*s.* 10*d.* above Mr. Bloch's estimate.

There is, indeed, one alternative which remains to be considered —namely, that (as we were not asked for more) our money may have lasted longer than we expected. Let us assume that we voted enough to keep our troops, not merely up to September 30, as was estimated, but until December 1, just before Parliament met; even allowing for this, our men cost us 10*s.* 5*d.* per day.

We must, therefore, conclude that this war is an expensive one compared to foreign calculations, and there can be no manner of doubt that every war of ours is certain to be expensive, for our army is the highest paid in the world, and, further, in addition to the ordinary outlay, we always have to begin with a sea voyage, which (as was mentioned) has not been included in our estimates of 13*s.* 10*d.* or 10*s.* 5*d.* For sea transport we voted £5,000,000 extra during the months from March 31 to September 30 (although we had already voted £5,500,000 for the first five and a half months of the war), so that we spend about £1,000,000 a month on the sea.

This is obviously a necessary item in every one of our wars, and if we were fighting against a Power that could even attempt to harass our ships the millions would at once be doubled. The sea certainly serves us well in peace time by rendering unnecessary the iron barriers of fortification which half ruin Europe, but in time of war it adds to the expense of our expeditions. Moreover, our system of employing irregulars is costly, for it involves purchasing extra equipment for them on the spur of the moment; and, above all things, it must be borne in mind that the £60,000,000 we are now disbursing is merely immediate expenditure, and that such figures give but a vague idea of the real expense of war, for it will probably be years before the various indirect drains on our exchequer are provided for—such expenses, I mean, as claims for compensation of loyal colonists, pensions, &c., which it would be extremely impolitic and outrageously unjust to overlook. The United States have not yet, and will not, says Mr. Bolles in his financial history, for probably a hundred years, have paid off all the claims arising out of the civil war of 1860 to 1864.

That war cost £500,000 per day, or about 4*s.* 6*d.* per man (there being 2,600,000 men on the Northern side during the four years, but many of them were volunteers who willingly spent some of their own money in the struggle). The North spent about £680,000,000[2] in direct expenses, but its indirect expenditure far exceeded this sum; for instance, by 1879—that is, fifteen years after the end of the

[1] Since the very beginning of the war 230,000 men have sailed for Africa, according to figures obtained at the War Office in November last.

[2] "Cost of War," by George B. Waldron, *McClure's Magazine*, 1898.

fighting (Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip tells us in *McClure's Magazine* for 1898)—the Treasury accounts showed that £500,000,000 more had been spent on pensions and on compensation for property destroyed, both of which are expenses arising directly out of the war; during the next twenty years, up to 1898, the pensions alone amounted to £360,000,000 more. We can see, therefore, that, although we may readily vote £60,000,000 or £80,000,000, it will only cover a comparatively small portion of the loss on the present war, and, if we judge by the experience of America, it is somewhat alarming to find that although the direct expenditure of both sides, according to the well-known financial writer, Mr. G. B. Waldron, amounted to about £1,000,000,000 sterling, the total known loss of the nation is as high as £2,000,000,000. The analogy of France in 1870 is still less encouraging, for, while her direct expenses came to £169,000,000 sterling, her indirect losses came to £262,000,000—and this without counting the war indemnity paid to Prussia of £200,000,000.

To meet our required expenditure the present Government has raised money by loans; the interest which we shall have to pay on these amounts already to at least a million and a half per annum; this is only a small instance of how the extras increase and multiply. Our special taxation, too, amounts to £12,000,000. Heavy, however, as our incidental expenses undoubtedly will be, there is this to be said: that they will not be on anything like the same scale as those of the Americans or French, who were both fighting in their own country. The Americans had 2,154,311 men who averaged three years' service out of the four years of war, a large number of whom would be pensioned for wounds, &c. And this gigantic multitude had not only to be fed and clothed and moved about for thousands of miles, but, consisting as it did largely of volunteers, required also to be armed and taught; the expenses for "books on tactics" alone amounted, according to Mr. Bolles' figures, to $172,568, or £34,500.

Mr. Bloch, I notice, gives the direct expenditure of the Northern States at only £560,000,000, and not at £680,000,000 as here quoted; but his final estimates are the same—£2,000,000,000. In any case we may, I think, safely follow the American financial writers, at all events in matters relating to their own country.

We are at war now, and no man should talk of reducing our expenditure until the matter is safely through; rather should they take example from a veteran in the State of Indiana, who when the Spanish-American war broke out, returned a twenty dollar note to the Government, this being one-half of his small pension.[1] The object of this article is merely to point out how our money is being spent, and not to hold up the present outlay as reckless or extravagant.

[1] *McClure's Magazine*, 1898.

s say, how-

To such an attempt most Britons, it is greatly to be hoped, would at once reply that we can afford to pay for our wars; that when we have become irrevocably engaged in war the first question should be "Is everything complete by land and sea?" and that once in a quarrel we are to be as little sparing of our money as of our blood until it is brought to an honourable conclusion.

The real question that every Briton should ask is how things have been done, not what they have cost; otherwise in six months all the lessons of this war will be forgotten, just as they were after the Crimea. Many people nowadays actually look upon that struggle as a triumph for England, and so it undoubtedly was in one sense—a triumph of mismanagement. In spite of our several victories, it was the French who in reality beat the Russians, and who made peace in spite of our protests. The only men who, without exception, came well out of these two years were the rank and file; as a rule, where organisation was required it was wanting. In that war we invaded an outlying portion of the Russian Empire with 26,000 men, the French having about 33,000, and the Russian army being in all over 800,000 strong. Our 26,000 were reinforced until eventually as many as 97,860 men had sailed from England, but the total strength of our army was never higher than 51,000 (the French sent about 300,000 men to the Crimea) and this only towards the end of the war. We lost 22,000, or about 30 per cent. of the whole force, owing chiefly to the horrors of bad hospital management; we spent about £69,000,000 (Mr. Bloch says £74,000,000), which gives an average of 19*s.* 1*d.* per man per day; while the French, who were encamped next us, were only spending about 8*s.* 2*d.*[1] a head. In return for all these sacrifices we gained practically nothing.

The war of Italian liberation cost the Emperor Napoleon III. £18,000,000;[1] for this sum he kept an army of 128,000 men in the field for seventy-three days, which works out at £1 18*s.* 6*d.* per man per day. This enormous total is perhaps not so surprising when we read of the lavish manner in which money was expended. Tents, we are told, were provided for nearly a million men, although the whole military force of France—including the army for home defence, the army of Algiers, and the army of Italy—only amounted to about 640,000 men.

These tents, we are told,[2] "were almost enough to house the population of Paris, and covering an area much greater than the city." The medical department also was equipped on a magnificent scale; "every division, besides instruments, was provided with 2000

[1] Mulhall's *Dictionary of Statistics.* I have followed his figures except where I could get an official return, or where the calculations of a specialist on the period in question were obtainable. Such returns or calculations were, as a matter of fact, obtainable in almost every case and almost invariably coincide with those of Mr. Mulhall.

[2] "Campagne de l'Empereur Napoleon III. en Italie, redigée au Depôt de la Guerre d'après les documents officiels," &c., quoted in Hanley's *Operations of War.*

dressings, while, with a view to ulterior wants, 2,800,000 dressings were kept in reserve."

As regards the war of 1866, in which Prussia defeated Austria in forty-one days, Mr. Bloch says that it involved an expenditure of £66,000,000. It must be supposed that these figures include indirect expenses, as they amount to over £2 per man—a scale of direct liability on which neither Prussia nor Austria would have dared to embark.

That Prussia at all events and her smaller German allies were able to keep their expenses within limits we may see by the Franco-Prussian War. In that war she placed 1,183,389 men in the field,[1] and her direct expenses for a war of 198 days amounted to only £65,000,000,[2] giving an average of 5*s.* 5*d.* per man per day. This is what we may call a really successful expedition; foreseen to a day, fore-planned to a detail; Von Moltke is popularly reported to have had hardly anything to do for several days after war had been declared, so scientifically perfect had his forethought and preparations been. At the end of seven months he had conquered an ancient and powerful enemy equal in courage and superior in resources to his own country. He had paid his war expenses and stood £85,000,000 sterling in pocket,[3] besides having added to his country two States whose capital value at that time has been estimated at £64,000,000.

The French, on the other hand, had paid £169,000,000 in the direct expenses of an army 701,000 strong, which gives a total of £1 4*s* per man per day, or about four and a half times as much as the Prussians. We need not, I think, examine the desperate attempts at arming and training hastily levied recruits which led to this waste of men and money, and which only go to show that even courage amounting to heroism is of little or no avail unless preceded by long and patient toil in time of peace.

II. Turning for a moment from comparison with other nations: some of the items of our own estimates for the year beginning April 1 are interesting; the pay, for instance, of the C.I.V. was estimated at £50,000, that of our colonial contingents at £300,000, and of our South African local forces at £3,000,000, and our ballooning, which, we are sorry to say, has not been quite so great a success as was expected, cost us £2000.

As regards our home defence, we find that a volunteer is about half as expensive to the country as a militiaman. The militia, on the other hand, are under military law all the year round; they keep up a militia reserve of 30,000 men, who can be called on at any moment to serve at home or abroad, and about 90 per cent. of the

[1] Prussian Official account of the war.
[2] Sir Robert Giffen, Financial Essays.
[3] According to Sir Robert Giffen's figures.

remainder volunteered for the front; almost every one of the militia reserve has gone out to fill up gaps in the line regiments in Africa. Our linesmen are undoubtedly well paid as soldiers go—they receive about three times the pay of a French soldier. However, they are dressed cheaply; an infantry private in a line regiment costs £3 13*s.* per annum to clothe, a lancer £6 3*s.*, and a trooper in the Life Guards £9 3*s.* 4*d.*

The War Office cost £251,000 last year; for this year of war, 1900 to 1901, it has been estimated at £20,000 more. We may put it down at about a quarter of a million per annum.

The ordinary observer can only find £10,000 allowed under the heading of compensation for losses in South Africa; but judging from the experience of other nations, at least ten times this sum would seem necessary to compensate our loyal farmers in Natal and in the northern portions of Cape Colony.

Nor will £72,000 appear too much to pay in pensions for wounds, as we have already (November 1900) had 14,666 men wounded, and have been obliged to discharge 1030 invalids of one sort and another from the service as unfit out of 34,499 invalids who were sent home.

Those who have borne the anxiety and suffering of this war without any of the excitement or chances of success are the women and children. £24,500 is set apart for pensions or gratuities to widows, and £7000 for compassionate allowances to children. In addition to these sums there have been charitable funds started, but it must not be forgotten that the affair is a national one.

As regards the transport,[1] this may be considered under three headings, namely—(1) what it costs us to get our men to the embarkation quay; (2) what it costs to get them safely across the sea to Cape Town (including transport from India, &c.); and (3) the expenses of land and river transport in Africa.

We are now dealing with a point in which almost every Englishman takes a certain amount of quiet pride; we say to ourselves that whether it was well or ill done, at all events it was probably a better performance than any other nation could have shown us under similar difficulties. Now as regards (1) the estimates amount to £350,000 extra for war purposes. This at first sight seems a large sum, considering the size of our army; but it must be borne in mind that for this sum we hope to entrain all our drafts to the coasts of England or Ireland, to pay travelling allowances and billet money for officers and men, conveyance of baggage, &c., and all extra movements of the militia, whether to Africa or only as far as Aldershot; even such charges as pilotage and towage of departmental vessels come under this head; and all this is to be done for £350,000.

[1] The transport will now be considered in its entirety; in estimating the average expenses per man per day none of the sea transport was included, and only such portions of the land transport as were especially apportioned to the troops in Africa.

(2) Having got our drafts of regulars or militia reservists to the quay, it remains to be seen how much they will cost us before they land in Table Bay. The sea is our element and we are proud to spend money on it. In the year 1899–1900 our expenditure was estimated at £295,000 for naval transport; but during the first eleven and a half months of war we spent £10,400,000; we have therefore paid a clear £10,115,000 in conveying our army across the water between the Albert Docks and Cape Town. This, of course, includes everything: hire of ships for transport or hospital, messing, bedding, forage, freight of horses, pay of transport officers, and telegraphic expenses. It is no small undertaking to get 235,000 men over 6010 miles of water, as we have done.

(3) Having once landed the men in Africa, there remain 1040 miles to Pretoria to be covered, and from 200 to 600 miles in every other direction, the cost of which is estimated at £3,380,000 over and above the ordinary expenses in Cape Colony and Natal; this includes all expenses connected with the hire of transport by land and river.

This ends our transport by sea and rail. We have now deposited our men, horses, and war machines at the front at the cost of £14,130,000, and, we may fairly add, with remarkably few mishaps. I have dwelt especially on the question of transport, as this is the greatest expedition that we or any other nation has ever sent out so far over the sea, and on the whole it has been successfully managed. Whether it could have been more cheaply done at so short a notice is a question which I believe no man in England could satisfactorily answer at present. It is possible that if we ever do get any of the reforms for which so many are longing, then some new and improved methods may be suggested.

There is one more question, which should in reality come under the heading of transport, although I have kept it apart—namely, that of horses. For the purposes of this war we have spent £4,800,000 on transport animals and remounts—a heavy charge, but necessary, as this has been to a great extent a war on horseback, in spite of certain celebrated telegrams about unmounted men being preferred. Our normal expenditure in Cape Colony and Natal amounts to about £5000 only, but as during the early periods of this war we were said to be killing about 5000 horses a month, and as Lord Roberts is supposed to have had at one period only about 200 or 300 really fit and sound animals at his disposal, our expenditure under this head could not well have been avoided. The American Government, in their Civil War, spent £25,334,484 on horse-flesh; this, of course, was spread over four years, which gives us £6,333,621 per annum, whereas we are only spending £4,800,000. The Americans, of course, put an army eight times the size of ours in the field; but they would not have had anything like the same

proportion of mounted men, and they were not obliged to watch their horses dying by tens and fifties on board ship, or, later on, from disease and from eating harmful grasses in a strange country. As regards our expenditure, the mistake which we made is, of course, the same that we always make—viz., not beginning soon enough. The Boers had bought up most of the available native animals before we even thought of doing so. When they make a raid on our communications they can afford themselves two or three ponies, whereas our men who go in pursuit of them are glad to get a sound horse at all. We can imagine the feelings of an unfortunate charger bred, perhaps, in the green fields of Ireland and sold to an English officer; he is landed half dead after three weeks' sea-sickness and knocking about, finds himself in an unknown climate, and is then called on to do ten times as much work as he has ever done before. And the Australian Walers are said to have died, on the whole, sooner than the British. We bought, of course, a certain number of horses from contractors in Africa, but, had we spoken sooner, the British army would have possessed a far greater supply of well-seasoned remounts. Expenses would have been greatly cut down and an enormous amount of suffering would have been spared these unfortunate animals.

Our estimates for transport, therefore, by water and by land amount to £18,920,000,[1] voted for war purposes only, over and above the ordinary expenditure, which goes on as usual and amounts to £1,000,000 more. In the year before war broke out they were reckoned at £790,000; since that event they are, as we see, estimated at nearly £20,000,000 sterling.

GEORGE F.-H. BERKELEY.

[1] Remounts are included in this total.

IMPERIALISM AND LIBERTY.

THERE would appear to be every reason for anticipating that the absorbing question of the day, Imperialism, will assume even greater importance in the near future. And, if this be so, it behoves every man and woman in these islands to make up his or her mind upon a matter which is bound to appeal sooner or later to the pocket if not the person of every one of us. And for this purpose the question must be discussed in all its bearings on broad principles of policy. We must clear our minds of cant. We must not suffer ourselves to be led astray by false issues or start on our inquiry with some *à priori* prejudice which we feel bound to justify. The issues involved far transcend in importance any mere question of party policy. They go to the root of our common national life. And at the outset we must distinguish between the two different kinds of Imperialism. A bombastic Imperialism consisting of a policy of annexation and expansion without due regard to the extent of corresponding benefit; of unduly ruffling the just susceptibilities of other nations; of appeal to the passions of that part of the populace whose motto is "panem et circenses"; such a policy is foredoomed to failure, as we may gather from the lessons of the past. We may hope with some confidence that the common sense and political instincts of the race will preserve us from any such developments. There is, however, another Imperialism which is concerned with the just and equitable administration of our dependencies and with the well-being and content of our colonies. To sustain this Empire is to some extent a burden and an undeniable responsibility. But we cannot retrace our steps. Even if we would, we cannot go back to the England of Elisabeth, "in a great pool a swan's nest." And in order to maintain this Empire some amount of interest and enthusiasm for it is required as a stimulus to the efforts of government. A sane and sober Imperialism as distinguished from mere flag-waving and jingoism is a gift much to be desired for the "man in the street," who, after all, has so much of the "driving power" in his hands at the present day. To what is this apparently sudden wave of Imperialistic sentiment due? More properly, perhaps, it might be described as a sudden efflorescence of a plant of long growth. It is not wholly to be explained by enthusiasm for the war in South Africa, nor is it confined to this country alone. The

Zeit-Geist breathes in it; we see a similar movement in America leading to the conquest of the Philippines. In Russia, Panslavism has for long been the dream of her statesmen. Even now Manchuria is falling into her grasp. Vague ideas of a restored Roman Empire composed of peoples of Teutonic stock are nourished in Germany. France has ambitions in the direction of Morocco. We in Great Britain are, therefore, by no means peculiar in our desire for expansion. There are various explanations of this curious feature of the century's close; we are finding out that, after all, the world is a very small place, and we are getting to know all about its surface. Steam and electricity have almost annihilated time and space. As regards our colonies, the great causes of division—oceans and religious disabilities—have ceased to operate. Trade and the wide diffusion of capital throughout the world have given an international bent to men's thoughts. As has been truly said, "The races of mankind are becoming a single family and the world is becoming a single home." A feeling of human solidarity has been growing up, and the dream of the poet, "the Parliament of man, the federation of the world," seems sensibly nearer realisation. More than this: those peoples who object, for whatever reasons, to join the family party of civilised nations are subjected to constant pressure to induce them to do so. The movement of great masses of men is more than ever before potent for good or evil. And the cheap Press is the engine which effects the movement of these masses. No one can doubt that the recent khaki enthusiasm was largely spontaneous and democratic to an extent bewildering to the official mind. A levelling-up of ranks and some obliteration of distinctions are implied in the use of khaki. Jack, who could carry a gun, was as good or better than his master—for the time being. A cook's son might be as valuable as the son of a belted earl, and the man from Canada or Australia as if he had been born in these islands. Mr. Rudyard Kipling was indeed justified of his readers. A new spirit has thus been infused into the nation which is wide and democratic enough to satisfy the soul of a Walt Whitman. That there will be some reaction from this enthusiasm; that the pendulum will swing back is reasonably certain; but that it will be strong enough to obliterate the traces of the Imperialistic revival may well be doubted. One of the curious features of modern Imperialism is that it is, in some of its aspects at least, socialistic. Thus, Mr. Bernard Shaw, in his recent essay on "Fabianism and the Empire," tells us that "The problem before us is how the world can be ordered by Great Powers of practically international extent arrived at a degree of internal industrial and practical development far beyond the primitive political economy of the founders of the United States and the Anti-Corn Law League." Is Imperialism to be a mere catchword or "a well-considered policy to be pursued by

a Commonwealth of the communities flying the British flag"? Imperialism, in his view, will but pave the way for International Socialism. It seems a perfectly true if regrettable fact that small nations have a tendency to be absorbed into larger States. One thinks with regret of Athens or of Florence. One cherishes the ideal of happiness in a small and perfect State. But the spirit of the times would appear to be against seeking happiness in this way. One longs in vain for the

> "Jardins lumineux, plaines d'asphodèle
> Que n'ont point foulés les humaines."

As Sir J. N. Seeley remarks: "A small state among small states is one thing, and a small state among large states quite another." Thus Imperialism would appear to be, in some of its aspects at least, inevitable—to be a product of democracy and of the tendency of big states to become even bigger. It is one result of the struggle for life among nations, and the scientific materialism of modern Europe tends to develop it still further. That might is equivalent to right is the very generally accepted rule in international politics, and however disguised, this sentiment appears as well in the speech of statesmen as in the organs of public opinion. Too often moral questions are entirely subjected to those of force. How far, then, is Imperialism compatible with liberty? And this is where the practical importance of the question lies for us. What Mr. Lecky has said about Democracy and Liberty applies to a large extent also to Imperialism. We must reckon on greatly enlarged taxation, and on an expenditure that is largely unproductive. Events have proved the falsity of Buckle's confident prediction that the military spirit had had its day and that the commercial spirit was now invariably pacific. It would appear, on the contrary, that trade and commerce were very often the causes of territorial expansion. It is quite as often true that the flag follows trade as it is that trade follows the flag. We may look forward, in order to sustain the burden of empire, to some form of universal military service. The change of sentiment regarding this question in recent years is very remarkable. It is a democratic, a socialistic, far more than an aristocratic proposal. It comes rather from beneath than from above. To quote Mr. Shaw once again, "The soldier is a failure, and the militiaman, like the volunteer and policeman, *i.e.*, the fighting civilian, a success." Against the benefits to be derived from habits of steady discipline and unquestioning obedience must be set serious defects such as the waste and ruin of high talent, the prejudice to the finer and more delicate flower of human culture. A dead level of monotony would probably be induced. But, as Mr. Lecky rather pitifully remarks, "To democracies these things are of little moment." The author is referring in his deductions more particularly to conscription as we know it abroad, but not a few of the effects would follow from any

form of universal military service. And if the general liability to bear arms should be enforced, it must be in such a form that the precious gift of individual liberty of person and of thought, so hardly won in the past, shall not be endangered. And only by constant vigilance can liberty be maintained. For with the growth of militarism the powers of the Executive, already very extensive, will be still further aggrandised. The State will usurp more and more power, as has been pointed out so effectually by W. Herbert Spencer and other writers. There is a tendency to revert to the ideals and standards of a military age, and war ceases to be looked upon with the same degree of aversion. Few will be found to doubt that the baser kind of Imperialism must of necessity be founded upon militarism, and must in the long run be inimical to freedom and incompatible with it. The character of the British people has, however, been hitherto opposed to the idea of an empire of this sort. With regard to the legitimate claims of our Empire, these will probably be found to be heavy enough, and may entail burdens on the individual which might well seem out of all proportion to the benefits received. But, in the words of Burke, "The Parliament of Great Britain sits at the head of her extensive Empire in two capacities. One is, the local legislature of this island; the other, and I think, her nobler capacity, is what I call her Imperial character, in which, as from the throne of heaven, she guides and controls all." For this prestige of Empire we must perforce pay. But let us take heed that the Empire is governed on the principles of equity and righteous dealing; that consolidation rather than expansion shall be its motto, and that the resources of the mother country shall not be unduly strained in its maintenance. We may take it, however, that eventually some considered scheme will be evolved by which our colonies and dependencies will undertake to bear their share of the cost of defending the common Empire. Other developments on these lines may reasonably be anticipated, so that the riddle of Imperialism may in some sense solve itself. It is possible, indeed, that the rapid extension of the four or five world-empires may make for peace rather than war, unlikely as such an event must seem at first sight. Meanwhile let us not forget that the well-being and prosperity of "Little England" is the first condition of the prosperity of the Empire. Then we can take comfort from the noble words of that true lover of liberty, J. S. Mill, when he wrote, "The Imperial connection has the advantage . . . of adding to the moral influence and weight in the councils of the world of the power which of all in existence best understands liberty, and whatever may have been its errors in the past, has attained to more of conscience and moral principle in its dealings with foreigners than any other nation seems either to conceive as possible or recognise as desirable."

G. P. G.

WOMAN-LIBERALISM.

"The woman-soul leadeth upwards and on."

THE above quotation from one of the poems of the late Francis William Leith-Adams sounds the keynote to the thoughts that follow.

The desire of unfolding—the conscious reaching after the loftiest and best—has always been enshrined in the higher nature of woman. Like a vestal flame it has been ever burning on through crushing and through devastating experiences. It is the motive power behind much of the craving for new opportunities, new methods and experiences, that makes the modern woman as much the subject of criticism as though she were herself a new creation.

The thoughtful man recognises in this passion for fulfilment a force that he is not yet quite able to classify. The more superficial man, while he recognises its efficiency, protests that he cannot see anything in it other than a proof of woman's absorbing love of power; and when yielding to her plea for new fields for her activities, has an uneasy feeling that he is but lending himself to his own subjugation. Noting, too, some of the curious results of her social and intellectual enfranchisement, he asks himself if the world has gained by this departure from the old and long-existent order.

This uneasiness—this misreading of the movement—arises from non-consciousness of this dominant proclivity of woman's higher nature.

The individual woman may be vain, weak, trifling, vicious, cruel—whatever the warping of her own physical nature or retarding circumstance may make her; but the upward movement of the woman-soul is in nowise negatived by the individual failure; for though singly woman may remain untouched by the ideal, the ideal itself broadens and spreads. It aims at mercy, at rightness, at loveliness of life, and singleness of dealing. And thus though woman no doubt loves power, taken in this connection it would mean the power to aid the right, to make the crooked straight, and to bring the light where she sees darkness. And her craving for wider opportunities is to the end that she may use her clearness of perception, her quickness of judgment, her intuitiveness, for the betterment of the conditions that retard the progress of humanity.

It is the healthfulness of the reason underlying the desire of power

that should nullify all immediate aberrations and absurdities that temporarily mark her possession of it. The influence of the woman-soul, as expressed by the example and exhortation of those in whom it is urgent, is ever reclaiming and winning over the individual woman; and thus its action in the domain of practice is continually on the increase. All along the line of advance, ever since woman's initial step outside of the domestic sphere—the sphere that has always been regarded as peculiarly her own—she has won her cause, step by step, by virtue of this innate desire of upward movement. And despite those instances in which, in her exultation, her zeal has outrun her discretion—itself an outcome of transitional days—woman remains well attested in every field of work upon which she has entered. And whereas, as in the earlier days of the century just gone over, women were seen but as heralds, they are now, in every direction they have chosen, armies encamped. A proof in itself of the strong idea of permanency that must lie behind so much of the effort that has from time to time been criticised as amateurish and perfunctory.

The sphere of politics, the one that woman is now bent upon entering, as a practical worker, will, she believes, offer her more extensive opportunities than have as yet been found in the fields she has already made her own for the exercise of the beliefs by which she hopes to make her moral influence felt.

As thinker, as seer, and poet she can appeal to and perhaps awaken thousands to new hopes and new exercise of their energies, but had she, collectively, a large voice in the selection of Parliamentary representatives, and thereby a voice in determining the bent of the Government, she believes she could directly bring actual redress and actual betterment to all the classes who cannot appreciably get any more forward on account of the wretched conditions under which they have to live and work. She believes she could do this by reason of those gifts of intuitiveness and quickness of perception which have always been regarded as peculiarly her own.

It has always been held inherently right for woman to do certain things—to comfort, to heal, and to minister. Therefore she has been accounted invaluable as nurse and housekeeper; and in whatever domain of art or thought in which she establishes herself it still seems to be expected of her that her utterances shall be in consonance with the qualities held to be hers by endowment of Nature. And whenever, speaking generally, hitherto her utterances have betokened departure from these assigned limitations of her powers, and she has spoken as deviser, director, reformer, she has been regarded as dangerously eccentric, and told that she is unwomanly. Yet despite the sufferings she has had to endure through these misapprehensions, she has steadily held on her way because of this mighty inward monitor of advancement. Thus it comes about that

although it has never been considered to belong to woman to lead, to expound, to originate, she has again and again broken through the allotted lines, and has appeared in the forbidden camp. Urged by her own conviction that she has important work to do, she will never be withheld from the field of politics.

Liberalism is intwined with the very nature of woman. Were it otherwise she would never have yearned to get outside of the sphere which she had been instructed was the only one ordained for her. She herself knew that she had to unfold—to move onwards and mount upwards. And Liberalism is nothing if not an unfolding, a constant widening of limits, a constant extension of benefits to those without. And as the higher nature of woman aims at mercy, at rightness, at loveliness of life, and singleness of dealing, Woman-Liberalism requires that these things shall enter into the machinery of government, that they shall form the basis of all legislative enactment.

Although woman as yet, all the world over, is almost wholly excluded from actively taking part in politics, she is prepared to give whatever help she may with the utmost sincerity and the utmost enthusiasm. The fervour of woman for work is as yet an unknown quantity, because it has still to find national or cosmopolitan expression. But the part may argue for the whole, and whatever work woman has been permitted to do in the world's scheme of things she has done with all her might. Work is, indeed, largely held to be the world's anodyne for pain, but to woman it is a very saving balm, and she turns to it hungrily perhaps because there is so much in her lot that needs such balm.

And although she is not as yet considered fit to have a voice in the national adjustment of things, it were indeed a pity if, in a time of high pressure like the present, all her potency to aid the Liberal cause were not called into play.

There is one direction in which she may already, in some degree, help to influence public opinion: and this is by the vivifying power of the spoken word. A word spoken from the heart, with all the emphasis and entreaty of look, voice, and manner, may have power to touch the hearts and open the eyes of many whose thoughts upon public questions have been moulded by narrowing doctrines.

There are now in England alone hundreds of women of the very best strain who are deeply deploring the attitude of the public mind towards at least one great national question—that of the South African war. Yet, beyond standing fast by their own principles and giving both material means and sympathy to movements in favour of obtaining a juster disposition of things, they do not appear to strive actively to make their opinions known. Has not the time come when woman should herself initiate a scheme of helpfulness, and thus give to Liberalism a proof of the fervour of her belief?

FRANCES TYRRELL-GILL.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

Of all the vast problems which conquest and the aggregation of power have presented to modern intelligence, making the small earth, which men had girdled, once more immeasurable and awesome, none is more portentous than that of the Indian famine.

The destiny of a race is involved in the solution of this problem; the destiny, it may be, of an empire.

Two ends are to be achieved: the means of preventing deaths from starvation in time of drought, and the formulation of measures which shall guarantee conditions of security to the cultivators and other labouring classes, without disturbing too suddenly the present system of Indian finance.

One may be inclined to doubt the statement of Megasthenes, who wrote in 310 B.C.: "It is affirmed that famine has never visited India, and there has never been a general scarcity in the supply of food."

In our era, during one hundred and thirty years of British rule, the country has seen no less than twenty-two famines. About ten millions of people perished in the Bengal famine of 1770, and it is stated that within the past forty years over fifteen millions of deaths have occurred from famine in India.

It would be interesting to compare these figures with the total number of those killed in battle during the same period.

The latest telegrams from India announce the bankruptcy of Bombay and the utter destitution of the land. This in the face of the stupendous and searching work of the Famine Commission of 1878 and 1898. The report of the latter, presided over by Sir James Lyall, and now laid before "both Houses" in seven heavy volumes, is styled "Commission Appointed to Formulate for Future Guidance the Lessons which the Famine Experience has to teach."

The Commission of 1878 had not only to formulate a policy and evolve general principles in the actual presence of famine, but they were bidden to consider and advise upon measures that should "diminish the severity of famines or place the people in a better condition for enduring them."

The last Commission has examined minutely the workings of the famine policy so enunciated, and made inquiry for further guidance.

Sir James Lyall and the other members of the Commission visited personally the afflicted districts.

The minutes of evidence taken reveal, on the part of missionaries and officials engaged in trying to save the lives of the famishing multitudes, an energy and devotion beyond all praise.

Public works are set up where wages can be earned, gratuitous relief is given to those too feeble to work; kitchens are opened where food is distributed, and the starving are sought for even in their own houses that succour may be brought to them.

Yet, in spite of these heroic efforts, millions perish, and the evil once upon the land spreads and grows steadily more formidable.

The Report deals rather with the methods of relief in the midst of famine than with the question of strengthening the resources of the people; yet it is recognised that this latter question lies at the root of the difficulty and must be dealt with, unless those vast multitudes are to become pauperised.

One of the witnesses, the Rev. Mr. Lampard (Balaghat), says: "Under normal circumstances the people, whose wants are few and simple, enjoy a fair measure of well-being, but the great majority of cultivators cannot get through any year without borrowing grain at the beginning of the rainy season. The greater part of the labouring class live a hand-to-mouth existence."

Though the immediate cause of these famines is lack of rain, the difference of scale in the mortality of different provinces in time of drought seems to refer the responsibility for the overwhelming death-rate in certain districts to other causes.

Those causes have been earnestly studied by successive Governors, from Lord Cornwallis, who, in making the Permanent Settlement for Bengal, seems alone to have dealt effectually with the matter, to Canning, who recognised the benefits conferred by that Settlement, and whose plea that they might be extended to other Indian Provinces was discussed for twenty-one years and then discarded; and from Northbrook, who, in 1874, powerfully seconded by Sir Richard Temple, first saved all lives in famine-time, to Ripon, whose humane and statesmanlike proposals were rejected, as had been those of his predecessors. Expectant eyes are at this time turned to the courageous efforts of the present young Viceroy. However, Disraeli said that "the keys of India are not in Herat or Candahar, but in Westminster."

Westminster must be convinced before help can come to India.

There are groups of statements and certain schedules of dry figures which own a compelling eloquence.

What was the Permanent Settlement of Bengal? What has it meant during the last hundred years? How have other districts fared, the Central Provinces for instance, where the Revenue systems differ most widely from those fixed by Lord Cornwallis for Bengal?

The systems of collecting Government revenue and the amounts levied vary in the different provinces. The diverse modes of procedure, while they have often proved baffling to the honest Government agent, have often also sheltered dealings that were oppressive and in many cases corrupt.

In 1793, Lord Cornwallis formulated for Bengal an arrangement settling the Government Revenue scale permanently for that province. It provides that the sums payable by the landlords to the Government shall amount to about half of the rental, which in turn is collected by the landlords from the tillers of the soil, and stands at from about one-fifth to one-sixth of the gross produce. Under the security afforded by this settlement the country has prospered reasonably, and it is a fact of significance to those dealing with Indian problems that since 1793 there has been "no famine in the permanently settled districts of Bengal causing loss of life." Such is the statement of Mr. Romesh Dutt, who further says, in a letter to Lord Curzon dated April 25 this year, "The Permanent Settlement of the land revenues of Bengal is sometimes condemned by writers who merely look on it as a loss to the Government revenue . . . but administrators who have lived and worked in Bengal do not share their opinion. . . . The cultivators of Bengal are more resourceful, and better able to help themselves in years of bad harvest than cultivators in any other part of India."

In contrast with this more fortunate province stands the picture of desolation and constantly recurring famine in the Central and other Provinces, where the Government demand is often 33⅓ per cent. of the gross produce, or ranging from 60 per cent. up even to 100 per cent. of the rental! We read of emaciated crowds going to ask relief in Madras; in Gantur, of 200,000 deaths out of a population of 500,000; the roads in Mellore strewn with dead bodies; in Cawnpur and other places, of a special patrol to remove corpses from the streets and rivers, and of the dead lying on the roadside until devoured by wild beasts!

In certain districts, under the weight of excessive taxation, the resources of the cultivators have become exhausted, so that they have been unable to lay by anything for the day of drought. Numbers have fallen into debt, their bullocks have died or gone to the money-lender, and they themselves have been turned out of their homes through being no longer able to pay their assessments. Finally, in many cases, the land has been abandoned, and to-day millions of acres, that once yielded rich crops, lie untilled and deserted, overgrown with a stubborn weed which is hard to uproot.

It will be interesting to glance at some of the questions involved in this momentous problem, and the schemes which are being tried or proposed for its mastery.

E. C.

GERMAN WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

Two lyrical poets sprung from the sunny Rhineland have won the Isthmian laurel-wreath in the favour of Europe: to wit, Goethe and Heine. Both have enjoyed a full measure of wisdom and folly in the chatter of critics, but the worship and incense have altogether outweighed the murmurings of doubt. The late poet-laureate and the late Sir John Seeley endorsed Heine's opinion, that Goethe must be put at the head of modern masters of song.

The greatness of Goethe is due to the vast variety of his gifts. His wealth of poetical discovery, his golden happiness of form, his godlike sanity and sense; in short, the realism of Horace, dwelling in a soul not deaf to the notes of nightingales and skylarks, ensure him his place by right. The parodox that the same man was a hedonist as well as a hero, a thinker as well as a poet, and somehow fathomed the secrets of bones and plants and the earth-riddle, explains the bewilderment and mistakes of those who only look at one side of his character. Perhaps his "Ode to the Moon" may be termed the foremost lyric in the German tongue, such as no wanderer may forget amid frosty pine-woods or mountain rivulets in spring.

Goethe is greater than Heine in the lyrical region alone by virtue of his wisdom and depth and matchless criticism of life. It may, on the other hand, be urged that his flow of melody is heavier, his fancy is far less dazzling, and his tears are not mixed with laughter. Yet he surpasses him in the long run by his high seriousness and sense of the infinite, which may quicken and fortify if not save the soul. Such lines as

> "Der du von dem Himmel bist
> Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillest
> Den der doppelt elend ist
> Doppelt mit Erquickung fullest
> Ach, ich bin des Treibens mude
> Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust
> Susser Friede
> Komm ach komm in meine Brust,"

strike a note that is absent from the pearl-dew and rainbow-tints and jewellery of the charming latter-day Koheleth who spoke of the marriage of the palm-tree to the snow-clad pines of the North.

No poet could easily be less German than Heine. The hatred with

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[illegible] other, independently of the outside world. Let us say, how-

which he is assailed even by high authorities like Heinrich von Treitschke rather resembles the old British Nonconformist hatred of Benjamin Disraeli. No tempers are really more oppugnant to each other than the Teuton and the Jew, and just those Christian ideas which are least Jewish (such as "Entsagung" and "Erlösung") have always been manifestly dearest to the Teuton heart and conscience. Now Heine was not only Jewish but a passionate neo-Hellene (as he always boasted), and something of a Frenchman as well. Only his sea-pieces and a few gems from the Harz-reise strike me as really possessing the true Germanic note, although it is easy for a foreigner to forget the weaknesses of the man and pay homage to the artist. The fact that he was a low cad who made fun of sausages and policemen does not of itself lower his high poetical claims; but he may not be properly cited as a typical German poet any more than Disraeli was a type of an English novelist.

Nothing is more imperishably German than Schiller's "Song of the Bell," with its shifting pictures of life from the cradle to the marriage-feast and onward to the darkness of the grave. Only a good man endowed with the quality of heart that is higher than the wisdom of Verulam could have been able to write it. Well indeed did he deserve his friend Goethe's praise that he had overcome the vulgarity which fetters the world at large. And yet it is hard to question the truthfulness of his own lament that he was nothing but a poetical lout by the side of Goethe; for, whatever view may be taken of Schiller's noble gifts in drama, elegy, and ballad (tarnished as they are at times by a certain feverish unreality), his lyrical work is most often of the type of "glorious" John Dryden's "Ode on Alexander's Feast," that is to say, rhetoric with a certain poetical seasoning. Even at its best it bears unmistakable traces of coffee and midnight oil rather than morning-dew and the fresh blue flowers of the wood.

Yet Schiller will always enjoy the love and loyalty of his countrymen (to whose healthiest instincts he so forcibly appeals), and the whole world is already the tomb of Goethe and Heine. Some of the less far-shining lights in the lyrical heaven (not yet familiar beyond their own people and language) still may afford suggestive and fruitful matter for study; for, strange as the idea may sound, the names just below the greatest belong, on the whole, more markedly to their own lineage and homeland than the sacred masters.

Among German qualities none are more typical or deep-set than idealism and romance, although they have been somewhat obscured by the growth of wealth and commerce as well as military pressure in recent years. The hills and sunshine of the south are more favourable to sentiment than wide and sandy flats, but a fairy-drama obtained a large measure of success in the heart of Berlin a few winters ago. Perhaps a kind of reaction is at last setting in against

the hard realism of the Bismarckian era in letters and life. That era was preceded by a period of romance which found its champion and image in Frederick William IV., the brilliant monarch who failed on account of a mystical overgrowth and lack of will and nerve to uphold a soldier's heritage.

The romantic school was a protest against the dry ravages of reason which dated from Voltaire and Frederick. Weary of breaking images and longing for happiness and peace, many were glad to go back to a less commonplace past. The so-called ages of darkness had after all reared the great churches and castles and saved the delicate flowers of cloistral knowledge and art. Just at the most fitting psychical moment (as is said) the new-risen star of Scott from a far-off northern coast quickened the interest in long-forgotten knights and death-pale queens and hermits in the depth of the wood. Even Goethe (the spiritual bridegroom of Helen of Troy) at length yielded to the charm of the old-German grandeur of Cologne.

Goethe and Schiller each had something of a romantic side, but cannot be labelled romanticists. With their love of the old Greek world and disavowal of "Nazarene" tenets in art and life, they could not fail to suspect the workings of a new spirit. The fact that it afterwards avowedly went hand in hand with priestcraft and brought souls into the net of the sleepless fishermen of Rome only widened the cleft. Goethe in his old age sternly warned Eckermann against the perilous thraldom of Dante, lest he might be led astray from the clear path of reason and prefer night and the stars to the rays of the midday sun.

It cannot be doubted that the Catholic Church often subdues the romantic star-gazing temper. Some of this German school embraced the Romish creed with its full logical results, others found a relief from the burden and heat of the day in mystic and sensuous repose. But Uhland and Platen are instances of saner idealism and romance kept within certain bounds, and each in their way representative of marked national traits.

One belonged heart and soul to the old Germanic world, the other by his own choice partly to the bright Italian citron-land towards which northern natures have often cast yearning looks. Uhland lived all his days in the peaceful meadows of Tubingen, reading and writing ballads such as a peasant might sing at even in his hillside cottage when all crowns had been sunk in the slime of a dead marsh-pond. Platen the high-born ended his days as a pilgrim at Syracuse, and only the few can enjoy the marble-like beauty of his verse. Yet the work of both was a protest against the feverish activity and restless pursuit of gain which constantly threaten to make havoc of the ideal blessings of life.

A simple fondness for nature and sense of the value of reflection

as a source of human happiness at once suggest a resemblance between Uhland and Wordsworth. The very features and expression of the two pious bards were markedly alike, and their tempers and attitude disclose more points in common. Their wondrous love of earth and all green things was not purely outward like the Greek; still less was it mingled with any kind of revolt and longing to escape from the follies and sore troubles of man. Nor was it the lofty but well-nigh prayerless pantheism of Goethe, and showed no struggle to fathom the first causes of things which they took rather for granted in mild and simple faith. Perhaps it may be best described as the sense of the hidden ideal that lurks under common things. If it may be urged that the green hill-country of Wurtemberg or Cumberland is not wanting in grandeur, that which the artists have seized is rather the peaceful beauty both of landscape and life.

Uhland's melodious spring-songs have all the properties of Wordsworth, quite as fresh and straightforward and more perfect in form. Only such poets as have felt the real bitterness of winter more keenly than Horace in sight of Soracte can fall on their knees in prayer as soon as valleys and hillsides begin once more to be in blossom. Like Wordsworth, he lived by habit a great deal in the unseen, and sometimes stands as the embodiment of the Puritan idea among German poets. And yet he was scarcely inclined to any sourness of view, as though all the pleasures of the senses were of themselves abominable after Pascal's suggestion. For the joys of the pure and simple, for bread and wine and music and the laughter of children his heart was always open. A sense of humour saved him from the peculiar failing which once made an Irishman rather eager to duck the grey old lakist in the Duddon.

Goethe, the greatest of optimists (as he has been well labelled), could not forgive Uhland for his melancholy vein, which seemed to him to war against psychical health. Uhland was fonder of dwelling on images of death and the grave than the mighty Olympian, to whom the mere fact of living was so golden a privilege. "*Sunt lacrimæ rerum*" would have been his reply, and his poem of the "Chapel" points to the burden of his message, besides being, perhaps, his most clear-cut lyrical gem:

"Droben stehet die Kapelle
  Schauet still ins Thal hinab;
Drunten singt bei Wies und Quelle
  Froh und hell der Hirtenknab.

Traurig tönt das Glocklein nieder,
  Schauerlich der Leichenchor:
Stille sind die frohen Lieder
  Und der Knabe lauscht empor.

Droben bringt man sie zu Grabe
Die sich freuten in dem Thal:
Hirten-knabe, Hirten-knabe
Dir auch tönt man dort einmal."

Both Uhland and Platen took an interest in affairs and did not by any means cherish the anti-social idea that art could somehow be more perfect if it kept aloof from the pulse of the suffering workday world. Uhland sat in the Frankfort Diet of 1848 and voted on the Austrian side, because the "air of the Tyrol and the waves of the Adriatic" (which he fancied he found in the voice and language of their Deputies) were far more to his taste than the dry, practical tone of Prussian Junkers and lawyers. As a teacher of history and letters in a small country town he could hardly have been fitted for the complexities of statecraft, but many others beside him made the same chivalrous mistake, if it must be so termed in the light of following events.

Platen, as a young man, fought in the campaign of 1815 against the unyielding Titan who had been loosened from Elba. But he found, when the war was over, that the world was nevertheless imperfect, and no springtime of happiness and widespread advance followed the long winter of hardship and death. A generous instinct constrained him to weep over Polish wrongs and shake the dust of his feet from off the soil of his fatherland in the days of the Holy Alliance. Like Winckelmann (to whom he wrote one of his most striking sonnets), he could not put up with the severity of the Prussian ideal, as being at variance with ease and beauty and joy. Beyond the Alps he was able to live more to his liking, and hardly set foot in his home after his thirtieth year. The medley of German and Italian (or rather the faculty of imbibing southern sights and sounds with an eye turned markedly inward) lends a charm of its own to his finished feats of workmanship.

"The great antiseptic style" was certainly one of his possessions, although his matter has been compared to cork flowing on the surface of the problems of life. The same would apply to many of the world's favourite singers since the days of Catullus, if all are to be judged from a purely speculative standpoint. But the words of Theodor Storn, who was both a poet and a critic, are worth citing with regard to the essence of lyrical poetry.

"As I desire in music both to hear and perceive, in painting and sculpture both to see and perceive, so in poetry if possible I want all three at once. A work of art like life should affect me directly, and not first of all through the intervention of thinking: hence such a poem seems to me most perfect as has to begin with a sensuous followed by a spiritual effect like the fruit from the blossom. But even the most significant and well-built medley of matter has no *raison d'être* in poetry unless it has first of all taken its path through the spirit and fancy of the poet and thereby gained warmth and colour and bodily form as far as it is able. . . . In its

effect on the reader a lyrical poem should furnish at once a revelation and a deliverance (if I may use the words), or at least a satisfaction which he could not offer himself."

Tried by this test, Platen will not be easily found wanting, and even as a thinker he can hold his own well against Heine, who made so loathsome an attack upon him out of jealousy or caprice. No poem of Heine is more melodious in form or haunts the memory longer than Platen's stanzas expressive of regret not turned to penitence under the same old stars as shone on Cæsar and goatherd by southern waters at night time:

"Wie rafft ich mich auf in der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Und fuhlte mich furder gezogen,
Die Gassen verliess ich, vom Wachter bewacht,
Durchwandelte sacht
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Das Thor mit dem gothischen Bogen.

Der Muhlbach rauschte durch felsigen Schacht,
Ich lehnte mich uber die Brucke,
Tief unter mir nahn ich der Wogen in Acht,
Die wallten so sacht
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Doc wallte nicht eine zurucke.

Es drehte sich oben, unzahlig entfacht,
Melodischer Wandel der Sterne,
Mit ihnen der Mond in beruhigter Pracht
Sie funkelten sacht
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Durch tanschend entlegene Ferne.

Ich blickte hinauf in der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Ich blickte hinunter aufs Neue:
O wehe, wie hast du die Tage verbracht,
Nun stille du sacht
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Im pochenden Herzen die Reue."

What a reconciliation of "Gemuthstiefe" with softer sanctity of form! Nor can his best epigrams and songs be lightly forgotten. Take, for example, the lament of the dead in praise of the living:

"Dich Wandersmann dort oben
Beneiden wir so sehr,"

with its weird concluding stanzas:

"Wir horchen, ach! wir lauschen,
Wo nie ein Schall sich regt,
Dir klingt der Well, es rauschen
Die Blatter sturmbewegt.

Vom Hugel aus die Lande
Vergnugt beschaust du dir,
Doch unter seimem Sande,
Du Guter, Schlafen wir."

Take again the epigram entitled "Das Kreuz am Meere," which seems to sum up so much of Italian colour and worship:

"Einsan steht es am Strand; doch Nachts bei'm Ave Maria
Nahn sich des Orts Jungfrau'n, küssen das Kreuz im Gebet."

The old habit of inventing a close psychical resemblance between the Germans and the Greeks is almost out of date by now, for the Greeks were as concrete and outward as the Germans have been subjective and sea-deep. But no German poet approaches the old Greek temper, such as we find it in the Anthology, so nearly as Platen. His love of flowers and gardens and old palaces and statues rather than rugged nature and the phantoms of the mind fix his kinship at once. German writers have often laid little stress on form in search of gravity of matter, but Platen was fully purposed not in the least syllable to offend

"Denn himmlisch, ist, was immer ist vollendet,
Und Christus selbst gebietet: Seid vollkonmen."

Geibel, in one of his sonnets, makes mention of his debt to Platen, and Geibel was the foremost singer of the era of William the Steadfast. That era has sometimes been set down as material in spite of its stirring events; it had its physicists and historians but not much poetry or romance of the grand creative order. Geibel may be called the chief poet of an age of prose, and womanhood has widely cherished him on account of his purity and grace. In matters of faith he was a Christian with a confessional standpoint, but always cheerful and open like our two wisest and best English latter-day poets. One of his pithiest stanzas—

"Jede sprossende Pflange,
Die mit Duften sich fullt,
Tragt im Kelche das ganze
Weltgeheimniss verhullt,"

might have been written by Browning, and seems somehow to recall the words of a still greater lyrist concerning the crannied wall and the flower plucked up by the roots.

Those who have tasted the mellow and soft days of autumn along the Baltic coastland or felt the unique charm of the old-world city of Lubeck can enjoy Geibel more minutely. But he did not pass all his time among his own woods and lakes; his early visit to Greece and the islands of endless summer must have quickened his fancy more than any detail of his home. A memorial of his wanderings with his friend Ernst Curtius the historian through valleys and vine-

yards and cool cloisters of Naxos before they had settled on their life-work may be found brightly embodied in one of his best-known poems.

The complaint of the Spanish gipsy-boy who felt so lonely and homesick in the cold misty North has been a favourite in concert-rooms on the lips of popular singers not unlike the Forsaken Merman of Matthew Arnold. The lines on Frederick the Great give us as faithful a portrait of the old King resting and strolling along the terraces of Sans-souci with his hat and stick and ideas as the pages of Carlyle.

A deep piety and tenderness pervades most of his sonnets. In his beautiful Abendlied he dwells on the divine peace higher than reason (as we read) and the blessedness of sleep and rest:

"Gut Nacht denn all ihr Muden
Ihr lieben nah und fern
Nun ruh'ich auch im Frieden
Bis glanzt der Morgenstern.
Die Nachtigall alleine
Singt noch im Mondenschiene
Und lobet Gott den Herrn."

Whatever may be our answer to the riddle of the world and life, we cannot afford to forget it save to our cost and peril. Some ages and nations have treated poetry lightly as an elegant and playful pastime, but Germans have seldom lost consciousness of a loftier and more priestlike calling. Neither the queens of Egypt nor the snows of yester-year have haunted the Teuton fancy so much as the old struggles of man with the world-soul and thoughts of fairies and witches. The cry of Goethe on the brocken, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful," sounds still deeper and more piercing than on the far-off lips of the old geo-centric psalmist.

In some fields of creativeness (such as the drama and the novel) it cannot be said that the Germans are by any means the foremost. Few lovers of Schiller (outside hopeful maidenhood) would dream of ranking "Wilhelm Tell" by the side of Shakespeare or Calderon. Even "Faust" is scarcely a drama in the strict sense or "Wilhelm Meister" a novel. But the inward lyrical domain belongs as markedly to them as metaphysics and music, for which they have often been crowned by those who have knowledge. Nowhere are wildflowers and roses less likely to decay or the deep-rooted instincts of the people more healthful and sound.

MAURICE TODHUNTER.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: INEFFECTUAL AND MISCHIEVOUS.

THE death of John Bright, the determined advocate of the abolition of capital punishment, appears to have fairly extinguished the vital spark of what was once a strong movement. The diabolical, senseless, and futile practice of capital punishment has forsooth taken a new lease of life, for it appears to be perpetrated to-day, in an age called one of light, without rebuke or remonstrance. Under such circumstances, any effort, however humble, to rouse the humane to action may be made without apology or misgiving. In such effort there is nothing original, no addition can be made to arguments before used, except a few more years' practice of the gallows, displaying more and more its mischief and uselessness. Advocates of capital punishment—and all are its advocates who do not protest against it—have never satisfactorily explained the object of it. Whether it be to exterminate murderers, or to deter by fear those on murder bent—no doubt one of these is its aim—it must be admitted, after a trial of hundreds of years, to be a gigantic and miserable failure.

To rid the country of murderers, however laudable the attempt or desirable the object, is obviously an impossibility. To reduce the number of murderers is, perhaps, in the opinion of some people, quite possible by the use of the gallows, or, at any rate, to keep the number at par by such means. But the whole policy is illogical and absurd, because a man who commits murder is not like a lion which, after tasting blood, becomes a dangerous destroyer of life. Even if this were the case, penal servitude for life would effectually put an end to the exercise of such a man's propensity. It is, however, evident that the object of capital punishment is not the extermination of murderers, or their destruction as a common danger like wolves or tigers. The idea is apparently to deter other people from committing murder by frightening them, to make them understand that if they kill they will be killed, the policy of *tu quoque*.

Upholders of capital punishment cannot in any way show that it is a deterrent force; they have no justification in suggesting that a man about to commit murder hesitates or ever abandons his wish to murder because the gallows frightens him. Those who insist upon

its efficacy, have also to get rid of the stubborn fact that in countries ahead of England in humanity and sense, in which capital punishment is discarded, the number of murders committed is less than in England. If capital punishment be a deterrent of the power some people suppose it to be, its frequent perpetration in London and Liverpool, and the circulation of the details in the low-class papers, should have a salutary effect in those particular places, and so reduce the number of murders. These gruesome and obscene accounts of executions, which afford such pleasure to all people with low tastes, who, with much avidity, read them, should have fairly ridded London and Liverpool of murder long ago. A great slaughter of murderers should, if advocates of hanging be right, at least cause a cessation of murders for a time. Such destruction of life should purify the district in which it is carried out and infuse morality into every mind; the breeze of horror should sweep away murderous intentions, as a gale of wind blows away a noxious stench. If this be not the case, the lives of murderers taken in the interests of others are sacrificed in vain. On the other hand, districts in which no hanging takes place, towns which have not the great advantage and valuable privilege of the hangman's visits, and the moral influence of the exercise of his art in their midst, would be the places where murders occur. So much for the frightening as held to be effectual.

A retrospective glance at capital punishment shows that it is not carried to the length it once was as a scarecrow; the terrorising system is no longer open to the public gaze; the beneficial influence has to flow to those it is to benefit through the channel of the press. The revolting and indecent spectacle of men and women being killed in public, their corpses hanging on gibbets until they dropped to pieces, is now happily abolished. Yet if capital punishment strike terror to those on murder bent, and that terror act as a bar to the would-be murderer, it cannot, of course, be placed before him too often with all its awful accompaniments.

Thackeray, in an article in Fraser entitled, "Going to see a Man hanged," refers to it as follows:

> "There is some talk of the terror which the sight of this spectacle inspires. . . . I fully confess that I came away . . . that morning with a disgust for murder, but it was for the murder I saw done. . . . This is July 29, and I may be permitted for my part to declare that for the last fourteen days, so salutary has the impression of the butchery been upon me, I have had the man's face continually before my eyes; that I can see Mr. Ketch at this moment, with an easy air, taking the rope from his pocket; that I feel myself ashamed and degraded at the brutal curiosity which took me to that brutal sight; and I pray to Almighty God to cause this disgraceful sin to pass from among us, and to cleanse our land of blood."

Again, he refers to the same subject in the Irish Sketch Book:

"I confess, for my part, to that common cant and sickly sentimentality which, thank God! is felt by a great number of people nowadays, and which leads them to revolt against murder, whether performed by a ruffian's knife or a hangman's rope, whether accompanied with a curse from the thief as he blows his victim's brains out, or a prayer from my lord on the bench in his wig and black cap."

From this it would appear that public opinion has now relapsed into approval of capital punishment. Perhaps, after all, private executions have been worse than public executions, because they do not remind people of "this disgraceful sin" and rouse the people to revolt against its committal. As long as the State copies the example of the murderer, and converts one murder into two, it displays its opinion that illegal murders are reduced by legal murders. Revenge, termed by Bacon "a kind of wild justice," is thus held to be real justice. Disregard of a human life by the murderer is adopted by the State; such disregard is in reality an incentive to murder. What is required is to raise man's estimation of man, and to make him understand that human life is sacred. The opposite to this is done by capital punishment; by these State murders the instincts of the people are blunted; make a man familiar with the horrible, and it soon ceases to be horrible to him. To their disgrace, many people actually regard an execution as an interesting event, a matter which affords them gratification; they witnessed it in such light in days when they were allowed to do so, to-day they read of it in a similar way. The account of an execution in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and the pleasure it gave to a crowd of brutes in human form, to see it carried out, is no exaggeration of the depraved taste which the State then fed, and which it feeds to-day. As Christians we profess to regard man as sacred, and display our subscription to this profession by killing him in a spirit none other than one of cold-blooded revenge. As Christians we are taught that death is a change from darkness to light, from sorrow to joy, a change which should be not abhorred by any means. Yet we put to death, as an extreme penalty, those considered to be the worst of criminals. Surely such a policy is neither consistent nor in accord with the principles of the Christian faith. A miserable being who, under the influence of some base passion, commits murder, is now murdered in return in the most cold-blooded manner conceivable. Reciprocity in murder is certainly, if calmly considered, an odd policy; it does violence to the old and true maxim that two wrongs do not make one right.

"Custom supports error," Milton truly says. Custom makes no exception to its rule in the case of capital punishment. Upholders of conventional iniquity always find in custom their blind supporter, as reformers always find in custom their sure antagonist. When it was proposed to abolish capital punishment for theft and forgery, a panic amongst property owners was created. They declared that if

the proposal were carried out property would never again be safe. Such senseless prophecy is used to-day regarding capital punishment for murder, which is an insult to every Englishman. Be it understood that this is no nationality of murderers! It is casting a cruel dart at the whole of the human race to suggest that man is desirous to commit murder as a matter of course. Murder is not to man as a voyage, upon which he longs to embark, and only hesitates to undertake it because of its danger to his life. Insure man against the loss of his life, and on he will go without hesitation to satisfy his thirst for blood; shake the hangman's rope at him, and that will stand as an effectual bar to his effecting his purpose: so say the advocates of capital punishment. Placing Englishmen *en bloc* as the possessors of such a character as "The Great Assassin" is as shameful as it is groundless. There are in England, as elsewhere, men with cruel hearts and evil desires, but there is not the appetite for human slaughter which upholders of capital punishment maintain, and which, they say, is kept within present bounds by the fright of hanging. It is the height of absurdity to think that this fright acts as a means to stay the expansion of murder. The abolition of capital punishment in other countries, with the best results, utterly destroys the power of this extraordinary imagination, which is always advanced, and called argument, in support of hanging. Englishmen require no treatment different to men of other nations. Who dares to stand forward and say they are more wicked than other men? Who can be found to suggest that in those countries where capital punishment is not practised, murders would be lessened if it were? In the days when men were killed for committing larceny and other trivial offences, apparently with the same object as they are killed to-day, viz., to frighten others, custom opposed reason with success for a considerable time, in the maintenance of the perpetration of that diabolical practice. It is only necessary for people to think with impartiality, to forget precedent if they can, to realise and to see the evil side of capital punishment, while plain and indisputable facts destroy the assertion of any person as to its efficacy. At the same time the most reliable evidence points to mischief, both direct and indirect, which is bred by it.

The present Home Secretary evidently shares the opinion of many other men, that the slaughter of murderers is as necessary to English morals as bread to human life. It is to be hoped that a more capable man may be his successor, and that he will commute each capital sentence passed; if this were done for twelve months, it is safe to say this human butchery would then cease once and for ever.

Capital punishment may be looked at in other lights, such as the impossibility of always ascertaining whether the accused be guilty or not. Many innocent people are, no doubt, hanged, though in the opinion of the judges who try them they are guilty. It must be

admitted that it is the judge who determines the verdict; his summing up is, in reality, his telling the jury what verdict they are to return, and they invariably obey him, and go by his directions, and not by the evidence which they hear. Judges are certainly not infallible; their frequent disagreement, and their decisions in civil cases being constantly reversed, being proof of it. It seems a cruel law which allows a man of means to appeal against a decision of an incompetent judge in a civil action, and allows no appeal by a poor creature condemned by the same judge to be hanged. It seems also a cruel law which places within the reach of a man of means the services of able solicitors and eminent counsel, to plan a scheme to effect his escape from punishment, and leaves a poor man to defend himself, or accept at the last moment the services of some junior practitioner at the bar, who, without any brief, or consideration of the case, is useless or worse than useless, and quite unable to secure justice for the accused. Many judges who try murderers are also notoriously inexperienced in the conduct of criminal trials, they being frequently appointed for other reasons than their competency or knowledge of law.

Circumstantial evidence, upon which most murderers are convicted, is always dangerous evidence. One judge will be satisfied of the guilt of an accused person upon a chain of such testimony which another will consider unreliable. A case may here be stated in support of this contention. A hospital nurse was arraigned at Warwick Assizes a short time ago, before the late Lord Chief Justice, charged with the murder of her illegitimate son. Lord Russell's summing up was decidedly in favour of a verdict of guilty, the evidence being wholly circumstantial. Nineteen juries out of twenty would have convicted upon such a summing up, but it happened, as far as could be ascertained, that one juryman objected to a verdict of guilty, a disagreement was recorded, and the prisoner was accordingly retried at the next assizes before Mr. Justice Darling. That learned judge, in summing up, took a different view of the case, and the jury acquitted the accused. Neither the late Lord Chief Justice was nor Mr. Justice Darling is to be classed with the incompetent occupants of the Bench, but the accident of one juryman adopting a most extraordinary course saved this woman's life, by obtaining for her a second trial before a judge who completely differed with the one before whom she was previously charged. Another case may be quoted which occurred abroad some years ago. A man was seen leaning over a prostrate form in a quiet back street. Upon hearing some one approach the man at once ran away; he was overtaken and given into custody. Upon his hands and clothes human blood was found. In his pocket was a knife besmeared with human blood. The prostrate form proved to be the body of a man with whom he had been on bad terms, stabbed and dying. Such

facts as these would satisfy every judge, perhaps without exception, of the guilt of the man apprehended. The evidence was considered conclusive, and the accused suffered capital punishment. It was afterwards proved that he was innocent. The blood-stained knife he had picked up in the street some distance away from the scene of the murder, where the real murderer had dropped it. Pursuing his course the unfortunate man was attracted by the groans of the dying man. Going up to him and endeavouring to pick him up he got blood upon his hands and clothes. Hearing some one approach he ran away, realising that the facts would point to him as the murderer. The new Act empowering a prisoner to give evidence would have been of no service to this unfortunate man, because no judge would have believed him for a moment. Many people are hanged in England upon evidence no stronger than that upon which this man was convicted.

The prevalence of insanity may also be advanced as an argument against capital punishment. It is a fact that many men and women are at this moment on the brink of insanity, although they figure as the possessors of healthy brains. When they kill themselves they are termed temporarily insane; when they kill others no such excuse is thought of. No homicide, unless in a glaring state of lunacy, is ever excused suffering the death penalty on the ground of mental malady. Hanging a man for possessing an unsound mind, which is constantly done, is surely an immoral act; may as well hang him for having defective vision. Any conventional system is, of course, difficult to assail in Tory England; but it really appears to be the decree of wisdom that means of breeding insanity, such as intermarriage and intemperance, would be far better dealt with than killing insane or semi-insane murderers after the mischief-in-chief is done. Drunkenness is a direct and royal road to murder, an immense number of murders being committed by people when drunk or insane, owing to their own intemperance or the intemperance of their parents. But no one can really suggest that any man ever thought before getting drunk that in a state of intoxication he might commit murder, and so abstained for fear of being hanged.

Wisdom is scarce and weak; folly is abundant and powerful, and upholds with cruel tyranny capital punishment. Is there no Romilly, no Howard, to condemn the senseless massacre to which the English, in their blindness, give their sanction and support? Pessimists say that the human race is degenerating. It is difficult to question the accuracy of this insinuation while the largest number of educated men England has ever had within her realms gives consent to the continuance of a practice which is useless, mischievous, and diabolical.

T. M. Hopkins.

SOME NOTABLE IRISH ELEGIES.

MORE than thirty years have passed away since Matthew Arnold came forth from the circus-tent-like shelter of an Eistedfodd at Llandudno to write in the *Cornhill Magazine* that famous series of essays which claimed a fair hearing for the Celtic note in English literature.

Since then times have changed. The Celtic note has been making itself heard with increasing persistence, has perhaps even gained undue prominence. We have with us now what is known as the Celtic renascence, the outcome of a sort of informal alliance between the poets and critics of Ireland, Wales, and Gaelic Scotland, and it may yet be found necessary for some of your critics to arise and urge the necessity of maintaining the Teutonic element in English literature.

It is not, however, about the new Celticism in England that I want to speak now, but about the old Gaelic literature of Ireland. The idea somewhat largely prevails that an Irish bard was essentially a mystic, given to brooding on dreams and omens and visions of the supernatural world, a worshipper of beauty in the abstract, who loved to wander among mountain solitudes, living on air, and disappearing mysteriously into fairyland on very little provocation.

He is supposed to have been, in fact, the prototype of poets of the school of W. B. Yeats, Fiona MacLeod, and Nora Hopper, whereas he was the antique equivalent of a professor of history and an authority of the Heralds' College in one person.

It is in the Gaelic prose tales and romances that mysticism and Ossianic bombast will be found. Ancient poetry was distinguished by its precision, historical accuracy and accordance with very strict rules of assonance, alliteration and verse form, which were binding on all professional poets up till the middle of the seventeenth century, when a new, brisker, more impassioned lyrical strain inspired the Gaelic schools of Ireland.

I will now give an account of some famous historical poems, confining myself by choice to referring to elegies. On the occasion of the death of any famous hero the Irish bard found an opportunity to distinguish himself by recording the lineage, great deeds and virtues of the dead, whilst personal emotion of a poignant character generally lifted the composition above the level of his other efforts.

Every tragic catastrophe in Irish history will be found to have been commemorated by a famous poem. I will not bring you farther back than the period when Henry III. was on the throne in England, and then it was that Brian O'Neill, the last king of Ireland, fought and fell. He was hereditary king of Tir-owen, ancestor of the O'Neill family, and widely recognised as High King of all Ireland. The Norman invaders in his day had strengthened their position, and were planting and garrisoning castles along the eastern coast of Ulster. Brian made a rally of all clans subject to him, or in alliance, and marched against the Normans to the town of Downpatrick. Here, not far from the grave of Ireland's Patron Saint, Ireland's last king was slain, and the mightiest of his warriors and chieftains died fighting around him. The battle took place on a Sunday after Ascension Day in the year 1260.

The elegy for this last-named King of Ireland was written in due course by one Gilla Brighde MacConmidhe, whom we may call the poet-laureate of his day. This poem is worthy of study from its first stanza to the last. It is full of apposite historical allusions, with occasional vivid details that bring the reader at once into touch with that ancient time. A half-humorous light is, moreover, thrown on the character of the author, who, it will be seen from quotations I am about to make, was a typical representative of the mercenary professional poet. He opens in a dramatic enough fashion:

"Death of my heart! The head of Brian
In a foreign land under cold clay
O head of Brian of Slieve Sneachta
Eri is orphaned after thee.

To the king of the Saxons eastwards
Was carried the Gaelic king's head, by the Gall.
Is there not victory enough over the Gael,
That thou, O head, art triumphed over?"

He laments that the King's head was not left at Down (made sacred by the grave of Saint Patrick) or brought to Armagh, where his royal ancestors were accustomed to bury, and where also the great Brian Borou was by his own special order interred.

As Brian O'Neill's decapitated body was actually buried at Armagh, it would seem that so much lamentation was uncalled for. He minutely describes the place of interment: "Brian Borumha is in the north of the church; Brian O'Neill of red-armed Aileach, descendant of Conn of Cobha, is farther to the west, with his feet towards Brian Borumha."

But apparently the ancient Irish looked on the head as the soul's place of habitation, for he says: "Alas that his resurrection will not be there." The idea preyed upon his mind, that the Irish king would rise up on the last day, among his enemies of Clan London.

An almost Puritanical tone is introduced when he discusses the reason for defeat, and attributes it to Sabbath-breaking. "The cause of our defeat was our being in guilt; Sunday was no day for fighting." It will be recollected that the same reason was brought forward by the Boers to account for some of their reverses. But MacConmidhe does not forget to offer another explanation, comparing the heavily armoured Norman knights with the Gaels, whose custom it was to strip for battle.

> "The foreigners from Lun dun,
> The hosts from Port Lairge (Waterford)
> Came in a bright green body thither
> In gold and iron armour.
>
> Unequal they engaged in battle
> The foreigners and the Gael of Temhair (Tara),
> Fine linen shirts on the race of Conn,
> The foreigners one mass of iron."

The keenest point of his grief is reached when he remembers what a generous patron of poetry Brian was, and considers how unlikely he will be to find his equal.

"He gave twenty horned cows" for a poem on one occasion, and again, after some special festival at Beltaine time (May-day), the poet went away from the king's house with twenty cows, and "other wealth"; probably smaller cattle, for he adds, "not counting gold and raiment."

Then there is an interesting simile recalling the popularity of the game of chess in ancient Ireland:

> "The foreign pawns checked our chess King,
> We cannot now escape defeat."

The slaying of King Brian was indeed a more effective checkmate than the poet could have supposed. His son Donal found it impossible to rally the shattered clans, and never aspired to the kingship. In a spirit of self-sacrifice he made an effort to end all internal disputes by resigning his claim and offering the crown to Robert Bruce, the victor of Bannockburn, or his brother Edward. This patriotic O'Neill is usually spoken of in history as "Donal of Dungannon," because he made that place his residence in preference to the older royal seat, Aileach. He was the author of the first anti-English pamphlet ever issued in Ireland. It was a remonstrance against the tyranny of the Normans, and was addressed to the Pope, but without any result. I digress so far into the domain of history in order to emphasise the importance of the national crisis with which the elegy connects itself.

I will now ask you to contrast with it another written on the occasion of this same battle of Down, but in a very different vein.

It is the lament of a poet, Feargal Og Mac an Bhaird (young Feargal, son of the bard), for the death of the chieftain of the Clan O'Cahan, who had been the friend of his childhood. The opening line gives the keynote of the whole plaint:

> "The tombs of friends are in the battle of Brian";

Feargal's own brothers had fallen in the fight, and their loss is touchingly referred to, as well as the calamity of the king's death; but the death of his friend outweighs all else.

> "Though to me each man is a grief,"

he writes,

> "For O'Cahan, the yellow-haired, I grieve the most."

In what follows there is no forced utterance of assumed and formal grief, such as one detects in the elegy of the Laureate Gilla Brighde. It expresses the heartfelt anguish of one who had cherished an ardent love and high hopes, which calamity had rudely destroyed. Reading it, one is reminded of Tennyson's adoration for Arthur Hallam,

> "The man I held as half divine";

and again of David's passionate lament for Jonathan and his manly affection, "passing the love of woman." The very phrase is echoed by the young Gaelic poet in this stanza:

> "My love for O'Cahan of Cluaine
> Was not the one-hour love of a woman for a man;
> It was a love from the time of my childhood hither
> For my foster-brother, my tutor."

Eachmarcach O'Cahan was son and successor of the chief, Ranal of Formail, and according to the custom of the Irish, he was sent out to fosterage. The system was an equivalent to our Public School education of to-day; the Irish parents probably recognised that their natural affection might stand in the way of their training their children, so they boarded them out at some distance from home among friendly strangers. It was to the house of the bard, Feargal's, father that O'Cahan was sent. There was quite a houseful of boys; Feargal, the bard's own son, was evidently the youngster among them, looking up to the big boy, who was kind to him, with enthusiastic devotion. When we read that the little chap was allowed to share in the games of his elders, through the kindness of O'Cahan, we can understand his feelings, especially when he tells us that he was only five when the attachment commenced.

> "I gave great love, ah, woe is me!
> To him from the period of my fifth year,
> Woe that I have not gone with my beloved!
> Early I loved O'Cahan."

Eachmarcach (whose name would be anglicised Horse-rider) was the leader of their games, the captain of the team as it were. When they imitated the solemn proceedings of their elders, as children will, young O'Cahan was chosen their chief and solemnly installed on a mimic mound.

> "We used to give the chieftainship in our sports
> To him, when high-spirited youths,
> We and the king on a mound which he disgraced not,
> Going thrice around it."

Thus they played at king-making, following the traditional customs. Though little Feargal was allowed into the game, and was evidently a loyal clansman, he must have been distinctly a nuisance and a cry-baby. When it came to playing games of battle, the young chief had to be his horse:

> "Until he would take me on his back
> I used to continue shedding tears after him;
> At all times I was the rider,
> Our steed was always Eachmarcach."

But, in spite of his being so troublesome, Eachmarcach made him a pet and favourite, and when there was anything to divide Feargal declares he got more than his share.

> "He had for me as much as two;
> Far are we for ever from our playing!"

Then it may have been in later years, when the bard's son began to practise the art of verse-making, his first crude efforts were in praise of his friend, and when he took them to him, O'Cahan overlooked all the blemishes and feigned delight, giving him a generous reward.

> "I used to go with a poem on his manly form,
> As if it were the poem of my Ollamhship,
> He gave much for my poem to me
> Although it was not poetry at all."

How simple, touching, and natural is this description of boy life so long ago! How pathetic the bereaved poet's contemplation that out of all that happy group of playmates, though he is yet young, none survive but three; himself, Eoghan and "the Bishop"! One of his own brothers attained to that dignity, and he appeals to him by the memories of youthful friendship, to secure the intercession of the Church for the departed soul:

> "Order Masses of each priest
> For thy foster-brother, for O'Cahan,
> For the son of the king who bowed in each church,
> Let there be offered the Mass prayers.

As the poetic art is hereditary to me
For this white-sided, pure-skinned man,
I shall chant a flowery dirge
In the hour of solemn prayer for his soul."

And then, as if fulfilling that promise of a flowery dirge, follows a passage of lyric sweetness and poetic fancy in which we are irresistibly reminded of Milton's "dallying with false surmise," in that imaginary decking of the bier of Lycidas, "With every flower that sad embroidery wears," when in sad truth his corpse was washed far away under the sounding seas. Here is how the Gaelic poet soothed his poet fancy, recoiling from thoughts of the place of carnage:

"As in the slaughter was not recognised
The fair-skinned body of O'Cahan,
And as he has not come alive to his home,
Fairies may have carried him from the field.

If he has escaped northward from the slaughter,
To see him fully though we cannot,
In fairymount west or east
Who knows but he may still be living."

And he recalls the legend of the battle of Clontarf, which tells how a youthful champion, who was beloved by one of the fairy women, was shielded by her with a cloak of invisibility and lured away from the battle

"By her blue eye of fair fascination."

Strangely enough, we are again reminded of Lycidas by an allusion to the doorkeeper of heaven's gate, who, the poet feels sure, will not open heaven to let O'Cahan out for any of these fairy women.

Milton introduced Saint Peter abruptly, after his description of "sleek Panope," and other mythological personages. Young Feargal did no worse in suggesting his colloquy with a Bean-Sidhe.

These two elegies connected with the battle of Down will be found with Irish text, translation and ample notes, in the Miscellany of the Celtic Society for 1849. They are well worthy of study as typical examples of the work of the professional bards. The same formal type, and much the same phraseology, was recognised as the standard for hundreds of years after, as will be seen by a comparison with the elegy on the death of the Ulster princes who died at Rome in the reign of James I. in the year 1616. Hugh O'Neill, accompanied by all his kindred and by the princes of the House of O'Donnell, fled secretly out of Ireland, to escape from a conspiracy which was afoot to deprive them of their lands and life. They sailed at midnight of September 14, 1607, seventy souls in all, on board a small vessel, which encountered terrible storms before it reached the coast of France. They travelled through that country to Flanders, then up the Rhine, through Switzerland, over the Alps to Rome. There the Pontiff received them and afforded them a shelter.

The sons of O'Neill and the young O'Donnell princes sickened and died of fever. Owen Roe Mac An Ward, who had accompanied them in that perilous voyage, wrote a great lamentation on their death, inspired by the sight of Nuala, sister of the O'Donnells, as she stood alone and desolate weeping over their grave, in Saint Peter's, Montorio.

Clarence Mangan wrote a translation, or rather an English version, beginning thus:

"O woman of the piercing wail, who mournest o'er yon mound of clay,
With sigh and groan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael, thou would'st not then from day to day
Weep thus alone.
'Twere long before a grave in green Tyrconal one could find
This loneliness;
Near where Beann Boirche's banners wave, such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
Companionless."

Mangan has grasped all the sense of tragedy and desolation and doom that fell like a pall on the soul of the bard when he saw the last hopes of the royal line of Ireland sink into the dust of that Roman grave; but his translation, which is not in the metre of the original, does not bring out the interesting fact that it is written precisely on the same model as the poems on the battle of Down produced four hundred years earlier.

Owen Roe Mac An Ward was probably of the same line as Feargal, who wrote the lament for O'Cahan; he was, at any rate, of the same literary school, and the Irish bards were conservative, aiming not at originality but at conforming to the best and oldest models. But the storms of war that wrecked the fortunes of the Irish princes overturned the bardic schools and all their traditions. The poets who arose and sang without bardic training wrote not by rules but to music, and immediately, as if by magic, Gaelic poetry was transformed. Beautiful impassioned lyrical metres prevailed. Peasants and lovers and outlaws sang as the spirit moved them, without fear of being checked by any professional Ollamh, and their poems of love and patriotism live and are sung to the present day.

As far as I can remember, the old bardic model was followed in the elegies written on Owen Roe O'Neill, the leader who died after years of war, just when Cromwell was descending on Ireland with fire and sword. Dr. Sigerson has translated an elegy on this Owen; but Thomas Davis, though he was inspired by reading the old poem, struck out an original impassioned lyric which, though in the English language, will for ever be known as the Lament *par excellence* for Owen Roe:

"We thought you would not die, we were sure you would not go
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow—
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky.
Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?"

Mr. A. P. Graves has written words to a magnificent song on the same hero.

Coming to the time of the Williamite war, there is one grand Gaelic poem which, though not an elegy in the sense of being in memory of the dead, is yet elegiac in form. Patrick Sarsfield had been the popular idol in that disastrous campaign, in which the defeats of Aughrim and the Boyne, the assault on Derry and the defence of Limerick, were illumined by his heroism and feats of daring.

When, after Limerick's fall, he sailed away with his best swordsmen to enter the service of the King of France, Ireland mourned as for his death.

The poem made in lamentation for his loss, though of the same century as the Lament of Owen Mac An Ward previously referred to, is hundreds of years more modern in tone. It is, in fact, a popular piece to-day, and I have heard it recited again and again at Gaelic elocution competitions. Mangan wrote a translation which, though not similar in metre, gives a fair idea of it:

"Farewell, O Patrick Sarsfield! May luck be on your path!
Your camp is broken up—your work is marred for years,
But go you to kindle into flame the King of France's wrath,
Though you leave sick Eire in tears.
Och! Ochón!

May the white sun and moon rain glory on your head,
All hero as you are and holy man of God;
To you the Saxons owe a many an hour of dread
In the land you have often trod.
Och! Ochón!

I saw the royal Boyne when its billows flashed with blood,
I fought at Graine Óg, where a thousand horsemen fell;
On the dark empurpled field of Aughrim too I stood
On the plain by Tubberdonny's Well.
Och! Ochón!

To the heroes of Limerick, the city of the fights,
Be my best blessing borne on the wings of the air!
We had card-playing there o'er our camp fires at nights,
And the Word of Life, too, and prayer.
Och! Ochón!

But for you, Londonderry, may plague smite and slay
Your people! May ruin desolate you stone by stone,
Through you many a gallant youth lies coffinless to-day,
With the winds for mourners alone!
Och! Ochón!

And I never shall believe that my fatherland can fall
With the Burkes, and the Dukes, and the son of Royal James,
And Talbot, the captain, and Sarsfield above all,
The belovéd of damsels and dames.
Och! Ochón!"

The eighteenth century in Ireland was the era of penal laws, ripening up to the outburst of political activity, in which Grattan and Flood were the leading spirits, and ending in the insurrection of 1798.

I shall speak first of the '98 era to dismiss it briefly; for, as the Irish republican movement was more in touch with eastern Ireland than with the Gaelic districts, it gave birth to popular songs and street ballads in the English language like "The Shan Van Vocht" and "The Green upon the Cape" (original of the "Wearing of the Green"). I do not know of a Gaelic lament for any of the popular heroes of that time, Emmet, or Fitzgerald, or Tone.

A Gaelic poet, one Michael O'Longain, however, went up from Munster to share in the Wexford rising, and wrote a lament in general for the Wexford insurgents. Dr. Sigerson, who is perhaps the best of our translators, has done it justice. The poem is written in the character of a Munster man dying on the battlefield, and is remarkable for a spirit of patriotism which triumphs over every provincial feeling. In words of deepest pathos he regrets that Munster slumbered, when Ulster, Connacht, and Leinster rose at the signal; and to the province in which the fiercest stand was made he sends his last greeting:

"Tell Leinster true I love her
Who kept the flame alight."

And yet he would have it told in his own country that one man of the southern province had upheld her honour on the field:

"O youth, if 'mid the living
They question of that day,
And ask how I have striven,
And where I passed away:
Then say to each beholder
That no man battled bolder,
Though I forgotten moulder
Beneath the mountain clay."

To return now to the penal times which preceded that revolutionary epoch. One of the most vehement pieces of writing in the Gaelic tongue is the Lament for Art O'Leary, whose tragic death was the outcome of a most tyrannous edict of the penal code. O'Leary was a soldier who had fought in the Austrian service, and returning to his native Cork made a most romantic love-match. Eileen-dubh, daughter of Morgan O'Connell of Darrynane, against the

wish of all her kindred, eloped with the handsome cavalier. The O'Connells, though intensely Irish, were quite loyal. O'Leary, in his defiant soldierly way, came into collision with all the tyrannical absurdities which prevailed at the time and set the authorities at naught. According to the law no Catholic was permitted to own a horse worth more than five pounds. O'Leary rode a beautiful blood mare, described in his wife's elegy as "the dark brown steed, the peerless, whose forehead bore a snow-white star." A rich Protestant, Morris, offered him five pounds for it. O'Leary challenged and struck him, but he refused to fight a Papist; instead he got O'Leary outlawed. With his young wife, the outlaw was besieged in his house near Macroom, but defended himself and repulsed his assailants, Eileen loading the guns. When open attack failed, they took to the methods of the assassin. Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell, the wife of Eileen O'Leary's grand-nephew, has thus described the tragedy:

"He was shot down on the night of May 4, 1773, and the mare galloped home riderless and struck the bolted door of Raleigh (his home) with her hoofs, until Eileen rushed down and flung it open to see the mare standing riderless with long reins trailing in the dust and saddle splashed with blood. She sprang on that blood-stained saddle, as she describes in passionate verse. The mare flew on with her for miles, and on the green meads of Carrigaminma, beneath a great bush of golden gorse, she saw Arthur dead, with an aged crone keening over him."

Eileen obtained justice for the murder by the transportation of two soldiers who were concerned in it. The complicity of Morris was not proved, but Art's brother shot him and fled the country.

All the circumstances of the murder and her ride to search for the body are described in Eileen's elegy in the most vivid and passionate language. In each verse she invokes her lost love and husband in some adoring term of endearment. She describes his manly grace and beauty, the envy and hatred he inspired amongst the colonists:

"Beloved of my steadfast heart, well your beaver did become you,
With the gold band around it: well your silver-hilted sword.
Thus equipped for deeds of daring on your dark-brown steed and peerless,
Whose forehead bore the snow-white star,
You made the Saxons quail before you, bowing down to the very ground,
Not for any love of you, but for sheer dread of you;
And yet it was through them you fell, O darling of my soul."

And in the following lines her heart's anguish is pictured:

"My heart's love and my treasure,
Your heavy corn is gathered in,
Your kine have come for milking
But my heart is full of anguish—

Anguish that is bound within it as within a fast-locked casket,
Whose key is lost, whose rusty hinges will not yield to pressure.
Not all the might of Munster,
Not all the smiths within the Fenian isle
Can loose it till my Arthur comes again."

She wishes that she had been riding on the pillion behind him, so that the ball would have pierced her and spared him:

"Would it were I that was stricken, and that you went scatheless on,
Oh, my blue-eyed rider, living to aim avenging shots again."

Like the bards of old, she remembers to give his genealogy:

"Art, son of Connor, son of Cedach,
Son of Laosig O'Leary,
From the West where lies the Gerah,
And from the East where the long, narrow mountain-ridges rise,
Where the wild berries grow, and tawny nuts on waving boughs,
And apples weigh the branches down on Autumn days.
Let them kindle fires of mourning through the country of Iveleary,
By the holy Gougane Barra, and the lands of Ballingeary,
For the snowy-handed rider."

I quote throughout the translation published by Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell. Though not literal, it gives a good idea of the poem, and is itself beautifully worded. The reading of it for the first time did more to inspire me to study Irish than all the arguments I had heard advanced. I copied the Irish version of it years before I could read a word of it, and treasured it as a precious thing that I would wish to possess and hoped some day to understand. This Gaelic poetess, by the way, was the sister of the great Dan O'Connell's father.

I am not familiar with any later notable Gaelic elegy having an historical connection. The rise of Thomas Moore and the later school of Young Ireland writers made English for the first time the medium of a popular national poetry.

The Young Ireland party did not undervalue Gaelic, but their interest in it mainly resulted in the production of beautiful translations like those of Walsh, Mangan, and Samuel Ferguson, who in his work of translation was inspired with much of the style of the poets he studied. When Thomas Davis, the leader and best loved of all that band, died, Ferguson produced an elegy in the spontaneity of his grief which is more like a Gaelic poem than anything else he ever wrote in English:

"I walked through Ballinderry in the springtime,
When the bud was on the tree;
And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding
The sowers striding free,

Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden plenty
  On the quick seed-clasping soil,
Even such, this day, among the fresh-stirred hearts of Erin,
  Thomas Davis is thy toil.

* * * *

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seedtime,
  In the fresh track of danger's plough,
Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous furrow,
  Girt with freedom's seed-sheets now?
Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge
  The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn,
Now that thou thyself art but a seed for hopeful planting
  Against the resurrection morn?"

It would adapt itself admirably to translation into Irish, and popular feeling in Ireland at the present day demands that any admirable piece of national literature shall be rendered into the native tongue.

The last elegy I shall quote from has undergone this process. It was written on the death of John O'Mahony, organiser of the Fenian movement in the American Army of the Civil War. The author was Michael Cavanagh, a devoted adherent. He describes thus the farewell muster of Irish exiles around the coffin of the dead Gael before it crossed the ocean to rest in Irish soil.

"Had monarch ever such royal waking?
The war-scarred heroes with grief are shaking.
An exiled nation its farewell taking
Feels hope itself is the Cause forsaking!
Och mo Nuar! ("O my grief!")

The Gael in masses around you swaying
Sweep on unceasing, their tribute paying;
Sweet Irish impulses all obeying,
They kneel around you, John, weeping, praying
Go Dia an Arda! ("To God on High.")

They bring to curtain your manly form,
The flags they bore through the battle storm;
On Irish hills they would round you swarm,
But the fire is quenched that their hearts could warm.
Is Mor an Truaghi. ("Great is the pity.")

You've sown the seed, John, for others' reaping,
When winds for years o'er your grave are sweeping,
They'll throng to pray where our chieftain's sleeping.
Christ hold your soul in His holy keeping!
Amen a Thigearna!" ("Amen, O Lord!")

This poem, translated into Irish, was recited at the first great Munster Feis or Festival, held as a result of the present Gaelic revival.

The Parnell movement, which swept the country from the centre to the sea, diverted its strength into no side channels. The people of the country concentrated their attention on politics.

The Gaelic language question was ignored by Parnell and his party. The Literary movement did not exist. Our poets had no

hearing till they chanted over his grave. It is a strange thing to say, but literally true, that poetry revived and drew life from the very sod that covered him.

Amongst those who wrote elegies on the occasion of his tragic death were W. B. Yeats, Katherine Tynan, Lionel Johnston, Dora Sigerson, Alice Furlong, P. J. McCall, Ethna Carbery, and the pre-eminent poem, that stood out above all the rest, was one by Una Ashworth Taylor. Some of these names are familiar enough to literary England, but in our country they were little known previously.

Modern Ireland exacts from her poets many of the functions of the ancient bards. To be a recognised literary personage in that country it is necessary to write about public affairs and take your stand in politics. I do not think a single Gaelic poem was written about Parnell. Yet the line of Gaelic elegists is not extinct. I have seen an elegy on General Grant, and on several of our own Gaelic workers who have died. When an occasion comes again, the national elegy will be in Irish, for our Gaelic poetry is budding and will yet put forth the very flower of lyric beauty.

ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

1901.

MATERIALISM AND THE UNKNOWABLE:

AN EXCURSION INTO THE DEBATABLE LAND.

In discussing the relationship of Materialism to the doctrine of the Unknowable it is necessary to explain the terms. The Materialism to be here dealt with is not the crude Materialism of the last century, but that new Materialism which chemistry, biology, and evolution seem to be daily forcing upon the mind of the modern thinker whether he will or no. And the doctrine of the Unknowable here referred to is scarcely less recent. The doctrine in general is, of course, almost as old as philosophy itself—indeed, it is the basis of all metaphysical speculation; but what will here concern us is that modern doctrine of the Unknowable (with a very big U) which constitutes the creed of the latter-day Agnostic, and of which Mr. Herbert Spencer is pre-eminently the prophet.

And it would be well, at the outset, to draw attention to a common error regarding the Spencerian philosophy which is of the very first importance. This is the idea that the great synthesis depends for its validity on the truth of that doctrine of the Unknowable to which modern Materialism takes exception—that the whole of the evolutionary philosophy is founded on this metaphysical assumption, and must stand or fall with it. This has been a favourite method of attack with some of Mr. Spencer's theological opponents—take, for example, Mr. Lilley's attack of a few years ago, *The Great Enigma*. That book consisted mainly of an assault on this doctrine as the foundation of the whole synthetic philosophy; and having, as he thought, destroyed the foundation, this militant theologian triumphantly concluded that the supposed superstructure had also been demolished.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Spencer's evolutionary synthesis does not appear in any way to depend on the doctrine of the Unknowable. The doctrine is laid down and explained (as far as such a doctrine can be explained) in the earlier pages of the *First Principles*, but, beyond a few references in the *Psychology* (which was written before the *First Principles*), the great argument marches on to its conclusion quite independently of this doctrine. The Synthetic Philosophy may or may not be true, but it will have to be judged by a clearer light than the dusky twilight of a metaphysical theory.

And now let us inquire what this doctrine of the Unknowable really is. Divesting it of the obscure verbiage in which it seems to be ever enshrouded, let us try to state in as plain language as possible this recondite notion, which, in one form or another, has dominated the minds of all the metaphysical thinkers of the past, and over which the great philosopher of evolution has thrown the ægis of his commanding authority.

The doctrine may be most conveniently stated in the form of a series of sequent propositions:

1. All knowledge consists, directly or indirectly, of phenomenal impressions.

2. Every phenomena carries with it an irresistible implication of contrast or change. Consciousness arises from a perception of this contrast.

3. It is this fundamental duality residing in every phenomenon, and therefore at the root of all knowledge, that creates or reveals the antithesis between mind and matter—between the world of thoughts and the world of things.

4. This antithesis is absolute, eternal, and supreme. It is a difference transcending all other differences, a division transcending all other divisions, for it is the primary division of existence. Moreover, as it lies at the root of all knowledge it is the necessary condition of all thought. Thought is the product of this fundamental contrast. (The Relativity of Knowledge.)

5. The contrast between mind and matter being absolute and primal, it is impossible to conceive of any continuity between the two. The gap separating these fundamental divisions of existence can never be conceivably bridged over. Therefore a causal continuity is impossible.

6. This makes it necessary to postulate the existence of something other than these two absolutely contrasted worlds of thoughts and things—something behind the phenomenal duality. For since there can be no conceivable continuity between these two mutually exclusive worlds, and since they are nevertheless perpetually associated in consciousness, their connection must depend on something beyond consciousness—some common substratum underlying both.

7. This substratum is the Unknowable. So called because the antithesis between the two worlds being the root of all knowledge and the necessary condition of all thought, the common substratum which lies below both worlds can never itself form the subject of knowledge.

It will be observed that of these seven propositions, the first four are of the nature of postulates and the last three are conclusions from these postulates. The first three propositions are direct data

other, independently of the outside world. Let us say, how-

of consciousness undisputed by any, though, as we shall see later on, they are open to a different interpretation by the Materialist. The fourth proposition is the real crux of the matter. This is the one on which the three subsequent conclusions directly depend, and this is the one which the Materialist is prone to question. Let us examine it.

The absolute and transcendent contrast between mind and matter is strongly insisted on in Mr. Spencer's teaching. He has laid much stress on the impossibility of bridging this primal chasm which divides existence, on the impossibility of conceiving any continuity between thoughts and things, of imagining any sort of relationship between, say, the essential nature of a molecular vibration and the essential nature of a colour sensation. This being so, the gap between mind and matter is something absolutely different in kind from all other divisions of existence.

The Materialist's reply to this is that the inconceivability of any relationship between mind and matter does not justify us in affirming that no continuity exists, *for every causal relationship is equally inconceivable.* The gap between mind and matter is no wider and no more unfathomable than the gap between any cause and its most familiar every-day effect. A relationship between the "thing" we call a molecular vibration and the "feeling" we call a sensation of colour is no doubt incomprehensible, but it is not more so than that between the heat of a fire and the motion of water molecules in a kettle. We call the latter a relationship of causation, but we do not know what "causation" is. If, then, causation be itself inconceivable, any supposed inconceivability of relationship does not preclude the possibility of causation, and therefore the relationship between matter and mind may itself be causal. The first conclusion drawn from the postulates is therefore declared by the Materialist to be invalid. This conclusion is embodied in proposition 5.

Proposition 6 falls with it, for the existence of some unknowable cause behind both mind and matter depends as a logical consequence on the supposed transcendent antithesis between these. If there may be a causal relationship between them, then we need no ulterior cause, for matter may be the cause of mind, or mind the cause of matter. We shall consider presently which of these two alternatives is the more probable. Just now we must devote a little more attention to this "Unknowable Cause" at which we have arrived.

The first question that suggests itself to the ordinary mind when confronted with the Unknowable is the simple one—To whom is it Unknowable? Is it supposed to be Unknowable only to us human beings? May there conceivably be other intelligences to whom this Unknowable may be wholly or partially knowable? Or is it absolutely, eternally, and totally Unknowable?

There can be no doubt about the answer which believers in the Unknowable must return to this question. If the Unknowable may be known to any form of intelligence whatsoever, it must be so far relative to that intelligence and so far limited by that intelligence. But it is not relative and not limited, it is absolute and infinite, says Mr. Spencer most emphatically. Being absolute and infinite, it must be absolutely and infinitely Unknowable.

Indeed, this absoluteness and infiniteness of the Unknowable is the very essence of the idea, and it is these attributes which seem to have inspired believers in this abstraction with something approaching a feeling of superstitious awe. Theologians have not failed to make capital out of this attitude, and have pounced with avidity on those blessed words, "an absolute and infinite power," holding them up triumphantly as an indication that even Mr. Spencer acknowledges some sort of a Supreme Being. "An absolute and infinite power" is complacently alleged to be only Mr. Spencer's way of saying "God." Some of his own followers have gone even further and have described Mr. Spencer—in company with Job, Goethe, and Carlyle—as "standing uncovered" before this power.[1] The next step must surely be to build an altar to it.

Though one is strongly inclined to doubt whether Mr. Spencer has ever stood uncovered before the Unknowable, there is little doubt that he has gone some way towards making the Unknowable stand uncovered before him. The fact that he has predicated several distinct attributes of the Unknowable has often been urged against him. He has informed us that the Unknowable is existent, that it is infinite, that it is absolute, that it is an energy or power, and finally, *that it is Unknowable.*

The dilemma is obvious. If it be Unknowable nothing can be predicated of it, and therefore Existence cannot be predicated of it. Existence is a relative term and cannot be endowed with an absolute meaning. The idea of existence being itself a product of the known and the knowable can never reach beyond the knowable, so that the "knowable" and the "existent" *mean really the same thing.* Thus, as we can say all that is knowable exists, so also we can affirm the converse, all that exists is knowable; from which it must follow that the Unknowable is non-existent.

Indeed, it seems most profoundly true that such terms as absolute, infinite, and Unknowable never have, never will, and never can convey any meaning to the mind. They are mere symbols which represent no real conceptions, like certain mathematical symbols which are "irrational" or devoid of any real meaning. And just as mathematicians, by treating such symbols as rational, may arrive at irrational or self-contradictory results, so philosophers, by treating

[1] *Herbert Spencer: the Man and his Work*, by Hector Macpherson. See a notice of this work in THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July.

ch other, independently of the outside world. Let us say, how-

absoluteness and infinity as real existences, have involved the human mind in mazes of metaphysical fallacy.

Let us now examine the pretensions of Materialism, and inquire whether it can furnish us with any sounder theory of existence. It is, of course, impossible within the limits of this article to present a full view of this new phase of philosophic thought, which is far from exhibiting those attributes of crudeness and superficiality with which the term Materialism has been commonly stigmatised. All that can be attempted here is to set forth the grounds of the belief, and to indicate the probable direction of future speculation on the subject.

And first of all we must make clear what we mean by the term matter. In the third of the seven propositions given above the antithesis between mind and matter was stated to be created by or revealed in phenomena. The term matter, then, as used there and throughout the subsequent discussion, clearly does not mean the phenomenon itself, but something which the phenomenon irresistibly suggests or forces upon the consciousness. This meaning the Materialist also adopts. "Matter," he willingly allows, is not "Phenomena." Wood, stone, water are not Matter—they are phenomena of matter, appearances or manifestations of matter.

And here we come upon the essential difference between the old Materialism and the new. The crude Materialism of the past maintained that these phenomenal manifestations of matter were the only realities—that wood, stone, water, or, in other words, oxygen, hydrogen, and the rest of the "elements" were the basis of existence. This theory should have been termed "Phenomenalism" rather than "Materialism," for we once again repeat matter is not phenomenal.

"But in that case," cries the Agnostic, "you resign your own position. If you allow that matter is not phenomenal, but is that of which phenomena are the manifestations, you, too, must be a believer in the Unknowable. What Mr. Spencer calls the Unknowable you call matter. That is all the difference."

However, that is not all the difference. The difference is far more profound than that, for it is the fundamental distinction which lies deep down at the root of the controversy.

When the Materialist admits that matter is not phenomenal he does not admit that matter is Unknowable, for the very obvious reason that he considers *phenomena to be the knowledge of Matter.* The Agnostic regards the phenomenal world as something which reveals the existence of the Unknowable, but is itself distinct and cut off from the Unknowable; while the Materialist regards the phenomenal world as being itself the revelation of the material world, and thus in direct and indissoluble connection with it.

To the Materialist, matter, phenomena, and mind are but different phases or modes of one existence, phenomena forming the connecting

link between matter and mind. Thus to him knowledge is not the product of a fundamental contrast between matter and mind (as stated in Proposition 4), but is the product of their unbroken continuity—phenomena being the knowledge of matter, the mind being the knowledge of phenomena.

Thus we see that the facts of consciousness dealt with in the first three propositions given above, though accepted equally by the Agnostic and the Materialist, are differently interpreted by them. Each admits the existence of the noumenal world, but there the agreement ceases. To the Agnostic, by reason of the supposed transcendent contrast between mind and matter, this noumenal world seems absolute, infinite, unknowable, and completely antithetic to the phenomenal world. To the Materialist the contrast between mind and matter is no more transcendent than any ordinary relationship of causation. The noumenal world, so far from being unknowable, is known in phenomena, and instead of being antithetic to the phenomenal world forms with it the unbroken and endless series of causal continuity.

But there remains to be considered yet another point of the greatest importance—nothing less, indeed, than the old stock argument against Materialism—the rock on which it has always been supposed to encounter hopeless shipwreck. This is the obvious objection that since mind and matter are both presented in phenomena there is no more reason for regarding matter as the cause of mind than for regarding mind as the cause of matter. Why choose Materialism rather than Idealism? Indeed, Mr. Spencer has intimated that were he bound to choose either he would prefer to choose the latter.

Now this argument is founded on an assumption which is wholly unwarranted. It assumes that because mind and matter are both presented in phenomena they are both presented in precisely the same way. This is the deep and illusive fallacy underlying the whole of this supreme question—necessarily elusive beyond all other fallacies for the reason to be presently shown. Yet, subtle though it be, it does not altogether elude the mental grasp, for it can scarcely be denied by any who have really examined their own thinking faculty that though a consciousness of both mind and matter are irresistibly given in every phenomenon, they are given *in a way profoundly different*. It is this difference, indeed, which creates the supposed transcendent antithesis between them; but the antithesis is no more transcendent than the difference, and the difference is nothing else than the difference between cause and effect. Every phenomenon reveals matter as cause and mind as effect. Every phenomenon gives us an irresistible conviction of matter as something independent of mind, but not of mind as something independent of matter. The "object perceived" is felt to be

other, independently of the

entirely unaffected by its phenomenal presentation, while, on the other hand, the phenomenal presentation is felt to be an affection of the "perceived subject." Suppose we imagine for a moment the entire universe deprived of perceiving minds. No effort enables us to get rid of a conviction of the continued existence of matter. But, on the other hand, were we to imagine the universe deprived of all material existence, the continued existence of perceiving minds becomes inconceivable.

The reason why the nature of the causal relationship between matter and mind is not as readily apparent as it is with other causal relationships is due to the unique fact that mind is the evidence of matter. Not till matter has caused mind does the existence of matter become revealed. Consciousness having to emerge from the material world before the existence of that material world can become known, mind assumes a delusive appearance of causal priority similar to the real causal priority of matter.

To illustrate the fallacy of supposing mind to be as reasonably the cause of matter as matter is of mind, let us use a simple example. Imagine a universe consisting of iron particles, some of which by mutual contact and friction are passing into the magnetic state. Seeing that some of the particles would be strongly magnetised, some feebly, and some not at all, it would be hardly open to a spectator to suppose that the magnetism had caused the iron; just as reasonably as that the iron had caused the magnetism. He would have no doubt that in any causal relationship between the two, the causal priority lay with the iron. Yet if we suppose the magnetism to be to the iron particles what consciousness is to sentient beings, it would be possible for *them* to entertain such a delusion, for to them the magnetism would reveal the existence of the iron. "No iron without magnetism" would seem to them as reasonable a belief as "No magnetism without iron."

Here, then, we seem to have a sane and credible theory of existence, a theory which assures us that the phenomenal world is a world of realities, and not of appearances only. For if there exists an unbroken continuity between matter and mind through phenomena, then phenomena must give a true interpretation of matter. If matter be the cause of mind, and the only reality, then matter and mind are in their ultimate nature identical. The metaphysical theory regards the phenomenal world as the "perception of matter by mind," and since matter and mind are themselves conceived to be transcendently unlike, it must follow that the result of their mutual interaction, "phenomena," must be completely unlike either. On the other hand, the materialist theory, recognising the ultimate identity of mind and matter, regards phenomena as the perception of matter by itself, which must be a true, a real perception, if "reality" is to have any meaning at all. If the "Subject" and the "Object" be ultimately

identified in every phenomenon, then the "relativity" of the phenomenal world disappears.

There are certain further considerations in connection with this subject which are of the deepest significance, but they cannot be dealt with here. All we can do is to briefly indicate them.

Mr. Spencer has, in his first principles, pointed out with all his masterly skill and wonderful clearness, how the human intellect is in every direction "cribbed, cabined, and confined." How, whenever we push thought to its utmost limits, we become hopelessly involved in contradictions, absurdities, and irrationalities. But this forms part of his argument for an infinite and absolute Unknowable. To the Materialist it points rather to the simple conclusion that mind is nothing more or less than matter and force. If mind be the product of the infinite its faculties might well be infinite too; but if it be actually matter and force, it manifestly must have the limits which matter and force impose upon it. As the eye cannot see itself, so mind cannot comprehend the matter and force which are itself.

Our irresistible conviction as to the "indestructibility" of matter and force points to the same conclusion. If mind be actually matter and force such a conviction seems inevitable, while there is no assignable reason for it on the theory that mind and matter are existences entirely apart.

The nature of "intuitive" beliefs and "necessary" truths seems to have a similar import. The "necessity" of these becomes comprehensible on the supposition that mind has a finite and material origin.

Finally, though this paper has been exclusively occupied with the subjective aspect of the problem, drawing its conclusions from the nature of the thinking faculty itself, it must not be forgotten that the objective aspect of the question offers a wide field for speculation.

We know that mind is always objectively associated with certain material phenomena called nerve and brain cells. (Biology.)

We know that the more complex becomes the aggregation of nerve and brain cells, the more complex becomes mind. (Embryology and Evolution.)

We know that the elements of which these nerve and brain cells are composed exist also apart from mind as objectively presented. (Chemistry.)

The conclusion that mind represents the effect, and that nerve and brain cells represent the cause, is scarcely to be avoided.

One supreme and decisive proof alone is wanting. The gap between life and non-life seems to be daily narrowing, and so in the future may the gap between mind and non-mind tend to disappear. When the chemist and the biologist clasp hands across the gap the day of Materialism's triumph will have dawned.

A. E. Maddock.

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SEAL'S SCIENCE OF STATUS.

THAT *Axialogy*,[1] or the Science of Status, dealt with a touchy sort of subject, to wit, the social standings "of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker," which would at its on-coming, if attractive, raise up a goodly dust storm of honest indignation, savage denunciation, crude criticism, together with harmful as well as harmless ridicule, was antecedently discounted by its originator, not oblivious, to compare small things with great, of the never-to-be-forgotten reception of the *Origin of Species*, with its whirlwinds and tornadoes of abuse and eternal damnation for its illustrious author. That, on the other hand, the cradle of our baby science should be gently rocked, its swaddling-clothes adjusted, and, in addition, that the attractions and detractions of the infant's traits and features should form far and wide the subject of anxious and lively debate by disinterested sponsors and well-wishers for its future, is not only most gratifying to the parent, but hopefully ominous, during its future career, of fair-weather passage.

Apart from special attacks dealing with subordinate parts of the subject, the general assault upon the future, if not the present, utility of the new science on the grounds of the advance of democratic feeling and its increasing tendency to level up, equalise, and obliterate class and trade distinctions, and so abolish social prejudices and differences in the grades and statuses of occupations and callings, is based upon a misapprehension. There is, indeed, no far-reaching disintegrating effect—no downward swoop upon the factors of a status as a whole;[2] but a single factor, that of Public Opinion, would be alone affected to the good by an advance common to all the statuses of this single factor; and this change in an upward direction, advantaging equally all statuses as it is held equally by all, would leave the inequalities of the different statuses due to the up and down play of the other more steady factors just as before.[3]

[1] From "axia" = rank, status, and "logos" = discourse.

[2] We may remind our readers that the possible factors of any given status in their proper order are: Utility, Antiquity, Training, Organisation, Government Influence, Title or Handle to the name, Public Opinion, Deception, and Exposure; according to this improved scheme (in a coming new edition of the *Axialogy*) a former factor, Necessity, is omitted. Training, which includes education, is substituted for Intellectuality, and a new factor, Government Influence (which, when used, includes Organisation), is introduced, making in all nine factors.

[3] Society people who become "something in the city," or embrace for a livelihood millinery or acting, may find their "own set" tolerant of their change of position,

In now disposing of some of the particular criticisms, we may first deal with rather an off-hand, self-confident critic who hails from N.B., who, in ridiculing the words "both as regards itself" in the definition of a status,[1] has apparently yet to learn that a status has an objective position apart from its relative one as regards other statuses. Its own nature and structure, satisfactorily known and demonstrated from certain fundamental unchanging qualities, is perfectly independent[2] of its relativity—that is, its position amidst and as regards other statuses environing. An absolute entity it is, standing firmly upon the foundations of the factors it possesses; a firm bulwark against all the winds of fashion and caprice blown by Public Opinion, an ever-changing, jealous, and envious factor, always judging, more often than not, from its own unstable interested point of view, instead of upon any sure grounds of fact or value. When the question of relativity comes up, this last factor assists in keeping the objectivity of a status out of sight; at any rate, a butcher's status is a plain fact in itself, an objective, whatever the baker may think of it, and however he may compare it, advantageously or the opposite, with his own or others.

This objectivity of a status disposes of another pronouncement of the same critic: that Title or Handle-to-the-name and Public Opinion are not elements or factors, but only signs of them. They are first of all factors: Title is the actual position and dignity of a status (a peerage) origined and raised artificially[3] (formerly by tenure and writ of summons, of late, by a formal patent), far above most of its fellow natural statuses by the sovereign, or foremost representative of government. Again, Handle-to-the-name in a lesser degree—as for instance in knighthood, by the ceremony of dubbing with the flat of a sword: as again a deanship, a joint-creation by crown and chapter—when once created is an entity spiritual and material also, as the snug objective residences and salary illustrate. That the title- or handle-names not only synchronise with the things (patents, &c.), but advertise on every occasion the statuses is secondary and accidental. We can well imagine a social state of things in the future, when the rage for obtruding one's title or handle before and after one's name, and in fact on every occasion sprawling it on one's

but this "own set" will boycott strangers doing the same thing. Also Lord Brassey's Melbourne stoker, who, just descended from the foot-plates of the engine, will turn out in an irreproachable evening-suit, and sing the newest song by Sullivan or Claribel as well as the accomplished amateurs of our London drawing-rooms, would encounter rough waters when serious matters such as marriage are approached.

[1] Status is the rank, or position, in a community or state of any single calling, occupation, trade, or profession, both as regards itself and in relation to every or any other calling, &c., in the same community, &c.

[2] Independent, that is, between the periods of sudden or gradual interference, and so alteration by surrounding statuses. The grocer selling wine increases his own usefulness at the expense of the wine merchant.

[3] That is, raised to a first class. Those who already occupy a position in this last are by this process really raised to rather a more distinguished, not higher, one within it.

carriage, &c., will be considered execrable taste; as it is now a fashion of the past to perpetually "belord" in social intercourse the owner of a title. Exposure[1] to this and like banalities prevents not a few from accepting any such dignities. Practically we do not find that a pure surgeon or a member of the Civil Service or a bishop's wife loses, but rather gains, by the omission of the oral exercise of a title.

Public Opinion likewise is part and parcel of any status in whatever degree it may affect the same—whether largely or in the mean, or in a small degree—and this, while it is certainly but secondarily a sign of it to others.

To a further objection—that the risking by soldiers and sailors of their bodies publicly in battle should be set down as a minus quantity (coming under Exposure)—the incontestable answer is that while their courage and fighting qualities and our appreciation of the same fall under Utility, the killing and bloodspilling, the gory horrors and carnage vieing with, and even surpassing in utility the bloody execution of the sheep or pig slaughterer or horse-knacker, is a decidedly debasing form of Personal Exposure. The seamy side of war is deftly, perhaps usefully not obtruded before the public cognisance by its beneficiaries and eulogisers; and is quietly dropped out of sight by common consent, being taboo alike to the lady of fashion, the man in the street, or the music-hall dithyrambist; but such employment will not escape condemnation in an equitable distribution of material among the factors by a just censor. The exclusion before the late Boer War of the common soldier from our restaurants and music-halls was due somewhat to the bloody-gore reminiscences bubbling up at the sight of the red tunic, although the slavery of the barrack-yard and the tyranny of the drill sergeant were doubtless elements.

But we may satisfy our exacting Keltic critic that he shall not be dismissed quite without the honours of victory, as we intend to supply him at once with the factor he is so excitedly clamouring for, Government Influence,[2] to which we think that he has quite made out his case. He will find the new factor, however, not in great request.

We may add that the demand for a separate factor for "personal liberty" cannot be entertained, as it is of a too fugitive and obscure character. Whether an independent gentleman of the middle class is more respected for his idleness—we beg pardon!—for his leisure, or for his means, is uncertain. We should say for the latter, otherwise the briefless barrister would be prized for his problematical usefulness, or a tailor or a shoe-black during a slump.

[1] Mark this word, as some object to its name as a factor.

[2] Not the influence of party government, but that of the State, which stands for law and order, aggregation and union, permanence and solidarity.

A Yorkshire critic, it seems, is much distressed at the smallness of the book; now he should be consoled by recollecting how often small books have dealt best with the greatest subjects, and that in this age of short cuts to big ones, omission of stuffing is not generally advanced as a fatal objection. For precedents, however, we can fall back upon Cicero "On Old Age" and the satires of Persius; the Agricola and Germania of Tacitus, and St. Mark's Gospel; and for modern examples see below.[1]

Is it not also La Fontaine who sings:

> "'Bornons ici cette carrière':
> Les longs ouvrages me font peur.
> Loin d'epuiser une matière,
> 'On n'en doit prendre que la fleur.'"

It must not be forgotten that in Axialogy as well as in Sociology and the moral sciences generally, the forces operating on societies and individuals are calculated, and the results and movements dependent on these are predicted not exactly or mathematically. Also that the formulæ and tables for practical use may be neglected and rejected, but the principles and factors still represent truth and reality. Again, that Organisation should always figure as a plus quantity seems contradictory to common sense; but although it may strengthen a bad status, it is in itself a factor of vitality and solidarity. The cattle-lifting Highland clans were without much ado turned into Highland regiments; likewise Fagin's gang, when broken up, may take to a fresh and more virtuous communion and example of organisation, and then the discipline counts. This explanation is not satisfactory! Well, in what a quandary then we leave the poor brewer with his poor show of plus factors. No! We must allow that footmen's clubs and betting-men's rings are not bad things in themselves, whatever their objects.

Unfortunately, Axialogy has not tended to harmony amongst people theatrical. For since its publication, the battle over the position in society of the actor rages more furiously than ever. Whilst not forgetting "the figuring largely" of the Keans and Kembles, most of our actors are mimics merely and mostly poor ones;[2] mimicry at its best is a poor foundation for a status. And we agree with Mr. Stanley Jones, when he concludes that "It is no longer a rare experience in these days for a young nobleman to marry an actress—or at least engage to do so. But we shall not consider the actor's position firmly established in society till we hear that a popular comedian has married the daughter of a peer of the

[1] Boyle's *Hints for the Conduct of Business*; Brillat Savorin's *Gastronomy*; Broom's *Philosophy of Law*; Brachet's *Historical French Grammar*; Planché's *Costume* (original edition); and Jenk's *History of Politics*.

[2] Schlegel's hint as to the use of the mask (*Ancient Greek Drama*) might improve characterisation—or, at any rate, lessen the immobility of the commonplace inexpressive features of our ordinary actors.

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realm. And that, of course, with the consent of the young lady's parents."

We now present to our readers, at the end of this article, the revised version of the result of the comparison of the analysis of the statuses of the alphabet. In conclusion, we do not expect that the amateur reading public, whilst satisfied with second-rate fiction, will be much disposed to scan the columns of our alphabet, still we may hope that the principles and factors of Axialogy, when this same public is on its way to better things, may attract and hold some of its attention.

HORACE SEAL.

ORDER OF STATUSES IN ALPHABET.[1]

Statuses which obtain a first class.

Architect	Civil Engineer
Army Officer	Doctor of Medicine
Banker	Naval Officer
Barrister	Peer of the Realm

See Appendix (1) at finish.

Statuses which obtain a second class.

Carpenter	Poet
Chemist	Portrait Painter
Draper	Pressman
Engraver	Priest (Church of England)
Herald	Publisher
Hotel-keeper	Savant
Jeweller	Schoolmaster
Landscape Gardener	Stockbroker
Man of Letters (critic)	Tailor
Philosopher	

See Appendix (2).

Statuses which obtain a third class.

Auctioneer	Novelist
Aurist	Nurse (ordinary, not professional)
Baker	Photographer
Barber	Policeman
Butcher	Postman
Clerk	Priest (Church of Rome)
Coal Merchant	Sailor
Dentist	Secularist Lecturer
Grocer	Soldier
Milkman	Undertaker
Musician (theatre)	Wesleyan Minister

See Appendix (3).

[1] The Alphabet is applied only to status in Great Britain; a comparative axialogy is an accomplishment of the future. The above are only a selection of Statuses for the purposes of the alphabet. *In judging of a status, we must not pick out its best representative, but stick to the average individual.*

Statuses which obtain a fourth class.

Actor	Conjurer
Ballet-girl	Footman
Brewer	Housemaid
Bricklayer	Livery-stable-keeper
Chimney-sweep	Omnibus-conductor
Coachman	Parlourmaid
Cook	

See Appendix (4).

Statuses which obtain a fifth class.

Publican (tied house)	West-End Usurer

See Appendix (5).

APPENDIX.

(1) A high plus result—viz., 6, 5, or 4 plus ∠'*s* with no minus ∠: or 6 and 5 plus ∠'*s* with one minus ∠.

(2) 4 + ∠'*s* with a − ∠: and 3 + ∠'*s* with no − ∠.

(3) 4 + ∠'*s* with 2 − ∠'*s*: 3 + ∠'*s* with one − ∠: and 2 + ∠'*s* with no − ∠.

(4) 3 + ∠'*s* with 2 − ∠'*s*: 2 + ∠'*s* with − ∠: and one + ∠ with no − ∠.

(5) The number of − ∠'*s* balances or exceeds the + ∠'*s*.

∠ = or stands for a large quantity of the factor it follows; and is either + or −.

m = the mean; and *s* = a small quantity of a factor; but both *m* and *s* are not taken into account in the analysis of a status, with the exception of P*s*, but only the ∠'*s*.

The factors (*see supra*) for working purposes are represented by their initial letters, with the exception of Tit. for Title: the latter counts 2 ∠, but is not followed by either the numeral or the letter; neither are O., G., and H., which count an ∠ each, followed by the actual letter. This is because they are constant quantities, always counting a single ∠ each.

All the factors naturally may be or not all needed for any given status. P*s*., D∠, and E∠ always go to the bad account of a status.

We balance all the + ∠'*s* of a status against its − ∠'*s* (if it contains these latter), which gives us its value or class. For example: U∠.A∠.T*m*.G.H.P∠.D*s*.E∠. is the formula for the status of an army-officer. Now, taking no account of the *m* and *s* quantities, we count up both the + and − ∠'*s*, and balancing them thus, $6 \overset{+}{\angle} m \Big/ \overset{-}{\angle} s$, we arrive at our final analysis of the status, which gives it a first class.

We may add that any status having either T., G., or H. is not permitted O., as the latter is included in each of the former factors.

For further information, please await issue of the second edition of *Axialogy*, which will give a fuller explanation, as the first edition is defective. Of course, as the astronomer and mathematician cannot all at once produce "a clear bill," so likewise the axialogist must exercise patience in the presence of errors which will prevail in the early days of a science, in spite of the greatest care.

WHEN THE INDEFINITE IS THE TRUE.

DEFINITE and indefinite statements of truth or fact—the one consisting of ideas embodied in an explanation or formula; the other in a word or figure without explanation—are equally significant and reliable on one condition—namely, that the former refer to what is comprehensible and the latter to what is incomprehensible. If this relation be reversed, and any definite form be attached to an incomprehensible idea or truth, the statement will lack both meaning and reliability. The incomprehensible can no more be severed from the indefinite in thought and language than the comprehensible from the definite. Logical definition thus becomes a test of the relation of truth or fact to the human intellect. Whatever is comprehensible can be logically defined, and *vice versâ;* the incomprehensible can neither be defined nor comprehended.

By definition here is meant what logicians call "real"—that which implies that a thing exists corresponding to the word defined—as opposed to "nominal" definition, which simply declares the meaning of a word without reference to the existence of anything corresponding to it; our contention being that only "real definitions" are of any value for philosophical inquiry in the interests of truth. It is quite true that logicians aver that logical definitions are properly "nominal" only, that "the correct notion of a definition (as Mill says) is a proposition declaratory of the meaning of a word," and that "the distinction between nominal and real definitions cannot be maintained." But while this view of definition may be true enough from the logician's standpoint, and may serve all the purposes of formal logic, we maintain that it is absolutely useless, and even gravely misleading, for general and philosophical inquiry. And it is because the important distinction between nominal and real definitions, which actually exists, has been overlooked, and merely nominal definitions accredited with the same force in philosophical as in logical reasoning, that so many futile attempts have been made to define incomprehensible ideas, with serious mischief to the cause of truth. Clearly if, in definition, logic may (as Venn says)[1] select any standard "of truth or reality," and is not confined to the "one test" of normal reason and fact, it is simply worse than useless for purposes of general

[1] *Empirical Logic*, pp. 36, 274, 295.

knowledge. In such cases the statements that "imaginary notions admit of definition as accurately as real ones"; and that (according to Mr. Mill's well-known syllogism of the "serpent (dragon) breathing flame"[1]) definitions "do not presuppose the existence of the thing defined," are assumptions which must in practice lead to serious error; the latter is, in fact, the ground of a weighty objection (to be presently noted) against the reasoning of Spinoza.

It is precisely on this principle of nominal definition that Churches and theologies have claimed (by using the artificial standards of ecclesiastical tradition and authority, instead of the real standards of normal reason and fact) to define incomprehensible religious ideas, and to demand their acceptance as truths, independently of proof of "the existence of the thing defined." In such inquiries a definition which does not "explain and unfold the nature of a thing" is manifestly of no value; and as a definition which does do this in the case of the incomprehensible is impossible, it follows that incomprehensible ideas cannot be defined. Where incomprehensibility begins definition for all practical purposes ends; from this point the Indefinite is the True.

The purpose of the present article is to show the worthlessness of that unfounded prejudice in favour of definition and against the Indefinite, in theology and science, which has grown out of this false use of logic. Its inconsistency is plainly apparent in the fact that it is confined to the two spheres above named, while poetry and art (and religion apart from theology), though equally involving the incomprehensible, are not subject to it. No one dreams of defining the truths of these latter realms, though they are quite as mysterious, and often virtually identical with those of theology; in their case, the Indefinite is readily treated as the True. Our position is that there is no such arbitrary distinction, as is here suggested, between these spheres of human thought and interest; and that all attempts to define the incomprehensible in either of them are equally futile. The Indefinite, whether in the case of the Being of God or the love of man, is alike the path of truth and faith. So far from savouring of what is vague or visionary, this is the predominant fault of all attempts to define mysteries, whether Romish or Oriental. In the region of the incomprehensible, we can never reach any just conceptions through definition, because this appeals exclusively to the intellect. It is the Indefinite presentation alone which appeals to the whole being, and poetically, though not logically, demonstrates truth—reveals the reality and significance of the unseen.

[1] By which it is *logically* proved, taking an heraldic standard, that there are "serpents breathing flame"; "an unexceptionable syllogism, and yet the conclusion is false"; the premises needing to be amended by "a word meaning" to make the conclusion true. So, in defining incomprehensible ideas, we may argue correctly and yet arrive at false conclusions, because nominal definitions "relate to words only."—Mill's *System of Logic*, vol. i. p. 151 *et seq.*

There are three special grounds on which the Indefinite, in the case of incomprehensible ideas, may be held to be the True, a brief survey of which will confirm the foregoing position: (1) Because incomprehensible ideas do not admit of real definition; (2) because all attempts to define them lead to untenable positions; and (3) because such attempts have been uniformly prejudicial to human progress.

I. *The Indefinite is the True, in the case of incomprehensible ideas, because these ideas do not admit of real definition.*

Incomprehensible ideas do not admit of real definition (the only definition admissible in philosophical inquiry) (1) because the words representing them cannot be explained according to the one standard of truth and reality—normal reason; and (2) because no definition of them can necessarily imply "the existence of the thing defined," since positive knowledge is impossible. Both these points find exemplification in the contrast between the real definitions of comprehensible and the attempted definitions of incomprehensible ideas. In the former case, the recognised purposes of definition—to express the meaning of a word and to fix its limits—are fairly attained. In all branches of mathematics, for instance, clear and accurate definition is essential alike to their elucidation and acquirement, while in ethics, elementary science, and political economy, definition is, in varying degrees, extremely helpful as a means of exposition and enforcement. On the other hand, definition affords no assistance whatever in the realms of speculative science (where the ideas are incomprehensible), poetry, or theology, the terms of which it can neither explain nor limit. The value of definition in the former case depends entirely on the comprehensibility of the ideas defined; its inutility, in the latter, on their incomprehensibility. This contrast may be further traced, with the same implications, in the opposite effects of defining comprehensible and incomprehensible ideas. Definition of the former has uniformly tended to elucidate truth and to unite inquirers; attempted definitions of the latter have always issued in disagreement, and not unfrequently led to open rupture, besides creating serious errors. Definition, indeed, has been one of the greatest indirect sources of theological and philosophical strife; battles being often fought over mere words, amid which truth itself has been completely lost sight of in the strife about the definition of it. "If," it has been well said, "you want to see the true white heat of controversial passion, if you would see men fling away the very thought of reconciliation and close in internecine conflict, you should look at controversialists who do not differ at all, but who have adopted different words to express the same opinion."

But the chief proof of the impossibility of really defining incomprehensible ideas lies in the acknowledged failure of theological definition. Passing over the familiar examples of this in the creeds of historic Churches, we would point to an instance of it in a recently published American book,[1] taking an Evangelical standpoint, and which has been described by a London Congregational Minister as

"a book in which an American thinker has stated frankly and tersely and convincingly those eternal truths in which we all believe, but which we do not all definitely conceive, and for want of conceiving them sometimes present them too mistily to convince the understanding of the Church."[2]

It is quite true that this book presents carefully stated definitions of the incomprehensible ideas of theology. But these attempts only serve to show the utter impossibility of defining these ideas. They make it plain that "real definitions" of them are hopeless, and that "nominal definitions," based on some artificial standard, bring us no nearer to truth and fact. The writer, indeed, confesses that his definitions rather avoid the inexplicable than define it. "The deep things of God," he says, "cannot be defined"; and he frankly disclaims all "scientific terminology."

"The long-used terms of theology have gathered about them a mass of conflicting definitions. . . . Long-continued discussion has rendered the technical terms ambiguous, and the employment of them is not favourable to precision or to mutual understanding."

In attempting to define the being and nature of God, Dr. Clarke writes:

"The origin of the word 'God' is uncertain. It is a Teutonic word. . . . It is not allied, as often supposed, with good. . . . There is no serious loss from our ignorance. . . . The subject is too vast for satisfactory defining (p. 62). [After pages of comment.] The conception of God is summed up in a single word 'light.' 'God is light,' means God is holiness, and God is love (p. 102). Life is undefinable, and yet we know it well" (p. 76).

Not much light here, at least from definition. The only real glimmer we get is just where it is discarded, and the plain, poetical words of Scripture accepted. Referring to his definition of the Holy Spirit's work in Regeneration, the writer significantly adds:

"If it be objected that this definition does not define the act of the Holy Spirit by telling just what he does, the reply is that this is what *no definition can do* [italics ours.] Beneath all definitions there remains the mystery of life, and the mystery of the action of spirit upon spirit. What this spiritually vivifying touch of God is, no man will ever know" (p. 397).

Similar provisoes are made in reference to other doctrines. After eighteen pages of comment on the doctrine of the Trinity, the

[1] *Outlines of Christian Theology.* By Professor W. N. Clarke, D.D., Colgate University, Hamilton, N.Y.
[2] Dr. R. F. Horton.

writer says: "Whatever harm has come from the doctrine has come because of over-definition, unspiritual discussion of a spiritual mystery, and misuse of the doctrine in its abstract and metaphysical forms as a test of faith and orthodoxy" (p. 180). Evidently this book will not help us much to "definitely conceive" the "eternal truths" it deals with. No book, in fact, could more conclusively prove that their definition is impossible.

That this is equally true of incomprehensible scientific ideas—and that, therefore, as regards all such ideas, the Indefinite is the True—is incidentally shown in the next section of this article. This position receives indirect confirmation from the following verdict of Dr. G. P. Fisher (of Yale College) on the reasoning of Spinoza, which suggests that even the greatest thinkers may be misled by not sufficiently distinguishing between nominal and real definitions.

"No philosopher, with the possible exception of Aristotle, has been more lauded for his rigorous logic than Spinoza. In truth, few philosophers have included more fallacies in the exposition of their systems. The pages of the Ethics swarm with paralogisms, all veiled under the forms of rigid mathematical statement. His fundamental definitions, whatever verbal precision may belong to them, are, as regards the realities of being, unproved assumptions. His reasoning from beginning to end is vitiated by the realistic presupposition which underlies the *a priori* arguments of Anselm and Descartes for the being of God, that the actual existence of a being can be inferred from the definition of a word. He falls into this mistake . . . in his very first definition. . . . His argument is an argument from definitions, without having offered proof of the existence of the thing defined."—*Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief*, p. 74.

II. *The Indefinite is the True, in the case of incomprehensible ideas, because all attempts to define them lead to untenable positions.*

This is equally true of (incomprehensible) scientific and theological ideas. Take, for instance, as a sample of the former, the idea of Evolution. Two facts show its indefinability: the contradictory interpretations of it held by equally competent authorities, and the diametrically opposite issues to which these interpretations lead. On the one hand, Professors Owen, Huxley, Wallace, and Dr. Martineau substantially teach that Evolution means simply Darwin's theory of development of higher forms of life out of lower, a theory which admits of Divine creative acts; on the other hand, Descartes, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and Mr. J. M. Robertson may be quoted to show that Evolution has quite "other meanings" than Darwin's, meanings which preclude any supernatural interference in the work of creation. Dr. Martineau, defining Evolution, says

"it means to unfold from within; and it is taken from the history of the seed or embryo of living natures. And what is the seed but a casket of prearranged futurities with its whole contents *prospective*, settled to be what they are by reflected ends still in the distance?"—*Contemporary Review*, vol. xix. p. 621.

Professor Owen reminds us that

"Natural evolution is not the less recognisable as the act of an all-adaptive mind, because we have abandoned the old error of a primary direct and sudden act of creational construction. . . . Organisms may be evolved in orderly manner, stage after stage, towards a foreseen goal, and the broad features of the course may still show the unmistakable impress of divine volition."—Mivart's "Genesis of Species" (*Transactions of the Geological Society*), p. 274.

Contrast with these extracts Mr. Herbert Spencer's reply to Dr. Martineau:

"This criticism would have been very much to the point did the word Evolution truly express the process to which it is applied. . . . But . . . Evolution has other meanings, some of which are incongruous with, and some even directly opposed to, the meaning here given to it."—*Contemporary Review*, vol. xx. p. 148.

One of these "other meanings," the materialistic (the truth or falsehood of which we are not here concerned with), is thus endorsed by Mr. J. M. Robertson. Referring to the theory of Evolution, he says:

"That theory requires the hypothesis that the human species was developed during a necessarily vast space of time, from a lower species, and that again from a still lower species, and so on till the mind has regressed to the first forms of life. The theory may or may not be true; but that is what it means as regards human life."—*Fortnightly Review*, November 18, 1898, p. 737.

To these statements, on the Materialistic side, may be added the verdict of Descartes, "that the physical world and all things in it, whether living or not living, have originated by a process of evolution, due to the continuous operation of purely physical causes, out of a primitive relatively formless matter."

That these conflicting interpretations involve an untenable position—since contradictories cannot both be true—finds further confirmation in Mr. Spencer's claim that "the difference" between himself and Dr. Martineau "is this, that where he [Dr. M.] thinks there is no mystery, the doctrine he combats recognises a mystery." This, as any one acquainted with Darwin's views will know, is by no means accurate.[1] Darwin, Mr. Romanes, Huxley, and other scientists, clearly recognise the problem of Evolution, especially of the evolution of mind.

Darwin says:

"I have nothing to do with the origin of the mental powers, any more than I have with that of life itself."—*Origin of Species*, p. 191.

"In what manner the mental powers were first developed in the lowest

[1] In the very article from which the foregoing quotation is taken (*Contemporary Review*, vol. xx. p. 152), Mr. Spencer charges Dr. Martineau and his school with saying that Materialists "imagine they have solved the mystery of things when they have shown the processes of Evolution to be naturally caused," and repudiates the charge. But this charge would be simply meaningless if Dr. Martineau had thought there was "no mystery" in Evolution.

organisms is as hopeless an inquiry as how life itself first originated."—*Descent of Man*, p. 66.

The complexity becomes absolutely hopeless when we find Mr. Spencer coming at last to repudiate his own objection to Dr. Martineau, and to differ from him only where, in our view, there is no difference at all. Mr. Spencer's declaration that he "cannot find any interpretation" of Evolution amounts simply to taking refuge in Agnosticism from the logical consequences of his own reasoning.

"Speaking for myself only, I may say that, agreeing entirely with Mr. Martineau in repudiating the Materialistic interpretation as utterly futile, I differ from him simply in this, that while he says he has found another interpretation, I confess that I cannot find any interpretation; while he holds that he can understand the Power which is manifested in things, I feel obliged to admit, after many failures, that I cannot understand it."—*Contemporary Review*, vol. xx. p. 153.[1]

Mr. Herbert Spencer's inconsistency here fully justifies the following remarks of a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (vol. viii. [9th ed.] p. 765):

"From his (Mr. Spencer's) general scheme of evolution one would be prepared to find him avowing himself a materialist. Yet he seeks to avoid this conclusion by saying that it is one unknowable reality which manifests itself alike in the material and in the mental domain. . . . This unknowable reality is commonly spoken of as force, and in many places seems to be identified with material force. Mr. Spencer makes little use of his metaphysical conception in accounting for the evolution of things. He tells us neither why this unknowable should manifest itself in time at all, nor why it should appear as a material world before it appears under the form of mind or consciousness. Indeed, Mr. Spencer's doctrine of Evolution cannot be said to have received from its author an adequate metaphysical interpretation."[2]

These conflicting extracts will suffice to show that the attempts to define Evolution, leading as they do to untenable positions, prove it to be at present, at any rate, one of those incomprehensible ideas of which the Indefinite is the True.

Few words will be needed to show that the attempts to define incomprehensible theological ideas equally lead to untenable positions. Take, for example, the idea of God. To what utter contradictory conceptions have the attempted definitions of Deity led! In Protestant and Roman Catholic theology, to that of a Trinity; in Parseeism to a Duality; among Unitarians, Jews, Mohammedans, and Buddhists, to a more or less absolute Unity;

[1] Though this controversy between the late Dr. Martineau and Mr. Herbert Spencer occurred some years ago, it none the less illustrates the point in question. Does not Mr. Spencer, in this passage, confuse two very different things—recognising and understanding? May we not—as the late Dr. Martineau did—*recognise* "the Power manifested in things" as Divine or supernatural without claiming to *understand* it?

[2] Mr. Hector Macpherson entirely acquits Mr. Spencer of the charge of Materialism.—See WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July, p. 62.

in Hinduism to Negation; and in Confucianism to the notion of Heaven.[1] "Allah," the supreme God of the ancient Arabs, has ninety-nine principal epithets or names. "There is one exalted name of God, supposed only to be known to the prophets and great saints; and it is said that Mahomet declared that whoever calls upon God by that name will obtain all his desires. Consequently the Moslem fakirs and mystics spend much of their time in trying to find it out; those who assert that they know it gain great influence over the superstitious." Perhaps the most prominent instance of the untenable positions to which definition of the idea of God has led is found in the Athanasian Creed (one of the most glaring cases of nominal definition). Hence this creed is strongly repudiated, on logical as well as on religious grounds, by many orthodox Protestant Churches. At the first Congress of the Scottish Established Church, held at Glasgow in October 1899, Principal Story

"denounced the Athanasian Creed, with its clusters of incomprehensibilities, as perhaps, on the whole, the most odious and profane formula ever pronounced by a presumptuous Church. They ought to be thankful, as Scottish Churchmen, that their national Confession assumed no infallibility and claimed no finality."

Pleading for greater freedom of action, Dr. Story said:

"It was too much the method in the ecclesiastical world to curb natural vigour by trying too zealously to direct its efforts. When they had a living and expressive activity, they should not insist on rules of too strict uniformity."

But that definition of incomprehensible ideas leads to untenable positions, and that therefore the Indefinite in their case is the True, may be shown negatively as well as positively. On the principle that incomprehensible ideas cannot be defined, it follows, by parity of reasoning, that comprehensible ideas *can* be defined. And if our argument that defining incomprehensible ideas leads to untenable positions be sound, it must also follow that the assertion that comprehensible ideas—ethical truths, for instance—*cannot* be defined must also lead to untenable positions. And this is precisely the result of such denial by the Rev. T. B. Strong, M.A., in the *Bampton Lectures* for 1895, as the following extracts will show. The writer argues that ethical ideas, which are assuredly comprehensible, and self-evident to the instructed reason, are essentially indefinite and require to be defined by theologians in the interests of the Church. Mr. Strong thinks

"there are no axioms of this [scientific] sort in morality. . . . To ask for them in morality . . . is to assume that scientific order rules in practical life. . . . The rules of morality are notoriously not axiomatic" (p. 307).

[1] Matthew Arnold, it is well known, defined God as "a stream of tendency," and "a power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness."

"A particular set of erroneous opinions, a particular refusal of belief in God or in Christ, may be not merely a regrettable departure from conventional convictions, but a moral outrage—morally comparable, not with a physical stumble over some hidden obstacle, but with murder, or adultery, or any other crime. . . . I say this . . . *must* be whenever the will has entered into and coloured the result" (p. 219).

The former of these passages verbally refutes itself. The conclusion that morality is not axiomatic or definable, because "scientific order" does not "rule in practical life" is vitiated by the fallacy that the term "axiom" stands for the same relation in ethics as in science, whereas it represents quite a different relation. In science "axiom" means that nothing else is *possible;* in ethics, that nothing else is *right.* As regards moral laws, the question is not whether violation is possible, but whether man's normal intelligence justifies violation. As the normal conscience never does this, but instinctively and universally admits the claims of morality—admits the obligations of truth, justice, and purity as spontaneously as the reason admits that "the whole is greater than a part"—the rules of morality (despite their actual violation) are just as "axiomatic" as the principles of geometry. For if morality were not thus "axiomatic," if it required some "extra rational sanction" to define and justify it, man would not be an essentially moral being and responsibility would be at an end. And the utterly immoral position to which Mr. Strong's views lead him, in the second passage above quoted, thoroughly confirms this reasoning. It offers, in fact, a complete refutation of the statement that "there are no axioms in morality," for every sane mind will at once repudiate with indignation the outrageous suggestion that "erroneous opinions" are "*morally comparable with murder, or adultery, or any other crime.*"[1] Mr. Strong may well hold that *his* "rules of morality are not axiomatic," for this is certainly not one of those "scientific axioms of which" (he says) "the contradictory is inconceivable."

III. *The Indefinite is the True, in the case of incomprehensible ideas, because their attempted definition has always been prejudicial to progress.*

That definition of incomprehensible ideas hinders human progress, and is thus presumably false, while its converse is presumably true, may be argued from three of its effects: its limitation of freedom, its depression of art and culture, and its misrepresentation of religion.

Limitation of freedom has been a marked result of the custom of

[1] Cardinal Pole's abhorrent maxim, which even Ignatius Loyola repudiated, though the Jesuit principle that "the end sanctifies the means" is only a shade better. Strange contradiction for a Protestant clergyman thus to sanction one of the most immoral features of Romanism!

defining incomprehensible ideas, because the latter has always been associated with the desire and effort to enforce these definitions on mankind. This has been the characteristic policy of all creed-bound Churches and philosophical schools, Roman Catholicism (and sometimes Protestantism) resorting even to persecution to secure adhesion to their special theological definitions. Not only, indeed, has Rome striven to enforce acceptance of its definitions of the incomprehensible, but even to arrest definitions of the comprehensible—of those facts of elementary science which, though often hidden, are ultimately discoverable. For the definition of some comprehensible ideas is continually subject to revision, as new light arises, and to attempt to arrest this and to force men's opinions into the old grooves is quite as prejudicial to progress as to compel them to accept authoritative definitions of what must ever remain unknown. These oppressive policies find familiar illustration in Rome's treatment of Galileo and in the persecution of Roger Bacon. The conflict between the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems of astronomy shows how the change in the definition of comprehensible ideas affected acceptance of the Church's definition of incomprehensible ideas, and that it was for the sake of the latter that Rome resisted the former. Dr. Fisher justly says:

"It is easy to understand the tremendous shock which the Copernican theory gave to existing religious views. It was not merely that particular texts—like Joshua x. 12-14 and Ps. xix. 5—appeared to be contravened: the whole cosmological conception of Genesis, besides numerous echoes of it in subsequent pages of Scripture, seemed to be subverted, at the same time that established ideas respecting the future state of existence and the location of the different abodes of the good and evil—ideas sanctioned by patristic and scholastic authority—were shaken to their foundation."—*Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief*, p. 449.

Religious persecution, indeed, never directly furthered truth itself or advanced real progress, but simply enforced the views of certain Churches and Schools. The horrors of the Inquisition and the fires of Smithfield really arose out of Rome's claim to demand acceptance of her definitions of incomprehensible ideas; a claim directed, not against *error*, but against unauthorised definitions of truth, or against leaving indefinite what Rome had once decreed. Roger Bacon, in the thirteenth century (like Galileo in the seventeenth) was a notable victim of this religious tyranny.

"Roger Bacon was persecuted by reason of the scientific spirit which he manifested and exemplified in his researches. His lectures at Oxford were interdicted by Bonaventura, the general of the Franciscan Order, of which he was a member. He lived at Paris under a sort of ecclesiastical surveillance for ten years. Later his books were condemned and he was in prison for fourteen years. . . . He was himself a sincere Christian believer—as firm a believer as the ecclesiastics who imposed penalties on him for his teaching. The story of Roger Bacon is the story of a contest within the Church in a half-enlightened age."—*Ibid.* p. 464.

A similar remark to that with which this quotation closes is made by this writer respecting Galileo. Both Galileo and Descartes (as we learn from another source) were led to disguise their opinions through "fear of the powers that were," but neither really abandoned them. It is impossible to read the *Principes de la Philosophie* without perceiving this in the case of the latter. But even in some Protestant churches to-day freedom is often limited by insisting on the acceptance of definitions of incomprehensible ideas, to the serious hindrance of religious and moral progress; as in the case of Dr. Weingart, a Hanoverian pastor, who was, some time ago, dismissed from his office for expressing views of Christ's resurrection opposed to those of the Lutheran Church, though shared by hundreds of his fellow-pastors. And similar cases are by no means unknown in Scotland and the United States. The point of offence in such cases is not necessarily the rejection of a doctrine, but simply of a particular definition of it.

Depression of art and culture—another hindrance to progress—has been a further result of the definition of incomprehensible ideas and the tendency to enforce them. Hence the paralysis of learning and thought in the middle ages, when free inquiry was a crime, individual opinion heresy, and mechanism reigned both in art and religion. Even in later times literature and art have been impoverished and deformed by the dread of or indifference to fact nurtured by artificial notions of truth and nature, originating in the same tendency to define the incomprehensible. Men were often afraid to know for fear of not being able to believe. Hence the gibe of Erasmus, in the sixteenth century, that "our theologians call it a sign of holiness to be unable to read." And how many instances of the deteriorating influence of over-definition and artificial exactness are presented by modern poetry and art which, despite the support of great names, often brings them down from their true level—the indefinite expression of the infinite and the spiritual—to the low platform of the precise and commonplace; a contrast, indeed, to those lofty indefinite moral and religious ideas which the highest poetry and art so emphatically inculcate.

The misrepresentation of religion, arising from the definition of incomprehensible ideas, has proved a still greater hindrance to progress, in relation alike to the Bible, theology, and human brotherhood. Every one is familiar with the way Scripture has suffered—its meaning being often exactly reversed—by adhesion to some irrational theory of Inspiration. Nothing can show this more plainly than the complete revolution which has taken place of late years on this point. Fifty years ago belief in the Bible was absolutely bound up with its verbal accuracy even on scientific points, and its authority centred in the dogmatic systems of theology it was supposed to teach. Now, with the best results both in faith

and character, the very opposite conception of the Bible prevails, and this has clearly arisen from the fact that the former was untenable; that rigid definition was found to be *not* the characteristic of the Bible, either as regards fact or doctrine, and therefore could not be—as experience also showed—conducive to religious faith. Professor Henry Drummond truly says:

"There is the widest possible difference between truth in the Bible and truth in theology. Truth in the Bible is a fountain; it is a diffused nutriment, so diffused that no one can put himself off with a form; it is reached, not by thinking, but by doing; it is seen, discerned, but not demonstrated; it cannot be bolted whole, but must be slowly absorbed into the system. Its vagueness to the mere intellect, its refusal to be packed into portable phrases, its satisfactory unsatisfyingness, its vast atmosphere, its finding us, its mystical hold on us, these are the forms of its infinity."

As a matter of fact, the Bible does not favour definition. All its finer portions consist essentially of poetry—in the forms of prophecy, parable, or song—often of metrical poetry; the incomprehensible religious, as distinct from the comprehensible ethical, ideas taking a distinctly indefinite, rather than a definite, form, the indefiniteness of the former emphasising rather than weakening the latter. For it is just where the poetical conception is most complete—most spiritual, subjective, and informal—that the teaching is strongest and clearest, both religiously and ethically; whereas whenever logical definition is introduced, or premature scientific statement ventured on, Scripture loses something of its penetrating and commanding power.[1]

Theology of every shade bears unmistakable marks of the baneful effect of the definition of incomprehensible ideas. As in the case of the Bible, the changes that have taken place in recent years have all tended towards a less rigid interpretation of such ideas; and the gradual shifting of the supreme authority for religious faith from traditions and dogmas to personal experience shows how strongly the incubus of theological definition has been felt, and the importance, in the interests of real progress, of shaking it off. It has been well said, in reference to this point:

"The conclusion of criticism would seem to be that no one absolute, infallible authority for faith is to be found in the region of intellectual judgments. Each offered authority, when viewed in the light of pure reason, fails at some point. . . . But this does not mean that we are stranded in the shallows of final uncertainty. . . . From the purely intellectual standpoint we are led to see that, since we cannot compass the infallibly received infallible authority for faith, we must be content with an imperfect perception of the grounds of belief. In other words, we are brought to the position long since enunciated by Bishop Butler, that . . .

[1] Compare the grand poetical indefiniteness of Gen. i. 1 and Job xxvi. 7 with the mechanical definiteness of 1 Sam. ii. 8; Job ix. 6; and Ps. lxxv. 3.

probability must be our guide. . . . Pascal, a more profound thinker than Butler, says that God desires to influence the will rather than the intellect, and that perfect lucidity would serve the intellect and injure the will. . . . It is experience that makes the [scientific] expert. . . . May it not be the same in religion? . . . It is the practical knowledge of religion, not the scientific—that is, the methodised knowledge of theology—that faith is concerned with. . . . Logically arranged, like the arguments by which a man would demonstrate the existence of his mother's love, if he ever made the foolish attempt, the reasoning is still to be reckoned imperfect; but practically in this its personal relation faith can become unlimited."—Rev. W. F. Adeney, M.A. (New College, London, Congregationalist).

Human brotherhood—a prime factor in progress—has also suffered through the tendency to define incomprehensible ideas and authoritatively enforce definitions of them. Such definition has always, as already suggested, tended to divide, not to unite men—to create religious rivalry and sectarianism rather than harmony and concord. And the practical benefits of Christianity have been largely discounted by the spirit of disunion thus fostered. It is only, in fact, by the discouragement of theological definition that a more generous and fraternal spirit has of late arisen in the Christian Church, and its philanthropic activities become more unsectarian and universal. Nothing is clearer than that the actual good accomplished by religious bodies has been in an inverse ratio to their emphatic definition of incomprehensible ideas and their reliance on its authority. Free Churches, which repudiate all authoritative theological creeds, compare favourably, both as to numbers and influence, with State Churches, which rely on them; the membership of the former, if somewhat smaller, consisting of convinced adherents, while that of the latter includes many formal hangers-on. Even the smaller sects show how detrimental definition of incomprehensible ideas is to influence and usefulness. Swedenborgianism, for example, though containing many lofty spiritual ideas, has failed to gain much acceptance for them because of its elaborate definitions of the incomprehensible. The Society of Friends, on the other hand, though from other causes necessarily small in numbers, has, in spite of its minority as compared with other religious bodies, exercised, through its doctrinal simplicity and freedom from theological definitions, quite an exceptional influence in politics and social life.

If, then, as we have endeavoured to show, incomprehensible ideas do not admit of real definition, if all attempts to define them lead to untenable conclusions, and if such attempts have been uniformly prejudicial to progress, it follows that, in the case of such ideas, the Indefinite is the True. Three practical advantages—it may be remarked in closing—would result from a general acceptance of this principle. It would check controversy about enigmas, diminish childish reverence for the past, and encourage absolute freedom of

thought and opinion. There cannot be a greater delusion than the idea that entire uniformity of belief in things incomprehensible, or intellectually debatable, is possible or desirable, or that it is attainable by perpetual disputing. But cease to define the incomprehensible, accept the Indefinite as true, and one of the chief sources of that fruitless wrangling, which only distracts men from practical service without bringing them a whit nearer in thought, would be got rid of. So, too, that servile reverence for the past, which often hangs as a millstone about our modern life, would be effectively checked by a cessation of the hopeless endeavour to express the poetical conceptions of speculative science and theology in definite logical forms. Above all, the settled conviction that as regards the incomprehensible the Indefinite is the True, would more than any other tend to strike off all fetters from thought and opinion forged by tradition in the past or by dogmatism in the present; would make it clear to all that truth is in no way bound up with men's definitions of it, and by discouraging futile contentions about "questions and strifes of words," leave men absolutely free to promote those practical moral and social changes on which the welfare of society essentially depends.

CHARLES FORD.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

It may seem to the reader that the question of open windows is one which does not concern him; that it is of no interest and of no importance to him. But the truth is far otherwise, and few realise it; so few, indeed, that one never meets them unless it be such as have come to realise it through one's own efforts. But that it is a matter of importance to every living being is none the less the fact.

It seems almost unbelievable that most people spend twenty or more hours of every twenty-four cooped up and closed in behind windows and doors, deprived of that pure air which is the food necessary for their systems—from that pure air which the long processes of evolution have been fitting their organs to use, and of which now, in this day of civilisation, they seek arbitrarily to deny themselves;[1] that for these twenty hours every day they are breathing more or less foul, stagnant, poisonous, germ-laden—and to any one used to better—loathsome air. It is hard to believe that people everywhere are living thus when it is possible for them to breathe in their own homes, every hour of their lives, air practically as pure as that of the outer atmosphere, which alone is suited to their needs. It has always been taught, and is still taught, that if colds and rheumatism, and the hundred and one ills that imagination has connected with these, are to be avoided it is necessary to beware of open windows, of damp, and of draughts.[2] Mothers have warned their children, and doctors have told their patients, that it is so, and they have been implicitly believed; and it has come to be the general conviction that an open window on a cold day in winter, and a current of air through a sitting-room or bed-room, are things most dangerous to health. Consequently every one is most careful to see

[1] It is only since the introduction of glass for use in windows that such a disease as consumption has become a scourge; before that time life had generally to be lived in window-open, ventilated houses.

[2] I received, not long since, a letter from a lady, ill of consumption, who, having read of, determined to try the Nordrach treatment, as she was getting worse in spite of all the drugs she was taking. She opened the windows of her house, put herself upon a liberal diet, and in other ways began to carry out that treatment. Her doctor said that she was mad, that she would kill herself, and tried to persuade her husband to nail up the windows so that they might not be opened; but her husband had also read, and was convinced of his wife's sanity. The windows were kept open and the treatment adhered to, with the result that at the time of writing this lady was gaining in strength rapidly, and was well on the way to recovery.

that windows are always tightly closed, and that doors fit perfectly and are draught-proof. And yet, strange as it may seem, this is the surest way to catch a cold, and to be overtaken by the very things that are being anxiously avoided.

We are usually told that if we get a wetting, or sit in a draught, we will catch cold. These things are associated in some way with internal or external congestions and consequent disarrangements and illness; but such explanations do not, however, fit in with all the facts of the case, for they do not cover such instances as those in which we got a wetting, or sat in a draught without catching cold. Therefore it is evident that getting wet and sitting in draughts are not the causes of colds. The true explanation of catching a cold is a very different matter. A person in robust health cannot catch a cold, because a cold is a germ disease—is caused by a pathogenic, or disease-producing, bacterium—and he may come in contact with the germs, but being in good health the blood corpuscles and tissue cells—those sentient, almost rational, microscopical specs of living protoplasm—of his body are in a fit state to war against and exterminate the intruding germs. Disease germs cannot live in healthy tissue.

When the vital forces are lowered, as they are by overwork, under-nourishment, anxiety, or, let us say, a wetting, the tissue cells and blood corpuscles, crowds of which are in a single drop of blood, and part of whose duty it seems to be to clear the system of all intruding disease-germs, are in some mysterious way rendered less active or less potent to overcome germs of disease; and if there be not a reserve of strength so as to prevent the vitality of these phagocytic cells (so called because they devour or engulf harmful and other particles) being reduced below resisting point, the germs (disease cells) gain the mastery and begin to multiply at an enormous rate, and at last, generating their poisons and their noxious influences, hold the whole system at their mercy, and the person is ill. This is the simple explanation of catching a cold, taking sore throat, influenza, rheumatism, consumption, small-pox, most likely cancer, and the many other infectious diseases. It is easy to explain how damp feet, a wetting, or sitting in a draught, gives a cold. Most people know the theory of latent heat and its converse. When a person gets a wetting and remains in wet clothing for any length of time the moisture evaporates, and in so doing—or so to do—it extracts a considerable amount of heat from the body. Sitting in a draught produces the same effect.[1] The extraction of this heat does

[1] Our bodies contain heat, and a constant draught passing over them extracts some of that heat, and so, in some degree, lowers the resisting power of the system; but this is not of the slightest danger to any but such as live in close rooms—which are germ-full, and which also accustom their occupants to require to live at an unnatural pitch of heat—and then only if such persons be in indifferent health. I sit constantly in all conceivable kinds of draughts without harm. Not long since a medical man, with whom I had a difference of opinion as to draughts, told me that I would

not lower the body temperature, but adversely affects the organised cells, reducing their potency and rendering them, if the person be but on the borderland of good health, liable to be overcome by intruding "cold," (or other) germs that may either be in the atmosphere breathed or in the system itself, with the consequence that the person catches a cold. But if, on the other hand, the person under consideration has a reserve of strength—is in good condition (the body cells well nurtured) and not just on the borderland of good or bad health—his system is able to afford this amount of vital force lowering, without being brought below the point at which it can overcome the intruders. A person thus must be just at the par of health before, say, a wetting will give him a cold; if he is above par he will not in any way suffer, even though he be in constant contact with "cold" germs.

Two conditions therefore must be present before a person can contract a germ or infectious disease. There must be the presence of the germs of the disease, and also there must be a low condition of health, permanent or for the time being superinduced, in the person. If there be no germs present in the system or in the surroundings it is impossible to catch the malady; while on the other hand, if the body-cells (blood corpuscles, tissue, and other cells) are in the vigorousness of good health, the disease will not, under normal conditions of environment, be contracted even on contact with infection. For instance, a person might go to live a life in the open, say on a mountain side, where there were no germs of consumption or rheumatism or "cold." He might systematically half starve himself, work hard and expose himself in all weathers, yet he would not catch cold nor take rheumatism nor consumption. But

certainly get a stiff neck, if not a cold, by sitting in a proper draught for a time. I knew by theory as well as by practice that it was impossible for me to catch a cold in such a way; but I could not say as to the stiff neck, which is of a mechanical nature. I would, however, give the matter a trial. Having opened all the doors, as well as the windows, in my house I was able to improvise a very concentrated draught between a slightly opened window and an open door. Taking off my coat (so as to give the poor draught a better chance), I sat down in this draught in such a way that it played full on my exposed neck, at which point it was able to blow out a lighted match. In this way I sat for three hours without inconvenience and without in the least feeling even the approach of stiff neck. And why? Because I had been living constantly in a temperature the same as, or approximating to, that of the draught, and my whole system was consequently strengthened and toned to the necessary pitch. The result would have been different if I had been breathing the atmosphere of close rooms with my physical vigorousness only such as a life in these places induces. But what can be said when at some of the colleges of such a university as Cambridge the physical powers of the students—who for vigorousness are the pick of the country—are debilitated by their rooms being heated like ovens by patent hot-air grates; and when these students are advised by circular not to open the windows if the room becomes unbearably hot, but to take in a reef in the patent hot-air grate? Could anything be less calculated to produce men? Could anything be less like the training of the youth of classic times? At our universities and colleges little or no attempt is made to teach the medical students the broad and simple laws of health and the art of preventive medicine, or to induce them to look in a reasonable way at the scientific principles underlying their profession; but much time is wasted in the giving of instruction in quack empiricism, in the expounding upon antediluvian drugs and simples, and in the teaching of craft shibboleths.

let this person do these things whilst living in a town and in closed rooms where these germs abound and he would at once become a martyr to colds, and later on, in no long time, a victim to consumption. But again, if he be well nourished, and not overworked, and if his strength be not reduced in any unfair way, he will walk unharmed, as the majority generally do, amid the hordes of disease germs that, under present conditions, infest our homes. It is only when the system is reduced to below resisting point, say by long fasting—for after a meal the number and power of the blood corpuscles are increased, and the risk of infection is much lessened—or by insufficient food, under-oxidation (impure air) overwork, want of sleep, over-sedentariness—for all these mean under-nourishment—or in any other way, when the potency of the body-cells—those ultimates of life—is impaired, that disease germs, even after gaining access to the system, can make headway.[1]

It is hard in a few bald sentences in such a restricted space to explain this wonderfully grand, though simple, cosmology of health. It would take a volume, and a large one at that, to present in all its forms the universality of the laws governing good health and illness; the causes and effects, and the apparent contradictions that, on sounder knowledge, but fit in harmoniously and make the unity of working—the lawfulness—of the whole the more evident. For there is a unity in all; understand the rationale of one disease and you understand the rationale of every disease. You will then perceive that a constant war is being waged between the body-cells—those living things, the only living things, of the body (biological manifestations being only mechanical), the ORGANISED LIFE, and the germs or cells of disease, the VAGRANT LIFE.[2] So constant and so unfailingly and unvaryingly certain in their workings are the laws

[1] See what havoc diseases of all kinds play on the emaciated frames of a famine-stricken people. See the thousands of quite avoidable deaths fever has caused amongst our oftentimes half-starved troops in South Africa. As a rule we all take too little nourishment. I would give a case that came under my own notice. A young lady was left in charge of four school-boys for a few weeks during the absence of the mistress of the house. The young lady persuaded these boys that it was harmful to eat much, and that the worst thing they could do was to take a hearty meal. The consequence was that, on the return of the lady of the house, the boys were thin and pale and starved looking. It is a pity to relate, but not surprising, that this young lady is now in consumption.

[2] Observations are tending to indicate that some free cells—bacteria—may, under varying conditions, be protophytic (living upon inorganic matter), saprophytic (living upon dead organic matter, and bringing about fermentative or putrefactive changes), or parasitic (feeding upon living organic matter), or even upon cells of their own species—(Is cancer a similar instance in the case of organised cells?)—and that the same parasitic cell may be either non-pathogenic or pathogenic (disease-producing, living upon and destroying organised cells) and pathogenic even in varying kind and degree according to circumstances. Organised cells (animal and vegetable cells) and free cells reproduce similarly, elaborate and metabolate similarly, are similarly constituted, composed, affected, nourished, and can antagonise each other, sometimes one sometimes the other gaining the mastery. No fast line can be drawn between free animal cells (protozoa) and free vegetable cells (protophyta—under which are classed bacteria in general) as in many cases properties belonging to the cells of one kingdom are possessed by the cells classed in the other kingdom. Saprophytic and parasitic bacteria are, from their mode of nutriting, more like animal than vegetable cells.

governing health and disease in all organisms that they may be expressed in the form of a general law, thus: ALL DISEASE IS OF GERM ORIGIN. AN ORGANISM CANNOT BE ATTACKED BY A DISEASE UNTIL THE CELLS OF THE ORGANISM ARE REDUCED IN POTENCY TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT THEY ARE NO LONGER ABLE TO RESIST AND OVERCOME THE GERMS OF THE DISEASE.

This law would refer to vegetable as well as to animal life, and "disease" is to be taken to mean all, except what is merely mechanical or chemical, that injuriously affects an organism. It is not necessary here to prove that an ordinary cold is a germ disease —that it is infectious—for, although few people yet accept it, the knowledge is safe to rapidly spread. All other infectious diseases such as influenza, consumption, and scarlet fever, are, although the exciting bacterium in some cases has not been discovered, so generally considered to be of germ origin that they do not need to be mentioned in this connection. But with rheumatism it is different; it is seldom looked upon as a germ disease; yet everything points to rheumatism being of germ origin. From analogy, from every point of view, one is forced to this conclusion. It is generally supposed that damp, cold, and exposure are the causes of rheumatism, and yet the people who think so also somehow attribute rheumatism to excess of certain acids in the system. Where is the connection? There is none. How can these two sets of causes be made to reconcile? They cannot. Moreover, many people who are often drenched and wet and exposed for many hours at a time never have rheumatism. It cannot be explained in this way, because it is not a disease which arises from exposure—even of years—for it is often met with in warm, dry climates. It is also contracted by people, such as seamstresses, who are never exposed; and it is now known that rheumatism is frequent among children. It is a disease which affects young and old, exposed and unexposed alike. Outdoor labourers who, when they get old, are said to be subject to rheumatism, are pointed to as proof that exposure to wettings causes it. But if this be so, it is merely because as they grow older they are less able to stand the loss of vital force, and so less able to resist the germs of rheumatism; and living, as they generally do, in close hovels, they render themselves doubly liable to fall victims. But I know a farmer who is now seventy years of age, and who for thirty years of his life every winter spent weeks on end gathering wrack from the seashore, drenched from morning to night, from head to foot, and who yet has never had a twinge of rheumatism, because he has always been able to live well, resided in a good house, was much in the open, and had not, as he grew older, to overwork. An old roadman of over sixty, who mends the road running past my house, works in his shirt-sleeves in all weathers, and is sometimes in the rain for a whole day. He has three miles to walk to and from his

work. I asked him if he were troubled with rheumatism? "Rheumatism!" he replied, "I have never had an ache nor a pain in my life." The whole workings of this illness can point to no other conclusion than that it is of germ origin. Under proper conditions of life no exposure short of being frozen, or of working so hard under a torrid sun as to cause death, can do harm, as could be proved by numberless instances. On the other hand, rheumatism is induced, for instance, by malnutrition, even in a person who may never have been out of doors or got a wetting or a chill in his life. Anything in fact that reduces the resisting power of the system renders the person liable to contract rheumatism. The effect of rheumatism on the bones, joints, and in general on the body is very similar to that produced by some forms of tuberculosis, and the fever resulting is the same manifestation of pathological action as is the fever of, say, a consumptive. If there be excess of lactic or other acid in the system of a rheumatic patient (or excess of uric acid in the system of a gouty patient) this may be a consequence, but certainly not the cause, of the disease. The same things—damp and exposure—used to be assigned as the cause of consumption as are yet commonly thought to be the cause of rheumatism. But in the former case it is now known that these only afford the bacteria opportunities, under conditions otherwise favourable to them, of gaining lodgment in the system, and are not causes at all, and after a while the same will be known in the case of the latter also.

But what has the germ origin of disease to do with the open window? Everything; for it is the fear of damp and cold and draughts that plays havoc with our physical well-being, makes us shut ourselves up in air-stagnant rooms, which are as well hermetically sealed as it is possible for glazier and joiner and mason to make them, and thereby subject ourselves doubly—by the debilitation of our physical powers and by constant contact with disease germs—to unknown infective dangers. But when with fuller knowledge we see what are really the causes of colds, chills, rheumatism, and diseases of all kinds, we lose our fear of draughts and believe in open windows. Before the laws of cause and effect in health and disease were understood or imagined by any one—before the rationale of balances, fight or potencies of which I have been speaking, was ever dreamed of, it was found that damp and cold and draughts affected some people in a detrimental way and so it came to be established, and the doctor upheld it, that these things of themselves were dangerous and to be avoided. But now that the workings of these mysteries are known, any one who thinks the matter over will soon be able to be clear in his own mind that a draught, for instance, is not dangerous *per se*, but only dangerous if the person subjected to it is leading an altogether wrong life; and that in fact one can

in no surer way render himself liable to "all the ills that flesh is heir to" than by trying to avoid them by immuring himself within draught-proof rooms.

It seems to be an astounding statement to make, that draughts and cold and dampness are not dangerous, but that, since they are inseparable from a constant supply of fresh air, they are to be courted and not avoided (personally I seldom wear a hat or an overcoat and do not in the least mind a wetting, and never get harm from remaining in damp clothes); but any one who will grasp the germ theory of disease, follow it to its ultimate conclusions, applying it to his own experience and the experiences of others, will see that this is no more than a true statement, and will be surprised that he could ever have thought it otherwise. It is the fear of these bogeys, I am convinced, that is the cause of nearly all the illness we are subject to. From the poles to the equator misconception reigns supreme. From the reeking savage who shuts himself at night in his suffocating hut, from the French peasant who fears that an open window will hurt his eyes, to the Britisher who believes that he will "catch his death of cold" if he lives or sleeps in a room with open windows—it is the same; a blind unreasoning fear kept alive through ignorance.

It would not be hard to accumulate many instances and proofs to show that open windows in a house all the year round do not and cannot injure in the slightest degree, but that they are necessary if health is to be preserved. Every one knows, or ought to know, that the system needs pure oxygen as it obtains in the air, uncontaminated with any excess of carbon dioxide, for its proper building up and nourishment; that when the amount of carbon dioxide is above normal, as it always is in closed rooms, and to a fearful extent in theatres, churches, and schools, the air then breathed acts slowly as a poison. The harmfulness of impure air seems also to be due to the quantities of effete excretionary organic matter it contains. When pure air, however, is constantly breathed, windows being open, there is a double protection against illness and disease in that not only is the system strengthened by an amount of air-food sufficient to carry out correctly all the needs of the chemical and vital processes going on in the body, but also the air is free from organic excrements and is also germ free or practically so. The advantages to be derived from such an open air life are so great and so far reaching and so apparent that no one would hesitate to adopt it, but that the fear of it has been instilled into him and prevents him doing so. The fear of such a life with open windows, winter and summer and in the open in all kinds of weather, must first be overcome. This can only be effected through a fuller knowledge, which gives reasons why, backed up by experience, which shows that in actual practice it is not dangerous.

Hundreds of consumptives, who are the most fragile and the weakest of all human kind, are now leading this life with the greatest possible benefit. They do not lead it only in the summer months, but all the year round; and not only do they themselves benefit by it to the saving of their lives in a great number of instances, but also their attendants and nurses benefit, as is a matter of common observation at all open air sanatoria. The tired, anæmic, dyspeptic nurse soon blossoms into a healthy woman when she comes to lead this grand open-air life. If a weakly consumptive can stand it and never catch cold nor chill nor rheumatism,[1] can sit for hours in winter in a room with open windows, can lie in that room, still with open windows, during the very coldest winter night, can go out in rain or snow, or weather of any severity, and get nothing from such action but a renewal of life and health, surely, surely, the average healthy person can do so also without danger, and raise his health in this way from the average level to that tip-top health of the sportsman or the sailor—the lovers of and the livers in the open air—which all, and not only the few, should enjoy.

Some months ago, while looking through my father's library, I came across a wonderful book, written by a fellow countryman, almost a fellow townsman.[2] This book had always been within my reach, and yet I had missed it. What a difference it would have made in my life had I but known of, read, and acted on it, or been taught its precepts. I would then never have been a consumptive. If this book of Dr. MacCormac, of Belfast, had borne the fruit it should have borne, there would now have been few, if any, cases of consumption in this country. But the book bore little or no immediate fruit; the author was looked upon then (1855–1865) as a crank, and his theories and practice were ridiculed in medical circles throughout the whole country. He had to bear every kind of persecution that a man in his position could be subjected to; he was neglected and sneered at. In 1861 he read before the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society a paper "On the nature and absolute preventibility of tubercular consumption." In that paper he pointed out in the clearest language that damp and exposure never could cause consumption, but that it was caused by overcrowding in unventilated living holes, and by want of pure air; and, moreover, he insisted that consumption was quite preventible and curable, and that it was not hereditary. Here was a prophet indeed, one who, in

[1] It is untrue that patients at Nordrach, being, as they are, often exposed to wettings, frequently contract rheumatism. These reports are fabricated and circulated by interested persons, and have no foundation in fact. I have never known of a Nordrach patient contracting rheumatism; nor can I hear of such a case, though I have made many and searching inquiries. Rheumatism (*Arthritis acuta generalis*) can be no other than a germ disease, and is not caused by exposure to cold or wettings; the word "rheumatism" is loosely and wrongly used, even by medical men, to indicate all kinds of "pain."

[2] *Consumption.* By Henry MacCormac, M.D. 2nd Edition. London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts & Green. 1865.

those dark ages of medical ignorance, forty years ago, had wrested her secrets from Nature. And this is the paper which these wiseacres took it upon themselves to censure; they actually refused to pass a vote of thanks to MacCormac for preparing it, because, forsooth, they thought it was written by a monomaniac. How true to history: MacCormac, the clear-visioned, patient investigator battling alone with all the strenuousness and almost frenzy of his nature for the theories which he clearly saw were right, but for which he was persecuted, shunned and ridiculed! Nevertheless, he ceased not to thunder forth his message; a message which, if it had been listened to, would have saved the world an infinity of misery. Never for a moment did he doubt of the eventual triumph of his opinions, arrived at after the most patient observation and thought; and now many years after his death the world has come to see that he was right and the members of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society wrong, with a wrongness that has cost Europe alone a million lives every year since then.[1]

MacCormac fifty years ago held practically the whole truth about consumption when other medical men were groping in the dark. His idea of its origin was wrong, for he did not know, and, perhaps, could not then have known, of the germ theory; but, nevertheless, his conclusions were right, for he told how it arose, how it could be prevented, that it was not hereditary, and also how it could be cured. In his book he speaks of quite a number of cures he effected; and yet he met with little encouragement. I do not recollect the time when I did not hear stories of the mad Belfast doctor, who used to break people's window-panes with his cane in order to let in the air. He was a grand, clear-headed, far-sighted, and, in spite of the treatment he received, kindly man—a father of whom Sir William MacCormac surely must be proud.

The book is full of instances and piled-up examples of the detrimentalness of living in closed rooms, of arguments and examples in favour of the benefit to be derived from open windows and outdoor life, and of many instances showing that there is no danger therefrom. I can only take quotations at random from it, but any one who wishes to be convinced of the advisableness of "washing

[1] It is to be hoped that the Congress on Tuberculosis, to be held in London in July, will result in something practical. If anything is ever to be done the National Association must change its methods, or go out of existence—its members are too busy with their own work to give anything but a passing interest to the work of the Association. The forthcoming Congress should urge Government to make tuberculosis of every kind a notifiable disease, and also urge them at the same time to establish a Board of Public Health, with large discretionary powers and considerable means, and consisting of men who would give their whole time to the work, and which should have for its first object the warring, in every way possible, against tuberculosis in man and beast. Then would results be attained, and not in the field of tuberculosis only, but also in that of the general health of the people; for the methods that must be employed to rid us of tuberculosis would also be raising the level of the general vigorousness of the subject, and, at the same time, be attacking the stronghold of every other disease.

the soul and the body in the open air," as George Borrow would say, or who wishes to believe, with R. L. Stevenson, that "we are human only in virtue of open windows"—who wishes to become what may be called an alfrescan—should take a great deal of trouble to get and read this book.[1] There are in it one or two obvious errors—such, for instance, as that tuberculosis is due to deposits of unoxidised carbonaceous waste, and, *ex consequenti*, that consumption is not infectious; and also the treatment, although on right lines, is not thorough enough; but, although his starting-point is wrong, MacCormac's deductions are sound, which makes his insight all the more remarkable. Let me quote first a few passages bearing on open windows and open-air life.

[1] Doctors especially should make themselves familiar with it, for it is the most convincing book that has yet been written on the general bearings of consumption. In the hands of medical men who would act upon its advice it would prove the means of prevention to, and the salvation of, numberless persons, who, under the very eyes of the doctors, are, for the want of a word of advice and warning, falling into consumption. The ignorance of most general practitioners with regard to consumption is lamentable. As a rule, they have only read about the new treatment, and even then take little interest in it. When a consumptive patient presents himself for examination, he is usually put upon medicine treatment; or, if the doctor is more up to date, he is advised to go to a sanatorium (which the patient often cannot afford to do); but at the same time he is told that few recover even at a sanatorium. If the patient be sent into the country, his instructions usually are to eat as much as he can, and to be out in the fresh air as much as possible. This means that he eats just what he feels inclined to eat, which is very little, and is out at rare intervals when the sun shines. I know of a case that just illustrates this: A lad was sent home to the country a year ago, ill of consumption—one of his doctors said to die in three months—without any definite instructions. His family history was very bad, and it was expected that he would never work again. A layman—a Nordrach patient—got interested in his case, saw that the lad had lost heart and was being allowed to drift to the grave, roused him from his lethargy, and put him on the right treatment, with the result that in five months he gained in weight nearly two and a half stones, was bronzed and weather-beaten, and was then reported by his doctors fit for work, to which he returned, and at which he has now been engaged, and has kept well, for six months. When he went to be re-examined his medical men were greatly surprised at the change in his health, and one of them remarked that it would kill him to go about without hat or overcoat, and to get drenched without afterwards changing, as the patient had been doing, and showed that he quite missed the significance of the object lesson presented to him by making full inquiries about the climate of the country-side where the lad had been living. It is the duty of a doctor to be in a position to give such a patient—who cannot pay for treatment at a sanatorium—full and specific instructions for carrying out the treatment. He should be able to tell him—to set it all down on paper—how much rest and exercise he should have under all conditions; that he should live in the country if possible, and be out-of-doors at specified times (if allowed to be up), no matter what the weather conditions may be; that he should live practically in the open continually—windows being open—and be able to tell him what food he should have and how much—for example, two glasses of milk to each meal, and other definite proportions of food—that a superabundance of nourishment is an absolute necessity for him, and that he should be weighed every week—that, in fact, he should eat to gain weight and with his eye on the weighing-machine. If doctors would but take the necessary trouble to instruct their patients well, there would be a different tale to tell in results. But, unfortunately, few medical men are able to advise a consumptive so minutely. I almost think that only such doctors as have made a special study of the subject, and have had special training, should be allowed to undertake the cure of consumption. As it is, even some doctors who are at the head of some sanatoria trading on the name of Nordrach in this country, but who have no such training, carry out the treatment imperfectly, for they introduce into it "fads" of their own, which nullify or much reduce the good effects of what is otherwise admirable, and thus bring discredit upon the treatment. Sound common sense is not good enough for your average medical man—he must do a little bit of scientific reasoning on his own account.

"The mainly unreasoning dread of night air, so termed, is a great impediment to free ventilation by night. And yet day and night air is the same virtually, does not differ appreciably. The air by night, whether damp or dry, is equally pure, equally salubrious with the air by day, and calls not less solicitously for ceaseless admission into our dwellings. . . . Air, ere it reaches the lungs, is always damp. Quite dry air is irrespirable. It needs no peculiar or unusual habitude in order to respire what is termed night air. Exposure to, contact with, the day air equally prepares us for exposure to and contact with the air by night. We can multiply our coverings by night with even greater ease than we can by day, and with the most perfect certainty of producing and maintaining warmth. We can breathe pure air by night, were it for the very first time, with as much impunity and as much benefit as were it to partake for the first time of roasted meats or turtle steak. Good heavens! how is it that people are so wildly mistaken, as if the great, wise Deity, as He does by every exquisite and perfect adaptation, did not intend that we should make use of the purest, sweetest air day and night and always. . . . The prospective results of breathing purest air by night are so infinitely desirable, the immediate enjoyment is so great, that it only needs a trial to be approved of and adopted for ever. . . . Reasonable precautions—that is to say, adequate night coverings—being resorted to, no colour of risk, even to lungs the most delicate, can possibly ensue. For it is stagnant air, air pre-breathed only, and not pure unpre-respired air, that makes lungs delicate. . . . Although air, warmth, food, and cleanliness be cardinal conditions and essential to life, still the most important of all health factors is air, air pure and undefiled alike by night and by day. . . . The constant uneasy dread of taking cold, which so haunts the minds of patients and their friends, is doubtless the one great reason why fresh air is so thrust aside. And yet cold will not be caught, were it in Nova Zembla itself, by night, if only the sleeper's body be adequately covered. . . . The pulses or puffs of air that come in ceaselessly, winter and summer, through open windows by night inspire, just as if one slept in the very open air, a sort of ecstasy. Gush follows gush, full of all delightfulness, replacing the used-up air and purifying the blood. It has oftentimes been said to me, 'I open the window the moment I get out of bed.' To this I have uniformly replied, 'The moment to open the window is when you get into bed, not when you get out of it. You cannot otherwise with entire certainty secure the benefit of an ever ceaselessly renewed night air, so all essential to the blood's renewal and the maintenance of health. . . . With warm, abundant night coverings there is not a shadow of risk. There is none of rheumatism, none of bronchitis, in short, no risk whatever. The only, the real risk which we incur, is that of closing our sleeping-chamber windows, of debarring ourselves of pure air during our repose. . . . As for myself, I have slept long years with my chamber window open. For years my family, and every one whom I have been able to influence, protected, indeed, by sufficient night coverings, have done so likewise, not only with impunity, but with every conceivable imaginable advantage. . . . To children, in particular, in whom the tissue metamorphosis is so incessant, and who consume so much oxygen, the respiration of a pure unpre-breathed atmosphere is among the most vital necessities of their corporeal being. . . . For, as I must incessantly iterate, it is the indoor (foul air) not the outdoor exposure which we are to dread. Wind, wet, rain, cold, coupled with wholesome vigorous effort, are Nature's sharp restoratives, maintain health, cheerfulness, and vigour, blessings on no other terms to be enjoyed. . . . Until the entire community, medical and otherwise, shall become persuaded that the respiration of air not pre-breathed averts, and alone averts, consumption and scrofula absolutely, they will not be at pains to secure it adequately. The great present dread, indeed, of patients and medical practitioners alike, is

contact, immediate contact, with the fresh, free open atmosphere. In the abstract they all admit, nay, boast of the blessings of untainted air—air untainted by the breath of man and brute—but, in the concrete, they will have none of it. Yes, there are those who would not pull down a window by night, no, not if it were to save them from dying. Neither will they go out of doors by day so as to secure the sufficient amount of healthy organic life and action."

Yes, this is what obtains.

"Go where you will, ignorance, prejudice, and apathy ride rampant over man's destinies. Pass through and across any of our large cities at early dawn, and you shall not perchance find a single window open throughout. No wonder the inmates are tubercle-ridden, eaten up with disease and decay. Consider only the general aspect of the inhabitants of these mountain masses of brick and stone, their pallid, weedy, half-developed offspring, too often sickening, perishing, like the insects on the wall. . . . During the recent London exhibition I lived with my family for a week or two in Belgravia, and yet even in this reputable quarter the windows had never been made to come down. It would pull the house to pieces, the people said, to alter them. I persisted, however, and it was done. And, ah, how refreshing it proved during these sultry summer nights to lie in the open draughtway. Incredible, nay, unspeakable, would prove the amendment in the health and stamina of Londoners if only every window in the immense metropolis, ἡ πόλις ἡ μεγάλη, were made to open and were opened nightly as I opened mine. Somewhere in the year 2000 the thing perchance may be done. . . . A hovel with clean straw and open windows is indeed preferable to a down bed in a palace with closed ones. When I visited the Duke of Northumberland's house, in the Strand, the satin-panelled rooms were gorgeous with pictures and silken hangings, the marble stair was exquisite, but there were double casements and the air was execrable. In the dwelling of a certain nobleman in one of the Midland counties, large rooms, with ceilings at least sixteen feet high, looked out on a grassy windswept park. But the air of those rooms, default of ventilation, was stagnant and unbreathable utterly. I was sorry, but not surprised, when I learned that a daughter of the house, a young girl of only sixteen, had been carried off by decline. Her brother, whom I met, looked delicate. He only preserved life by fleeing from his sickly home—sickly not owing to Nature's autonomy, but through the handiwork of man."

If the air in such places is unbreathable, what must it be in the slums, in crowded schoolrooms, dormitories, and barracks? A chimney-shaft and badly-fitting windows and doors cannot give anything like adequate ventilation to an otherwise closed room.

Disastrous results are inevitable. Dr. MacCormac, after showing that while the deaths from pulmonary disease among those in civil life at soldiers' ages are 6·3 per thousand, the deaths from the same cause among the Foot Guards amount or amounted (1858), to 29·4 per thousand owing to insufficiently ventilated barracks and sleeping-rooms, goes on to say:

"Thus, then, in England, the disgraceful anomaly subsists of adult men, men elected for their general vigour and robustness, dying faster than does the general population with all its vast liabilities of infancy, infirmity and disease."

Matters are likely much improved among the Guards since then;

but they must still be bad enough. Yet it is certain that if there were but properly aired living- and sleeping-places for our soldiers and sailors, so regular is their life, and so much in the open are they, and so well fed, there would never be the loss of a man in the army or the navy from consumption or any other tubercular disease. To think that relatively large barrack-rooms, schoolrooms, and dormitories obviate the necessity for free ventilation is a mistake, for such devices only put off for an hour or so all the ill-effects of smaller unventilated rooms. And what generally would be the result of open windows?

"Thus, with exercise in the open air by day, coupled with its respiration by night, ample nourishment and warm habiliments otherwise, the mortality from phthisis would, I am convinced as of my life and being, prove eventually nil. . . . But what signify a few scattered instances of recovery, a warning or an admonition taken seriously to heart here or there? They are but as a drop rescued from the mighty ocean of human suffering. And yet a day will come when by the means here pointed out, for indeed there are none other, consumption and scrofula shall be haply banished from earth's surface for ever. Such are the sure results of a more wholesome rule of living, a closer adhesion to Nature's law."[1]

A year ago, while yet ignorant of the existence of MacCormac's book, I used similar language, and for doing so was called a visionary. But there is truth in every word MacCormac uses.

Prevention is by far the surest means we can employ to make headway against consumption. Doctors have it constantly in their power to save life thus.[2] I will quote some passages in which this good man, in his rare book, tells of what he did, and of what others might and certainly ought to do in this way:

"There is, indeed, a borderland of disease where consumption has not actually broken out, but where it is continually imminent. Pure air is respired at intervals, but not sufficiently respired to realise sound health. Foul air, too, is respired, yet not sufficiently respired to induce actual tangible disease. Such cases are of necessity numerous. Many spend their days, and live and die, without exactly knowing of what they ail, not feeling sick enough to complain, nor yet well enough to be well. This neutral state, however, assumes a terrible significance if we consider that it must and does precede all actual outbreaks of consumption whatsoever. The disease, if not actual, is yet imminent. Thousands of human beings throughout these islands not now labouring under consumption will, nevertheless, display the frightful symptoms of a most disastrous malady within the year. This, then, is the especial stage in which the mighty aid of medical science and medical skill may be invoked with a well-grounded expectancy of relief. In such subjects a little more confinement, a little more continuous

[1] Of all the tribes of the world those alone are exempt from consumption who, from the nature of their life, are compelled to breathe pure air constantly night and day. Although the inhabitants of the West of Ireland and of the Hebrides are more poorly fed than the rest of our people, yet the ravages of consumption are much less among them, because their houses are, or were, as a rule, built so badly as to ensure a good ventilation.

[2] Schoolmasters also can do much, and a course of Health Lectures should form part of their training. The influence for good of such a man as Dr. Hely Hutchinson Almond, Headmaster of Loretto, is incalculable and unending. Read his article—"The Breed of Man"—in the *Nineteenth Century* for October 1900.

respiration of the poisoned pre-breathed air, suffices to generate the tubercle taint with fatal celerity. Often and often may we avert, as often and often I believe I have averted, a phthisical outbreak in persons whose parents, brothers, or sisters have already fallen victims to the disease. . . . 'Gott in Himmel,' exclaimed a German governess, whose window had been left open by one of my young people, 'I have slept with my window open, and yet,' giving herself a little incredulous shake, 'I do not think I am much the worse.' Already had this young person, oftener than once, herself experienced hemoptysis, as also had one sister, while a brother perished of phthisis in the airless precincts of their German home. And now these sisters, one in Germany, the other in England, sleep habitually with open windows. One has become a wife and mother, the other remains unmarried, but both enjoy uninterrupted health. . . . 'The cadets of certain French houses who enter the Church are invariably,' observes Baudelocque, 'the only scrofulous members.' Inactive habits and indoor life rob multitudes of health and energy and cast them ere their prime into the ravening trench ever yawning for the consumptive. . . . A retired doctor lived in a pleasant nook amid the lovely hill scenery that abounds to the south of Dublin. 'My dear friend,' he wrote to me to say, 'all my first family perished of consumption, and now, from signs and tokens with which I am only too familiar, I perceive with dismay that the dear children by my present wife, three daughters and a son, seem as if they should incur a like fate. I am in despair, and know not well what to do. They have every comfort, nor is there under heaven a healthier spot than where we dwell.' I wrote to him what I thought he ought and ought not to do, and added that, as he had often pressed me to go and see him, I should set out at once. Shortly after, in effect, I found myself in my friend's hospitable abode. 'Do you send your young people out of doors?' 'I do,' he replied. 'Have you opened their sleeping-chamber windows?' He replied, 'I have.' 'Excuse me,' I rejoined, for I knew the weakness of poor human nature, 'and as I really wish to serve you, permit me to inspect your arrangements with my own eyes.' 'But my young people,' he said, 'have all retired to bed.' 'So much the better,' I exclaimed, 'I shall then know for certain.' I would give the doctor no time to make preparations, but mounted the stairs out of hand along with him. The beds, in truth, were uncurtained, but the windows were opened barely half an inch. The blinds were also down and the shutters were to, while the window-curtains were drawn close. 'Do you call these open windows?' I said. 'You have complied, my dear doctor, in terms but not in fact. And as *de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio*, I must, I find, arrange matters myself.' So I drew back the curtains, opened the shutters, hoisted up the blinds, and pulled down each window, the poor doctor all the while holding out a deprecating arm. . . . Finally, my friend surrendered at discretion, and entered heartily into my views. And his family, when I saw them, enjoyed the most perfect health."

MacCormac's is the only book, medical or otherwise, I have ever read that recommends open windows; yet even MacCormac does not seem to be quite sure, as I read him, of the advisability of opening windows at all seasons during the day, or of having day-draughts; but, if so, one can easily understand why, for in his day there did not exist the knowledge requisite to explain (and avoid) the seeming anomalies occurring in such a procedure. It is the general opinion that if a door be opposite a window you must not open that window for fear of draughts. But that is just the window

that is best placed for being opened, as it thereby ensures a perfect renewal of the air by causing draughts—"beautiful draughts" Walther of Nordrach calls them—without which there can be no ventilation. It matters not how the room is constructed, or where the fireplace, door, and window are relatively situated—open the window of that room day or night. Open the windows in all the rooms of your house and keep them open, and you will find that you have all your life been afraid of shadows. Pull up the blinds and open the windows; let in the sunlight and the pure air to ventilate and purify your filthy, air-stagnant, repulsive rooms; do not mind rain, nor fog, nor wind; do not mind if your curtains and your carpets become sooner soiled or faded; better destroy these than your own and your children's health. You will be the better for it in every way: you will feel differently, you will think differently, and you will take a broader, kindlier, more comprehensive, less jaundiced view of life through your open windows.

But you are still undecided; you think such a course would be dangerous. It would not. Warmly clad and well fed you and your children would get nothing but good from it. You would be living night and day in a practically germ-free atmosphere, you would have no sudden change of temperature coming as shocks upon your system,[1] and, besides, your strength, your resisting power, would be so much increased, owing to greater functional activity and metabolic and nutritive changes, and consequent vigour, that you would be more able to withstand all attacks upon your health. From open windows you would be led on to love the opener air without, you would lose your fear of cold and wind and rain; you would be led out oftener to take exercise which is most essential, and you would be surprised what a difference all this would soon make on you health.[2] Sir Philip Sydney gives as a recipe for good health and long life:

> "Great temperance, open air,
> Easy labour, little care."

And the old couplet has it in different words:

> "Fresh air, exercise, and repose
> Slam the door on the doctor's nose."

[1] Last winter, which was of exceptional severity, I took frequent readings of the temperature in my house, and found that the temperature in the sitting-rooms during the hours of occupation did not rise, on an average, more than 8° F., and that in the bedrooms more than 2° F., above outside temperature. This was borne by us all with comparative comfort. For the sake of experiment I had kept the windows full open, but it is not necessary to open them to such an extent in winter.

[2] Organically the body of the weakly, fatigued, dyspeptic, stay-indoors, catch-a-chill-from-the-slightest-draught person is as sound as the robustest, healthiest, outdoor worker who heeds neither damp nor cold. The only difference is that in the former case the worst possible, and in the latter the best possible, life is lived for the proper development of the body.

In this direction—that of preventive medicine—should all effort be concentrated.

These are the lines—open-air life, sufficient exercise, nourishment, rest, and sleep, and the avoidance of excess in work, thought, or pleasure—and the only lines, on which immunity from disease is to be acquired; the means, and the only means, by which the system is to be made germ-proof; and when life thus comes to be lived as it ought to be lived, bacteria will cease any longer to terrorise, and may all in time, having no "hosts" on which to batten, disappear, or for want of practice, become non-pathogenic and rise to be man's helpers—his aids to digestion, his makers of cheese, his brewers of beer!

If you live an open-air life, provided, of course, that you have ample nourishment and are not overworked, it will be impossible for you ever to fall into consumption, no matter how bad your family history may have been, nor how many of your friends may have died of consumption, nor how fatalistically you may have always believed yourself to be doomed: your chances of escaping every illness will be much better, and if you should unfortunately ever be taken with an infectious disease, your open-air life will stand you in good stead and your hopes of coming safely through will be immensely increased. But you must live the life consistently, for it will not serve if you have one room in your house hot and close and with shut windows while another is open and cool. The most timorous could at first open all the windows in the house a little, and, as confidence increased, could go on opening them wider. Mechanical comfort—the stopping short of the blowing about of papers and tablecloths—will set the limit. A window open somewhat at bottom as well as at top will give much better ventilation than if open correspondingly as much at top only. In winter it is not necessary to have windows so full open as in summer, for air circulates much more rapidly then than in summer.

During last winter when influenza was so rife, whole families around us being prostrated, there were, in our household of eight persons, but two isolated cases. One case was due to an evening at the theatre, and the patient was quite better again in two days, and no one else in the house took the infection. Two or three weeks later the second case, traceable to a visit to a friend's house, occurred. In this case also a day in bed (still with open windows) and a day's rest afterwards put the invalid all right and the infection ceased there. It would have been just as hard to have caught influenza in the oceans of pure atmosphere in which we were living, as to have found that needle in the haystack. The best disinfectants—germ killers—in the world are light, air, and healthy body-cells, and with ordinary cleanliness no other need be used. Last summer at Aberfoyle I was so fortunate as to fall in with a band of gipsies—happy

people! Having got on good terms with one of the men I walked up the valley several miles with them, learning of their ways of life. In an open spring cart were five children, plump, copper-cheeked, merry-eyed urchins, without hats or shoes. In winter the gipsies told me they lived just as in summer, camping out in any woods or fields permissible; that they did not mind the rain nor the cold; and I was not surprised to learn, for I asked the question in the affirmative, that they never had colds or other infectious disease, except when they might be trading for a time about a large town, and then some of the children might catch a malady, but that rarely, so mild were the attacks, had the children to take to bed even for measles or scarlet fever. All this indicates that an abundance of fresh air is inimical to germ life and points to the probability, nay, certainty, that if we all lived open-air lives—open air in the sense of this article—infectious diseases would soon cease to exist among us. It is known, for instance, that plague in India seldom visits a well-ventilated house, and that if it does, there being plenty of fresh air, it is of a mild type. (What are our sanitary specialists thinking of when they do not insist on open windows—pure air—as the most necessary of all sanitary precautions?) The rapidity with which wounds heal in the open as compared with the rate at which they heal in hospital illustrates and proves this contention.

When one has had two or three weeks' experience of open windows one will not readily revert to the old order of things. I know of a family of several children who are accustomed, month about, to go on a visit to an "open-window" friend. As each returns home, rosy-cheeked and weighing more by eight or ten pounds, he puts to shame his white-faced, keep-indoors-and-out-of-draughts brothers and sisters, but only in his turn to again get white-faced and thinner; and yet both these houses are situated equally healthfully in the suburbs of the same city, and the children in their own home lack nothing that could minister to their health but fresh air. How sweet and pure the air in an open-window house is felt to be after one has been confined in a house with closed windows; no wonder the blind man who used to come to these parts said he could always tell when he entered a clean house. If there should be some slight discomfort at first with open windows, this should be borne bravely and cheerfully—for what worth having was ever yet got without some pains? I believe that it was just this weakness in man that he was not noble enough, in the mass, to endure the discomfort, at times, of a life in the open, that has given the victory to disease, and that has held him in bondage, and that will hold him in bondage until he lives as countless ages have been fitting him to live; until he sees why he should endure, and so endures. Consumption and all forms of tuberculosis will be eradicated, and later on infectious diseases of all kinds will disappear, when man lives as man ought to

live; when he ceases to crouch shivering or sweating in his filthy dens, and, flinging them open to the outer air, goes forth erect, a man, deep and full breathing, to meet and rise superior to the elements—then will the sum of human misery be the less by all that foul disease comprises.

If you ponder over what is here written, and apply to it your own experience, and gauge it by all you see happening around you, an ordered plan, you will find, will gradually unfold itself before you; a plan that will explain to you many things before mysterious: how, for instance, our climate came to be thought, and was therefore made, unsuitable for consumptives; why colds are more rife in winter than in summer, and why influenza is more an illness of the rich than of the poor. Think it all out and you will be as wise, act upon it and you will be as happy, as he who writes it.

JAMES ARTHUR GIBSON.

INDEPENDENT SECTION.

[*Under the above title a limited portion of* THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW *is occasionally set apart for the reception of Articles which contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it advocates. The object is to facilitate the expression of opinion by writers of high mental power and culture, who, while they are zealous friends of freedom and progress, yet differ widely on special points of great practical concern, both from the Editor and from each other.*]

THE BREAK-UP OF THE PARTY SYSTEM.

IT may at first sight seem something of a paradox to assert, on the conclusion of a General Election which has resulted in the return of an Unionist Government to power, with an overwhelming majority, for the second time in succession, that the party system in England is in process of breaking up. We are, as a nation, so essentially Conservative in our mode of thought—however diverse our political opinions—and we have become so habituated, by custom, to the party system, that we are apt to overlook the fact that this system is not a vital necessity to the carrying on of the Queen's Government. The fallacy of thinking that the inhabitants of Great Britain must be divided into Conservatives (or Unionists) and Liberals, by a law as inexorable as that which divides them into males and females, is none the less a fallacy because it is so common. The party system is dear to the hearts of Englishmen, and there can be small doubt that it will die hard; but, none the less, it is surely dying. The generality of men are becoming aware that the ancient watchwords of party are cried, to a great extent, utterly without modern significance. The old line of demarcation which separates the Conservative from the Liberal is being swiftly, if half unconsciously, obliterated, and one sees unmistakable traces of this obliteration in all directions. Party ties, beyond all question, sit more loosely than of old on politicians of both schools. For instance, in the last Parliament, Mr. Doughty, the member for Grimsby, transferred his allegiance from the Liberals to the Unionists without incurring any inordinate degree of odium, and Mr. George Whiteley, the Conservative member for Stockport, took his place on the Liberal benches without even going through the formality of previously resigning his seat

for the constituency which had returned him as a Conservative. The Hon. Lionel Holland, who sat in the last Parliament as a Unionist, came forward at the General Election as Radical candidate for Romford; while, in the Upper House, Lord Durham, Lord Sandwich, and Lord Portsmouth have recently changed their political faith, with a nonchalance as complete as though it were merely their coats. Again, party feeling to-day by no means runs as high as was the case thirty or forty years ago. It is customary to attribute the marked absence of rancour in political life at the present time to the improved spirit in which political warfare is waged, but it is more probably the result of the conviction, which is gradually being borne in upon members of both parties, that the differences between them are, after all, of no great magnitude. The virulence with which Mr. Chamberlain is persistently attacked by his opponents is a seeming exception to this absence of rancour, but in his case the hostility is evinced towards the man rather than towards his party; for the Duke of Devonshire and Lord James of Hereford, who both withdrew from the Liberal party at the same time and in the same manner as Mr. Chamberlain, are not assailed in this way. But, speaking generally, the deep-rooted animosity, and even hatred, which the one party used to bear towards the other has certainly lost much of its violence, if it has not altogether disappeared, and not infrequently members of each party even go so far as to give the adherents of the other credit for sincerity of purpose—a very rare occurrence in former days! These instances may be said to be some of the visible signs of the break-up of the party system which is undoubtedly occurring; but the chief reason for thinking that this system in its present form (*i.e.*, as Conservatism *versus* Liberalism) is doomed, is that the parties nominally representing these principles have both lost much of their cohesion, and in fact are themselves breaking up.

The primary cause of this break-up is the same in the case of both parties, namely, the loss in each case of a trusted leader. Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone were indeed more than the leaders —they were the creators—of their respective parties. It was Lord Beaconsfield's boast that he had "educated" the Tories, and it must be admitted that without this "education" they would long ago have ceased to be an active force in English politics. In a word, he popularised throughout the country the cause with which he was so long identified. With that political acumen which, next to his high political courage, was his most noticeable characteristic, he perceived the innate Toryism of the British democracy. At a time when other Conservative leaders were fearful of reposing confidence in the working-classes he had not been afraid to express the trust he felt in the common-sense and stability of their character. He recognised with unerring instinct that the people do not concern themselves

solely with the politics of the "parish pump," but that the fair fame of England's flag is guarded as jealously in the cottage as in the castle; and his generous trust in the people was repaid in unstinted measure by their confidence in him, for his belief in the Conservative working-man was largely responsible for the Conservative working-man's existence. There had been much in Lord Beaconsfield's career which appealed in an extraordinary degree to a nation that ever loves a strong man. His gallant struggle against apparently overwhelming odds, the sheer force of character and genuine ability which at last subdued to his will a party which had at first affected to despise him, his fortitude in the time of defeat, his moderation in the hour of victory, and, above all, his ceaseless desire for England's glory, commanded the sympathy as well as the admiration of the people, while they saw in his ultimate accession to the Premiership at once the triumph and the vindication of the most democratic of democratic principles—power entrusted to the man who could wield power. So it came to pass that under his leadership Toryism became no longer synonymous with stagnation; that he found it a dying cause and left it a living force: that he found the Conservatives the party of reaction and decay, and left them the party of progress and of rational reform. Thus it was no ordinary loss that his followers sustained in his death, and his death occurred at the very moment when they especially needed his merciless exposure of a policy on the part of their opponents peculiarly open to criticism of that kind of which he was a past master. With his great rival it was much the same; for, just as Lord Beaconsfield was the founder of modern Conservatism, so it is equally certain that the Liberalism known to the present generation was the creation of Mr. Gladstone. The manner in which he absorbed the best elements to be found among the Whigs, the moderate Liberals, and the Radicals, and welded them into one party is an enduring example of an apparently impossible task accomplished by a consummate leader of men. The death of Lord Beaconsfield, and the retirement from public life, and subsequent death, of Mr. Gladstone are responsible to a certain extent for the loosening of party ties, and the absence of party rancour, of which we have spoken; for it is a feature seemingly inseparable from the party system of government, that it engenders the sentiments of loyalty to the *individual leader* rather than to his *principles*, and of hostility to *his* opponents rather than to the opponents of his *policy*. The Conservatives have not been affected by the loss of the founder of their party to the same extent as the Liberals have been by their similar loss, for the reason that Lord Salisbury is immeasurably a stronger man in every way than any possible successor to Mr. Gladstone, but the loss in each case impaired the solidarity of the party.

In the second place, the adoption of Home Rule, as an integral

portion of Liberal policy, by Mr. Gladstone, struck at the very roots of the party system, for the division it created was, more or less, an artificial one. The introduction of the Home Rule measure forced each of the two historic parties to ally itself with former opponents —the Conservatives with the Liberal Unionists, and the Liberals with the Nationalists—who, in each case, held views widely different from its own on nearly every subject save this particular one. These alliances, at the commencement, cannot fail to have been most distasteful to both parties to each alliance. It is unlikely that the Liberal Unionists, at the outset, relished the idea of a protracted period of Conservative rule, even though tempered by such restrictions as their active support enabled them to impose, while it is more than probable that the Conservatives, for their part, fully realised the likelihood that the Treasury Bench, their occupancy of which was dependent on the pleasure and goodwill of their quondam foes and newly-found allies, might not prove a bed of roses. It is obvious that an alliance of this kind, between two Parties holding such diverse views on many topics, must have called for much self-denial, and must have exacted many sacrifices, from each. The Liberal Unionists not only found themselves placed in opposition to those in concert with whom they had up to 1886 acted throughout the whole of their political life, and, in particular, to the venerated Liberal chief, but they were also obliged to render independent aid to a Ministry composed of their hereditary foes; while the Conservatives, on their side, must have found the task of Government by the help of Liberal Unionist support a vastly different matter from holding office with a solid, and purely Conservative, majority behind them. The extreme left of the Liberal Unionist wing was, at first, uncomfortable in its new position, while the more uncompromising of the Tories did not attempt to conceal their distrust of their recent allies, and their detestation of the alliance. However, the good feeling and good sense of both parties have minimised, not exaggerated, the difficulties of the position, and, as time has gone on, the two sections of the Unionists, which originally coalesced in resistance to a common danger, have found in the watch-word *Quis separabit?* a common basis of agreement, and it has come about that what was originally intended to be a temporary alliance, for the purpose of preserving the integrity of the United Kingdom, has become, in later days, permanently necessary to prevent the disruption of the Empire. But this coalition, however necessary in its inception, and however beneficial to the country in its actual operation, can scarcely be said to have tended to the preservation of the distinctive character of Conservatism as such. It was, of course, from the first inevitable that, in a coalition such as this, there must be a certain amount of "give and take" on both sides, but the very necessity, which has thus arisen, for mutual forbearance, has

modified Conservative policy to no inconsiderable extent. But if the alliance between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists has—largely in consequence of this modification—gradually increased in strength, it is certainly no less evident that that between the Liberals and the Nationalists has grown proportionately weaker, although it has not yet been formally dissolved. The "Union of Hearts" was based on no firmer foundation than an unreal and hysterical sentiment of mutual affection, hastily professed for the purpose of securing mutual political advantage, and this sentiment has been as short-lived as it was sudden in its birth. It is, then, in the state of affairs resulting from Mr. Gladstone's adoption of Home Rule—in the gradual blending of Conservatism and Liberalism brought about by the fusion of the two sections of the Unionist party, and in the weakness and internal dissensions of the Home Rulers—that one sees the most striking evidence of the break-up of the old party system, and the consequent erroneousness of party nomenclature.

It is, moreover, a fact, which does not admit of dispute, that a large number—perhaps even the majority—of Liberals are really more in sympathy with the aims of the Unionists than with those of their own party, as expounded by the present directors of its policy. Sir Henry Fowler, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Asquith, for instance, certainly seem to have more in common with Mr. Balfour than they have with Mr. John Morley or Mr. Labouchere, and it is little short of ridiculous that an arbitrary dividing line should make them the opponents of the former and the political comrades of the latter. It is absurdities of this kind which show the folly of continuing, at the present day, an arbitrary division into parties which has become meaningless. In the past, the most vital point of difference between our two great parties has always been that the Conservatives have been opposed to any change in the framework of the Constitution, whereas the Liberals have ever placed Constitutional reform in the forefront of their programme. But it is obvious that most of the measures of Constitutional reform, for which the Liberals of thirty or forty years ago clamoured so loudly, have by this time passed into law. To take only two instances: the Irish Church has, for weal or woe, been disestablished, and its endowments confiscated to the disposal of Parliament, and a wide extension of the franchise (the wisdom or unwisdom of which remains to be proved) has taken place both in the boroughs and in the counties. Questions such as these, around which party strife was wont to rage furiously in the past, are of interest to-day only to the student of history. We enjoy, under a Sovereign whom all her subjects revere, the fullest measure of ordered freedom, and it should be the care of every statesman, irrespective of party, to see that the national liberty does not degenerate into licence. To

meddle is not seldom to muddle; and further tampering with any part of our ancient Constitution might perchance result in its complete wreckage. Indeed, with the exception of the small and unimportant extremist section of the Radicals, it is probable that members of both parties are agreed that further tinkering with the Constitution is inadvisable—at all events for the present. It may, perhaps, be argued, in contradiction of this assertion, that the Liberals are pledged to deal with the House of Lords; but the very vagueness of their pledge, and the perfunctory manner in which they have endeavoured to carry it out, show that this is a subject which Liberals, in their heart of hearts, are content, as a body, to relegate to the Greek Kalends. The alacrity with which they have tried to "shelve" Home Rule is another case in point; and, in short, reluctant as they may be to acknowledge the fact, there are abundant and unmistakable signs of an anxiety on the part of the Liberals to turn their attention from Constitutional to social reform. As regards social reform, the Conservative record has always stood high, and it is, at all events, clear that neither side can claim a monopoly of legislation in this direction. The necessity for the amelioration of the conditions under which the poor live and labour, the urgent need of temperance reform, and the desirability of improved relations between employers and employed, are recognised by both parties. Both are genuinely striving for a higher ideal of national life, and, though they may differ on points of detail, they are agreed on the broad principles of all that appertains to what may be called the "condition of the people" question. In a word, while the differences between them on the subject of *de*structive legislation are acute, there is not only a possibility, there is a strong probability, of their being in agreement with regard to the infinitely more beneficent task of *con*structive legislation.

The tendency towards the "group" system, which is now so prevalent in the House of Commons, has struck another blow at the old bipartite *régime*. The number of Parliamentary "groups" at present in existence includes Conservatives, Liberal Unionists, Liberal Imperialists, Liberals, Radicals, Socialists, Labour members, Nationalists, and Independent Nationalists, and if, as seems not unlikely, this number is still further increased, it will be a difficult matter for the leaders of either of the two great parties to ascertain, with any degree of accuracy, to what quarter they may look for support at any given moment. The party system, faulty as it is, certainly possesses many tactical advantages over any arrangement of this kind. The "group" system cannot fail to give a feeling of insecurity to a Government in the highest degree detrimental to consistent legislative effort, and it is unlikely that its further development will be regarded with favour by the country. We live

in a day of "faddists," and, although these selfsame "faddists" are indirectly of some service, inasmuch as they are making party government difficult, if not impossible, one cannot but recognise the fact that they are, in themselves, an unmixed evil.

But if the arrangement of government by party be doomed, as we think, in its present form, it is, how is it to be replaced? Surely the time is almost ripe for the formation of a government which shall be, not merely in name, but in fact, a national government. The "ancient forms of party strife" are responsible for a waste of time and energy on the part of the legislature which can only be described as appalling. The process known as the "massacre of the innocents," which takes place at the end of every session, is anything but humorous when one realises its inner meaning. That nearly one-half of our Parliamentary representatives should expend the major portion of their time and energy in endeavouring to discredit, by means of carping and factious criticism, the Government of the day, is a state of affairs as lamentable as it is ludicrous. The constant strife between the "Ins" and the "Outs," however delectable to the ardent and prejudiced partisan, means postponement, for an indefinite period, of innumerable much-needed social reforms, on which, as to nine-tenths of their details, both parties are agreed, on account of some disagreement, fostered by this strife, as to the remaining tenth. Never, probably, have the masses been so impatient of this wanton waste of time as at present, and never more ready to see both parties unite for what should be the common aim of both—the welfare of their country. When one remembers that the question of the housing of the working-classes is rapidly assuming alarming dimensions, that the veterans of labour are suffered (owing in most cases to no fault of their own, but to the severity of a lot which it is one of the most imperative duties of statesmanship to alleviate) to end their days in the workhouse, and that, at every turn, the Government is confronted with social problems of the utmost complexity, which demand instant solution, not from the *partisan*, but from the *patriot*, one stands aghast at the almost criminal folly with which the national good is daily being sacrificed to the fetish of party. Nor is this folly less evident in the domain of foreign affairs. It has, of late, been brought home to the English nation, as a bitter truth, that our enemies abroad are firmly persuaded that they can confidently count on finding a ready ally in her Majesty's Opposition against the Government of the day. Our foreign foes are probably wrong in this surmise, but they can scarcely be blamed for following this precious party system of ours to its logical conclusion. It is certain that the ex-President of the Transvaal imagined that he could, in the last resort, rely on party hatred in England to regain for him, in the Imperial Parliament, all that he had lost on the

battle-field. Liberals at the General Election found themselves branded as traitors, and discovered that it was constantly necessary to rebut the accusation that a seat won by them was a seat gained by the Boers, owing to the mistaken sense of loyalty *to members of the same party* with which their leaders shrank from disowning Messrs. Clark, Labouchere & Co., and denouncing them as unworthy of Liberal support. These leaders themselves probably sympathised as little with the advisers, or well-wishers, of the Boers as the generality of Englishmen, but a false notion of keeping faith with these fellow "Liberals" of theirs prevented them from expressing their condemnation of a line of conduct which they must have felt to be odious.

The division between Conservatism and Liberalism is no longer fundamental; it is chiefly a division of names. Sooner or later it is bound be swept away, but why not sooner rather than later? We are talking, of course, of these principles as understood by the great mass of Conservatives and Liberals. There can never be any prospect of union between the Socialists, who form a section of the Liberal Party, and the Conservatives, but neither can there ever be any real union between this section and the great majority of Liberals. As time goes on, however, the Socialists will increase in strength. Mr. Morley last June, in a speech at Oxford, made the somewhat significant declaration that he was prepared to go over to the Socialists if, as he feared time might show, they were the only real opponents of Militarism. As what Mr. Morley terms "Militarism" is what people of a less lofty intellectual standard understand by Imperialism, and as the nation, whichever party (Unionist or Liberal) may chance to be in power, is now definitely committed to an Imperial policy, it must be presumed that, before long, Mr. Morley and those who think with him will carry out his threat, and cast in their lot with the Socialists. Conservatives and Liberals alike are bound to resist any encroachment of Socialism, and they can, of course, resist it most effectually in combination, and thus we find in this remarkable declaration of Little Englandism personified another reason—and not the least cogent—for the contention that our present party forms are doomed. It has always been obvious that the two great parties would be forced to coalesce, whenever the day should come when Socialism has to be reckoned with as an appreciable political force, and that day has been brought sensibly nearer by the recent war, which has thrown the Radical "Irreconcilables" into the arms of the Socialists. By uniting now, instead of delaying until the formation of the coalition between the extreme Little Englanders and the Socialists, the combined forces of Conservatism and Liberalism would have the field to themselves—for the Socialists in England are at present but feeble folk—and would, moreover, be entitled to the credit of having done from

motives of patriotism that which, later, they will be driven to do under the compulsion of irresistible social forces.

Why, then, in the name of common-sense, should not the experiment of a government, composed of the best elements and combining the best principles of both parties, be tried? In no way so auspicious can the dawn of the twentieth century be heralded; in no way more fitting can the glory of the greatest reign in the annals of a great country be consummated. The war has shown that, on the sounding of the call to arms, we are one people, and not merely two parties. Surely, when the menace of external danger is removed, the sentiment of national unity, which it has fostered, will remain. The privileges of Empire must be shared, and the obligations of Empire borne, by an undivided nation. The fondest dream of patriots, and the highest ideal of statesmen—a national party—has been, to some extent, realised by the Unionist alliance. The party which has passed a practically free Education Act and a Workmen's Compensation Act, and which is pledged to deal with the subject of Old Age Pensions, can certainly not be said to be so uncompromising in its Toryism as to prohibit any common attempt at social reform between itself and the Liberals. Mr. Morley, with that political insight which he so frequently exhibits when treating of the politics of a bygone age, and so rarely when dealing with those of the present day, in his admirable biography of Cromwell, has well said: "Philosophers have never explained how it comes that faction is one of the inborn propensities of man, nor why it should always be that even where solid reasons are absent, almost any distinctions, however slender, fleeting, fanciful, or frivolous, will yet suffice to found a party difference upon." It is time to drop party distinctions which have become obsolete. It is time, too, for us to realise that we are not so loved abroad that we can afford to indulge in internecine strife at home; and it is time, above all, for all who wish well to their country to recognise that, not in the petty warfare nor in the triumphs, as transient as they are paltry, of party, but in the conscientious endeavour to knit closer the bonds of Empire abroad, and to ameliorate the condition, and to alleviate the woes, of thousands upon thousands of our toiling and suffering fellow countrymen at home, is to be found at once the supreme test and the richest reward of statesmanship.

HORACE C GARROD.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

MANY attempts have been made to depict the initial stages of our globe and to carry the imagination back to the dawn of life upon the earth. The evidence to be obtained from the rocks themselves is extremely scanty as regards the earliest azoic period, and all such descriptions must necessarily bear some resemblance to works of fiction. Mr. A. W. Bickerton therefore wisely calls his description of the evolution of the earth and its inhabitants *The Romance of the Earth*.[1] It consists of a popular description of the development of the earth and its inhabitants, giving in not too technical language the chief facts bearing on the subject as they are at present known to us. That part of the work dealing with the evolution of organic beings appears to be well up to date, but the description of the earliest formations is not quite in accordance with some of the facts. For instance, it is very doubtful if the first condensation of water gave rise to such floods as are depicted by the author. That condensation commenced under the pressure of about a mile of water present in the atmosphere in the form of vapour, and the enormous pressure from this source alone must have materially modified the conditions. We know of no geological evidence pointing to violent aqueous action in the oldest strata. As regards the carbonic acid, again, recent researches have proved that even a slight increase of the proportion of that gas in the air has an injurious effect on vegetation, and we must therefore look to another cause for the luxuriance of the carboniferous flora. The illustrations are, on the whole, well selected, although the connection between some of them and the text is in a few cases somewhat slender.

The advances made by wireless telegraphy in recent times have been so great and the claims of rival inventors so numerous that the general public may be excused if they are becoming somewhat bewildered. Mr. J. J. Fahie has done good service in compiling an excellent *History of Wireless Telegraphy*,[2] in which the evolution of the idea is described and the part played by many workers on the

[1] *The Romance of the Earth.* By A. W. Bickerton. London: Swan, Sonnenschein and Co., Limited. 1900.

[2] *A History of Wireless Telegraphy.* By J. J. Fahie. London and Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1900.

subject explained. Not only are the sources of most of the information given, but a number of original documents are here printed for the first time. We can recommend Mr. Fahie's work to all interested in the subject. It is a useful book of reference for the present, and will prove a valuable source of information for the historian of the future.

A further instalment of the report of the scientific exploration of Tunis has just reached us.[1] Like most of the other volumes, the present pamphlet contains a record of careful work carried out in what was practically a virgin field so far as scientific research was concerned. The conditions under which the observations were made must have been somewhat trying; the climate and want of accommodation for Europeans are repeatedly referred to in the pages of this interesting diary. The death of the author four years ago left a serious gap in the ranks of French geologists; but this diary was left ready for the press, accompanied by a number of geological sections which help us considerably in realising the intricate nature of some of the problems the author endeavoured to solve. The greater part of the territory traversed by M. Le Mesle was of miocene or pliocene age. Cretaceous and Jurassic rocks were also met with, and the nummulitic limestone so widely distributed in the North of Africa was found in large masses. As is always the case with preliminary geological surveys, subsequent detailed work may modify some of the conclusions; but M. Le Mesle's diary will always remain as a model of careful and patient research, and must necessarily form the foundation of future descriptions of the geology of this region.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

THE revival of interest in the philosophy of Leibniz is shown by the fact that the issue of his principal writings in two substantial volumes, with an Introduction and Notes by the late Professor Paul Janet,[2] has passed into a second edition, revised and augmented by the editor. The much-regretted death of M. P. Janet left to M. Boirac the duty of correcting the last proofs and of providing the *Bibliography of Leibniz*. The value of the work of Leibniz can only be fully appreciated by taking into account the state of philosophy and science when he entered the field, and a clear and interesting view of this condition is given by the editor in his valuable introduction, though Gassendi and Descartes had already

[1] *Exploration Scientific de la Tunisie.* Mission Géologique. Journal de Voyage. Par G. Le Mesle. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale. 1899.

[2] *Œuvres Philosophiques de Leibniz, avec une introduction et des notes.* Par Paul Janet (Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine). Paris: Félix Alcan. 1900.

prepared the way for him. The principal works of Leibniz, *Nouveaux Essais sur l'entendement humain* and *Essais de Théodicée*, fill the greater part of these volumes, but they also contain his numerous and not less important shorter essays. Not the least interesting is his correspondence with Clarke, Des Bosses, and Arnauld, to which latter Mr. Bertrand Russell (*A Critical Exposition of the Philosophy of Leibniz*) attaches great value. This edition should be secured by all universities and philosophical societies who desire to have on their shelves an intelligently edited copy of the works of the author of *Monadology* and the theory of pre-established harmony.

M. Jean Finot may be looked upon as a benefactor of his species. The desire to live to a really good old age is practically universal, and the author of *La Philosophie de la Longévité*[1] comes with the consoling news that we may reasonably hope to live to the age of a hundred or a hundred and fifty years. Certainly the number of *centenaires* he cites is surprising, and the fact that a large number of eminent *savants*, statesmen, and ecclesiastics carry on their labours into their ninth or tenth decade should animate young men of seventy or thereabouts with fresh hopes. That most men die too soon—that is, prematurely—we all feel, and no doubt there is some truth in M. Finot's contention that we have come to accept as inevitable a fate which might be avoided. Our author offers several suggestions in order to bring about the prolongation of life, and concludes with one, the effectualness of which cannot be doubted: "Pour vivre très longtemps, il suffit tout simplement—de ne pas mourir." In other words, maintain an active interest in life and never think of death. Poverty is also an advantage. In addition to the philosophy of longevity the reader will find in this book some curious speculations on the immortality of the body and the artificial creation of living beings; but we do not recommend him to take these seriously.

Mr. H. Croft Hiller evidently wishes to startle the public; the title of his book, *Heresies*,[2] and its lurid binding, may, however, have a repelling effect. Mr. Hiller is a philosophical revolutionist, hence probably his predilection for red. We fear we shall not please Mr. Hiller, for our time is too limited to enable us to give to his third volume (which is the first we have seen) the attention it requires. Judging by the introduction, we should expect to agree with him in some things and differ in others; but to distinguish these and give our reasons *pro* and *con* would make too great a demand upon our patience. When we came to read of "matter-souls," "sub-souls," "anti-cosmic organic souls," &c., we gave up in despair. Mr. Hiller has a theory of his own about disease, which may be partially true in respect to nervous disorders being caused by, and curable by, the

[1] *La Philosophie de la Longévité.* Par Jean Finot. Paris: C. Reinwald. 1900.
[2] *Heresies, or Agnostic Theism, Ethics, Sociology, and Metaphysics.* By H. Croft Hiller. Vol. III. London: Grant Richards. 1900.

will; but he is altogether wrong in applying his theory to zymotic diseases. He goes so far as to say that "what is called the advance of medical science constitutes, from our present standpoint, what may be called an advance in the manufacture of diseases." The absurdity of this is proved by the success of medical science in dealing with small-pox and cholera. After that we may be excused for not troubling ourselves much about Mr. Hiller's other theories.

The Rev. C. E. Beeby is, as we understand him, a Broad Churchman of the new school. The Broad Churchmen of the old school attached little or no importance to doctrine, and we cannot help thinking that Mr. Beeby would have been wiser had he followed their example. The author of *Doctrine and Principles* [1] appears to us to be saturated with heterodoxy, which he is anxious to prove orthodoxy. We are very largely in agreement with him in his frank acceptance of the results of modern science and criticism, and with his opinion of their inevitable effects upon theology. What we are unable to see is that these opinions are consistent with the author's professions as a Church of England clergyman. Mr. Beeby rightly fixes upon the doctrine of the Miraculous Conception as the crux of Catholic theology, and he agrees with the Unitarians in saying it is not taught by scripture; but he is, we should think, alone in the opinion that it is not a doctrine of the Church of England. We have much better authority for saying it is. Certainly the Nicene Creed in its present form, and the Proper Preface in the Communion Service for Christmas Day, affirm the doctrine which the Vicar of Yardley Wood rejects.

Students of the life of David, herdsman, outlaw, and king, must have often wondered how he could have composed the Psalms that bear his name, there is so little in common between that rough, irregular character and the devotion, pathos, and tenderness of some of the Psalms. The critics have taught us that it is more than probable that these Psalms are of post-exilian authorship, and are due to the religious consciousness of the Jewish Church, and not to the shepherd-king. It is this opinion that the Rev. Alexander Wright attempts to controvert in *The Psalms of David and the Higher Criticism* [2] His method itself can scarcely be called critical, as it consists in little more than an attempt to accommodate certain Psalms to events in the life of a David. Such a correspondence is perhaps not difficult to find if the inquirer starts, as Mr. Wright evidently does, with a prejudice in its favour, but its evidential value is very little.

[1] *Doctrine and Principles.* Popular Lectures on Primary Questions. By C. E. Beeby, B.D. London: Williams & Norgate. 1900.

[2] *The Psalms of David and the Higher Criticism; or, Was David "The Sweet Psalmist of Israel"?* By Rev. Alexander Wright, M.A. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1900.

Side Lights on Great Problems of Human Interest[1] is rather a large title for a short essay, which consists, in the main, of detached thought. The subjects referred to may properly be called great ones, but the treatment is too slight to do justice to them. Mr. Kirk is evidently a liberal thinker but not a persevering writer.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS AND JURISPRUDENCE.

Le Dictionnaire du Commerce, de l'Industrie et de la Banque[2] is a work of great practical utility in all the matters with which it deals—commerce, manufactures, and banking; it is to be complete in some seventeen volumes, of which fourteen have already appeared. It is published under the direction of M. Yves Guyot and M. A. Raffalovich, and the names of these gentlemen are in themselves a sufficient guarantee of the soundness of the economical views expressed in the work. The information given claims to be entirely new and revised, none is borrowed from existing works of reference. Each article is entirely fresh from the hand of its author, who is in every case a recognised authority on the subject of which he treats. The plan followed in the dictionary is an eminently practical one, precise and concise, excluding all matters of purely curious interest, and dealing with historical matters only so far as they are necessary to explain the actual situation.

Under the head of each article of commerce is given: (1) a definition; (2) the place of origin; (3) an account of its production both in the crude and manufactured state; (4) its similarities to other articles, and its distinguishing features; (5) its imitations and fraudulent substitutes; (6) tables of its production and consumption in different countries, and notes upon prices, tariffs, customs, and commercial usages in so far as they affect the article discussed.

The dictionary devotes an article to each country in which its economic situation is fully discussed.

For each commercial town we find an account of (1) population; (2) principal manufactures; (3) and (4) kinds and avenues of commercial activity, whether by rail, canal, or sea; (5) imports and exports, both in value and quantity; (6) prices of merchandise; (7) banks; (8) commercial institutions; (9) usages of trade; (10) harbour regulations; (11) weights and measures; (12) currency.

We believe that in a practical treatise such as this, the best examination is one such as the above, which deals with the plan

[1] *Side Lights on Great Problems of Human Interest.* By R. S. Kirk. London: Williams & Norgate. 1900.

[2] *Dictionnaire du Commerce, de l'Industrie et de la Banque.* Edited by Yves Guyot and A. Raffalovich. Paris: Guillaumin et Cie. 1900–1.

and the matter. We have ourselves found the dictionary a veritable repertory of commercial information, both for the business man and for the lawyer, and we feel that we cannot more highly recommend it to the attention of all who require a ready and reliable work of reference in such matters.

In *Reform or Revolution* [1] Mr. John S. Hittell brings a heavy indictment against the institutions of the United States of America, sparing neither the Federal nor the State Constitutions. The political evils in the United States have long been recognised on both sides of the Atlantic, but they have been too much regarded as the inseparable incidents of a young and growing nation, to be discarded as the follies and indiscretions of the young man which are left behind with advancing manhood. Such is not Mr. Hittell's view. Although frequently treated in the press and in the more permanent and advanced literature, they have not yet, he maintains, been collected and explained in a comprehensive manner so as to give a true idea of their magnitude and dangerous character, and consequently they have been treated by American authors, journalists, and officials as relatively unimportant. Mr. Hittell claims to prove that the Government of the United States is a disgrace to the American people, and that no other enlightened nation fails so lamentably to perform its duties of defining and protecting the rights of its citizens in matters relating to person and property. His main charge against the Constitution is its divided sovereignty. The Federal Government is neither national nor sovereign in the true sense of the word. With the exception of certain foreign and inter-State affairs of subordinate importance, it has no real power over the matters affecting the life of the nation. The results of this anomalous state of things are State treasons, double citizenship, entailing numerous hardships and loss of rights and property, strikes culminating in open rebellion, loss of life and property; lynch-law, with all its attendant horrible outrages, entirely unpunished and unfettered, and molestation of foreigners, whom the Federal Government finds itself powerless to protect or to recompense.

The second count in the indictment is the conflict between the various departments of the Constitution, the divided responsibility of the executive, administrative, legislative, and judicial authorities, and utter lack of any strong central and responsible power. This results, says Mr. Hittell, in "confusion and insufficiency in all governmental affairs, bad management of the currency, careless and incompetent legislation, log-rolling and lobbying, extravagance tending to national bankruptcy; and a system of jurisprudence that is more complex, technical, and expensive than any other in the world."

The third count is the "spoils system," with which most people even in this country are well acquainted.

[1] *Reform or Revolution?* By John S. Hittell. San Francisco. No publisher. 1900.

In support of these three charges Mr. Hittell furnishes plenty of evidence. But the United States is an immense country, and we would gladly hope that these evils are not so widespread as Mr. Hittell would have us to suppose.

Corrupt and inefficient, for instance, as municipal government is, in spite of all, it has achieved substantial results, even in the most corrupt cities; for example, in Greater New York; and the introduction of the competitive system into the Civil Service at Chicago in place of the former nominative system is a sign of municipal progress. And we are sufficiently acquainted with the Law Reports of most of the States, and of the Federal Court to have formed a very high opinion of American jurisprudence. The judgments of American judges, as a whole, easily stand comparison with the best to be found in the English Law Reports.

At the same time, it cannot be denied that the Constitution is radically upon the wrong lines. Political corruption is rife from top to bottom. Abuses fill, as Mr. Hittell says, all the branches of the public service, and are so hidden by a pernicious system that, in most cases, the fault cannot be traced to the evil-doer. Nobody is to blame.

The most astonishing feature, as Lecky says, is the acquiescence of a whole people in this corruption. The people, says Mr. Hittell, are not indifferent to these political evils, "but having had no satisfactory remedial plan, and being full of faith in their national future, they have tried to make the best of their situation."

But the root of the whole evil is, to our mind, that race for wealth which is now beginning to affect politics in the Old World. It is sad to find that in the United States it is the prevailing opinion that no honest man can enter politics.

We have not space to describe Mr. Hittell's proposed reform of the Constitution, but it is well worthy of the consideration of the American people if they will but spare the time from their all-absorbing occupation of money-making. Mr. Hittell is not a one-sided zealot, a man of one idea; he has grasped the principles involved, and has breadth of view, recognising the solid advances made by his countrymen as well as the retrogressions.

We regret that Mr. Hittell has limited this edition of his book to one hundred copies.

The Emancipation of the Workers,[1] by Mr. Raphael Buck, although issued by the socialist publishing house of Charles H. Kerr & Co. of Chicago, is avowedly written from the standpoint of individualism. To find an individualist supporting Land Nationalism and the abolition of interest is indeed exceptional and arrests attention. Mr. Buck, whilst approving of the principle of Land Nationalism, disapproves

[1] *The Emancipation of the Workers.* By Raphael Buck. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 1900.

of Henry George's proposal of the distribution by the State of the proceeds. He will not listen for a moment to the suggestion that the money derived from rent shall be squandered in maintaining "free dancing-halls, theatres, shooting-galleries," &c. He is also utterly opposed "to such communistic schemes or daring that would involve Government management of any branch or branches of industry, commerce, agriculture, transportation, or the professions."

But Mr. Buck is none the less an advocate of sweeping social changes. He recognises that the greater the progress of civilisation and population the smaller must be the share of the wealth produced which can go to the actual producers and the larger the share of the landowner and capitalist. Rent and interest must therefore be eliminated from the cost of production, when the prices of commodities will fall to the cost of the bare labour involved in their production.

Briefly, Mr. Buck's scheme is the Nationalisation of the Land, and the institution of a National Loan Fund from the rents, together with the proceeds of a tax of 20 per cent. on all capital above $10,000. He is apparently of the opinion that the landowners and capitalists would submit to these wholesale changes without fighting. He must be a very sanguine young man. At the same time we cannot help sympathising with his aspirations. Human nature must improve vastly before these ideas can be realised.

Professor Erich Marcks, in his *England and Germany*,[1] is to be congratulated upon his treatment of the relations of these two countries during the last four centuries. He points out how, in the Reformation struggle, German intellect led the way, and how a common spirit of individualism united the two nations, and how the Tudor monarchical supremacy enabled England to escape the ruin and decay that befell the disunited German states and cities.

During the seventeenth century Germany was impotent in international politics, and England, with the brief exception of the Cromwell government, too self-centred to interfere outside her shores. With the eighteenth century Germany and England stood shoulder to shoulder against Latin Catholics led by Louis XIV. With Waterloo our offensive alliances with Germany ceased, but the political, commercial and intellectual influence of England upon Germany was immense up to 1871, when Germany, having concentrated her own power, entered once more the field of international politics, and is now the commercial rival of England. In spite of both countries being imbued with similar national characteristics, it is curious to find that these alliances have been due, not to national sentiment, but purely to political contingencies, and although at the present moment there is not much love between the two

[1] *England and Germany.* Their Relations in the Great Crises of European History, 1500-1900. By Erich Marcks. London: Williams & Norgate. 1900.

nations, Professor Marcks considers that political exigencies may once more throw these two nations together. Professor Marcks' brilliant *résumé* should command attention both in Germany and in this country.

The thirty-eighth edition of *Every Man's Own Lawyer*[1] shows no falling off. The new edition, as usual, embodies the legislation of the past year, comprising in particular the Companies Act and the Money-Lenders Act, statutes of more than usual interest to the average citizen. In giving the purport of the latter statute no references are given to the cases deciding what money-lending transactions are "harsh and unconscionable." All these cases are set out in *Unconscionable Bargains with Money-Lenders*, by Bellot and Willis, 1897.

A new feature of great value to the layman is the addition of a Dictionary of Legal Terms Recent decisions appear, so far as we have tested the book, to have been duly noticed.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Mes Grandes Chasses is a new edition of the first volume of M. Foa's *Chasses aux Grands Fauves* in South Africa. The scene of the author's exploits will recall to the mind of his readers that he is one of a numerous family of mighty hunters—notably Gordon-Cumming and Selous—who have found their chief sport south of the Zambesi. The experiences and adventures of M. Foa differ in nothing but time and details from those of his brother-hunters: the same grounds, the same animals, the same tsetse, the same biltong, the same hunger, from one page to another. The work is well written and there are some good illustrations. The book is entitled *Mes Grandes Chasses dans l'Afrique Central.*[2] Why? The scene of the hunting was *south* of the Zambesi.

Vers Fachoda[3] is a narrative of the French mission which, under the command of the Marquis C. de Bonchamps, set out early in 1897 to join hands with Major Marchand at Fachoda. The latter had been during many laborious months gradually making his way up the Congo towards the Upper Nile, where, as all the world knows, he was found by Lord Kitchener after the battle of Omdurman. The

[1] *Every Man's Own Lawyer.* A Handy Book of Law and Equity. By a Barrister. Thirty-eighth edition, carefully revised, including the legislation of 1900, to which is added "A Concise Dictionary of Legal Terms." London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1901.

[2] *Mes Grandes Chasses dans l'Afrique Centrale.* Edouard Foa. Paris: Librairie Plon.

[3] *Vers Fachoda à la rencontre de la Mission Marchand.* Par Charles Michel. Paris: Librairie Plon.

history of these missions is a tragedy of struggle and failure. France and England each wished to draw its own several "line" across Africa: France from Djiboutil to the mouth of the Congo; England from the Cape to Cairo. So far both have failed. Politicians will say that both countries were urged by a single-hearted desire to spread the blessings of religion and civilisation. Sceptical observers may question how much of the enthusiasm in the two countries was due to the more sordid considerations of commercial gain, or to the equally effective though less substantial motives of national jealousy and fear. Whatever may have been the reasons for the Bonchamps missions, lovers of books cannot but congratulate themselves on this further addition to that fascinating branch of literature which, apart altogether from questions of style and language, must, by the subject-matter itself, make heavy calls upon the imagination of the reader, and transport him far from the scenes of his everyday life to a world of semi-barbaric display, where a strong man, Menelik, is fashioning a kingdom out of tribes. The book is well illustrated.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE fourth volume of the "British Empire" Series deals with *Australasia.*[1] At the present time unusual interest is taken in the British Colonies, and especially in Australia, to which the Commonwealth Bill may be said to have given a new national life and solidarity. The papers of which the volume is composed were originally given as lectures by persons who had special knowledge of the subject. The Introduction is by the Hon. Sir J. A. Cockburn, Agent-General for South Australia, and is, on the whole, remarkable for its judiciousness and impartiality. However, the opinions of the writer as to some of the social drawbacks of Australia manifest a somewhat puerile Conservatism. The cause of the people should flourish in the Australian Colonies if anywhere, for the beginnings of civilisation there exhibited man in his most pitiable and helpless plight. The land of convicts has been built up into a great Commonwealth. Can there be a grander illustration of the inherent capacity of all human beings to conquer not merely vice but the crushing force of circumstances? The "demagogueism" that produces such results is certainly something that the world must reckon with. The paper on Australian literature is admirable. Mr. Arthur Patchett Martin is wisely critical, and does not attempt to exaggerate the merits of the few poets and novelists of which, up to the present, Australia

[1] *Australasia* (with two maps). "British Empire" Series. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

can boast. It is curious to find conflicting views from different writers in this volume with regard to the Australian aboriginals. According to one statement, they are the most degraded of savages; according to another, they possess some high virtues and have reason to complain of their ill-treatment by the whites. The volume will be found very useful by those who wish to learn as much as possible about British Australasia.

An English translation of Professor Keller's great work on *Madagascar, Mauritius, and other East African Islands*[1] has been brought out by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. Professor Keller visited the Seychelles, the Mascarenes and Mauritius twelve years ago, and his journey was almost entirely devoted to questions of natural science. Of course he has found it necessary to deal in this volume with matters foreign to his own pursuits. He has largely availed himself of the work of the celebrated French geographer, Alfred Grandidier, on Madagascar. It is an interesting fact that the settlement of the East African Islands by man is of comparatively late date, and the people belong to very different race elements. When Africa has been more widely opened to European influences, these islands will be sure to attract more attention. For that reason this admirable translation of Professor Keller's work, by Mr. H. A. Nesbitt, has come out just at the right time.

We have received a copy of an elaborate work on *Norway*,[2] published on the occasion of the Paris Exhibition of 1900. The work has been simultaneously published in French and English. The Storthing passed a Bill on February 6, 1899, for a vote for the publication of the work in view of the Paris Exhibition, and the various subjects were treated by men of recognised learning and technical knowledge. The account of the geographical structure and topography of Norway is given by Dr. A. M. Hansen. Mr. A. Færden deals with the Norwegian Constitution, and this portion of the book has been translated by Mr. H. L. Brækstad. The union or partnership between Norway and Sweden suggests an analogy to the vexed Anglo-Irish problem. The chapters on the Norwegian language and on Norwegian literature by Messrs Falk and Brinchmann are deeply interesting. A Norwegian popular language may be said to have been created by the self-taught genius Ivar Aasen. He tried to fix a standard language for the different dialects. However, this language—unlike Burns' Scottish dialect—is an artificial language which nobody speaks. Aasen was a prominent poet as well as a linguist. The "Landsmaal," the result of his movement, has now been placed on an equal footing with the prevailing literary language, so that Norway has two official written

[1] *Madagascar, Mauritius, and other East African Islands.* By Professor Dr. C. Keller. Translated by H. A. Nesbitt, M.A. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

[2] *Norway: Official Publication for the Paris Exhibition*, 1900. Kristiana: Aktie-Bogtrykkeriel.

languages. The best representative of the New Norwegian classical style is Ibsen. Amongst the great poets of Norway are Henrik Wergeland, author of *The Creation*, and his rival Welhaven. A sister of the poet Wergeland, Camilla Collett, has written a remarkable novel, entitled *The Prefect's Daughter*. Of course, the two great leaders in the struggle for the development of a Norwegian national theatre are Björnson and Ibsen. The criticism of Ibsen in this volume is judicious. His main characteristic is said to be a severe, proud self-limitation. The pessimism of Ibsen is counteracted by Björnson's optimism. Norway's greatest novelist is, perhaps, Jonas Lie. The entire subject of Norwegian literature is dealt with very ably in the volume.

The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood,[1] by Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller, deals with a subject which will appeal to the sympathies of all humane hearts. There is a certain tone of cant about portions of the book. The statement that Christianity is the only remedy for the evils of child-marriage, compulsory widowhood, and temple prostitution is not quite incontrovertible. We do not assent to the strictures on Mrs. Annie Besant, who has some grounds for maintaining the spiritual superiority of India to England with its revolting latter-day materialism. Evil customs do not necessarily destroy the spirituality of a people. The seeds sown by Buddha and by Indian philosophy have borne fruit, and the mysticism of the East has its good side. Some of the facts presented by Mrs. Fuller are very curious, and cannot fail to interest European readers.

Sir Theodore Martin's biography of his wife, Lady Martin, better known as Helen Faucit,[2] is, indeed, "a labour of love." The minute details with reference to the career of this gifted actress will possibly prove wearisome to some readers. One of the most interesting passages in the book is the description of Miss Faucit's meeting, when a mere child, with Edmund Kean. She depicts him as "a small, pale man, with a fur cap and wrapped in a fur cloak." He had dark hair, eyes which also looked dark, and yet were bright as lamps. There was something strange and pathetic in this meeting. The genius of Miss Faucit was appreciated not only in London, but in Paris and other cities. In Dublin she was an object of universal admiration. Great novelists, such as Bulwer Lytton and George Eliot, paid special tributes to her powers. The actor or actress is often, in a sense, a creator, though death stills the voice that gives life to each character. We sympathise with Sir Theodore Martin in his effort to preserve his wife's fame.

The first volume of the *Letters of Thomas Gray*,[3] edited by Mr.

[1] *The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood.* By Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller, with an Introduction by Ramabai. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

[2] *Helena Faucit* (Lady Martin). By Sir Theodore Martin. London: W. Blackwood and Son.

[3] *The Letters of Thomas Gray.* Edited by Duncan C. Tovey. Vol. I. London: George Bell & Sons.

Duncan C. Tovey, contains some of Gray's correspondence with Horace Walpole, Thomas Wharton, Mason, and other friends. The poet, as revealed in his letters, was a man of culture and quiet observation, inclined to languor and melancholy, and scarcely roused by any of the great events of his time, even the French Revolution. Mr. Tovey's preface and notes are admirable, and there is an Appendix dealing with the text of the Wharton letters in which Mr. Edmund Gosse's treatment of this question is subjected to pitiless and apparently destructive criticism.

Under the attractive title of *From Suffolk Lad to London Merchant*,[1] Mr. A. J. Harvey, M.A., has written a biography of a man who by self-help raised himself to a distinguished position as a merchant in the English metropolis. There is too much unctuousness in the style in which the volume is written, but the facts show that the subject of the biography was a good and upright man.

Much has been written about *Giordano Bruno*, who may well be described as one of the first great martyrs of free thought, but the life of Bruno has never been told with more force and eloquence than in the volume entitled *Giordano Bruno, Weltenschauung und Lebensauffassung*,[2] by Gustav Louis. The life of Giordano Bruno was a protest against ecclesiastical despotism and intolerance. His death may be regarded as one of the most damning proofs of the iniquity of the Inquisition. This interesting volume contains some fresh details about the strange and stormy career of Bruno, and enables us to see this heroic figure "in his habit as he lived." Herr Louis has done his work admirably.

The Amusements of London[3] is a fascinating work. The subject is really too extensive, for a volume might be devoted entirely to the history of Ranelagh and Vauxhall Gardens. Mr. Boulton has evidently exhausted all the available sources of information. His account of Hockley-in-the-Hole is exceedingly diverting. He has also displayed much research in his history of the Cockpit and the Prize-Ring. The work is splendidly illustrated.

A little volume entitled *Entretiens Familiers d'une Institutrice avec ses Elèves sur le livre de Maria Deraismes Eve dans l'Humanité*[4] may be described as a catechism of the Woman Question. The dialogue is carried on between a governess and her three pupils aged respectively seventeen, sixteen, and fifteen. The reasoning is convincing, and follows the train of argument pursued in Maria Deraismes' great work. There is a sympathetic preface by M.

[1] *From Suffolk Lad to London Merchant.* A Sketch of the Life of James Harvey. By Alfred J. Harvey, M.A. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

[2] *Giardano Bruno, Seine Weltenschauung und Lebensauffassung.* Berlin: Verlag von Emil Felber.

[3] *The Amusements of London.* By William B. Boulton. London: John C. Nimmo.

[4] *Entretiens Familiers d'une Institutrice avec ses Elèves sur le livre de Maria Deraismes Eve dans l'Humanité.* Par Camille et Hyacinthe Betillon. En vente: Paris, 31 Rue Francœurcie.

Georges Montorgueil. This little book has been to Mmes. Camille and Hyacinthe Betillon a labour of love.

Cravenpark[1] is a drama founded apparently on the life of Savage, the poet. It is, from a literary point of view, a singularly weak production. The author is Mr. Bryan Templemore. Whether this is a real name or a *nom de guerre* it is hard to say, but some of the lyrics in the play give promise of better things. He should abjure the drama and write homely verse. He was never cast by Nature for the *rôle* of a dramatist.

The interest of Professor Aulard's work, *Histoire Politique de la Révolution Française*,[2] increases as it progresses. The account of Robespierre's cult of the Supreme Being is very curious. It is manifest that Robespierre was the victim of the spirit of faction which the Terror generated. The logical result of the Revolution was tyranny. Professor Aulard's dispassionate discussion of the entire subject harmonises with the dignity of history.

BELLES LETTRES.

The Strength of Straw[3] is the title of a volume of very interesting short stories by Esmé Stuart. The best story in the book is "A Tale of Swanage," a terrible sketch of a slighted lover's revenge on his rival. "A Bachelor's Love" is a farcical narrative in which the supernatural element is incongruously obtruded. "His English Wife" is not a true picture of Irish life. It has the weakness of malobservation. Evidently Esmé Stuart does not know Ireland.

Friendship and Folly,[4] by that clever American writer Maria Louise Pool, is a novel of the "up-to-date" order. It turns on matrimonial incompatibility, and the ending is by no means satisfactory. The story is pleasantly told, but it is defective both in its psychology and in its characterisation.

The Ivory Bride[5] is one of the best stories we have seen from the pen of that talented writer of fiction, Mr. Thomas Pinkerton. It is a tale of adventure and mystery, of lust and blood. It reminds us a little of Stevenson, though it lacks Stevenson's definiteness and magnetic charm. Mr. Pinkerton has vigour in abundance, but his style requires much chastening. The narrative is supposed to be told by a Scottish soldier of fortune. There are some excellent bits of description in the book, but it has not the

[1] *Cravenpark.* A Play in Four Acts. By Bryan Templemore. Richmond, Surrey: Hiscoke & Son.
[2] *Histoire Politique de la Révolution Française* (1789–1804). Par A. Aulard. Fascicules 6 & 7. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.
[3] *The Strength of Straw.* By Esmé Stuart. London: John Long.
[4] *Friendship and Folly.* By Maria Louise Pool. London: John Long.
[5] *The Ivory Bride.* By Thomas Pinkerton. London: John Long.

coherence and completeness which we expect in every work of art, whether it be a novel, a poem, or a picture.

Jean Keir of Craig Neil[1] is a Scottish novel of considerable merit, but it has really not sufficient *raison d'être* at a period when we have been flooded with "kailyard" fiction. Sarah Tytler knows Scottish life and character, about which she writes intelligently and lovingly; but when one has read this book through one is inclined to ask what was the object of writing it. It enlarges our knowledge of certain social aspects of Scotland—that is all, and, whatever may be the good qualities of the Scotch, they are not an interesting people.

A novel dealing with the adventures of an English family in Spain ought to possess more than ordinary interest. *Carpathia Knox*,[2] by Curtis Yorke, presents us with a vivid and by no means favourable picture of the Spain of to-day. Though the book has very little plot, the narrative is picturesque and delightful. But are the Spaniards so degraded and degenerate as Curtis Yorke tries to make out? Have chivalry and devotion died out of Spain? With all respect for the experience of this talented lady, we venture to think there is much exaggeration in her picture of Spanish life and manners.

A Woman's Burden[3] is a fresh addition to Mr. Fergus Hume's numerous experiments in sensational fiction. Really we see no reason why the number of such books should not be legion. An ingenious literary *cuisinier* might provide a convenient recipe for their rapid and successful manufacture. Mr. Fergus Hume's novels seem to "catch on," which is all some literary craftsmen care for nowadays, but they are not "literature."

The Minor Canon[4] is one of the best novels that Mr. Beresford Fitzgerald has written. It is a study of the influence of the clerical profession on a man of warm and impetuous nature. The author deals perhaps too lightly with the crime—for crime it is—of seduction, but he takes the attitude of most men of the world on this point. The character of Laura Ramsay is well drawn, and Lady Ann Vain is also an admirable character-portrait.

Curios,[5] a clever book which has been already reviewed in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW, is now published in a sixpenny edition. It is one of the most admirable specimens of Mr. Marsh's genius.

The Silent House in Pimlico[6] is another sensational story by Mr. Fergus Hume. It belongs to the "blood and murder" school, and the entire tale has nothing to do with real life.

[1] *Jean Keir of Craig Neil.* By Sarah Tytler. London: John Long.
[2] *Carpathia Knox.* By Curtis Yorke. London: Jarrold & Sons.
[3] *A Woman's Burden.* By Fergus Hume. London: Jarrold & Sons.
[4] *The Minor Canon.* By G. Beresford Fitzgerald. London: Digby, Long & Co.
[5] *Curios.* Some Strange Adventures of Two Bachelors. By Richard Marsh. London: John Long.
[6] *The Silent House in Pimlico.* By Fergus Hume. London: John Long.

Kebleland[1] is a charming volume, dealing with Hursley, the scene of the ministrations of that good and gifted clergyman, the Rev. John Keble. The volume contains also some exceedingly interesting details about Oliver Cromwell's son Richard, a man who despised greatness, and in so doing proved that there was in him something truly great.

We have received two double sections of that monumental work *The Oxford English Dictionary.*[2] In one of them (GREEN-GYZZARN), which has been prepared by Mr. Henry Bradley, hon. M.A., there are 3489 words, together with 749 obvious combinations. This number is more than double the number of words in any other dictionary. Among the interesting words in the section are *Grief* and *Guilt.* It is now almost forgotten that the original sense of "grief" was hardship, and we have an example of this use of the word in Defoe's *History of the Plague.* The meaning of "guilt" which prevailed down to the early part of the seventeenth century—desert (or a penalty)—is very curious. In the other double section there are 3480 words, together with 426 obvious combinations.

These two archæological works[3] tell of two very different fields of research. The first describes the results of excavations made among the ruins of Egyptian towns inhabited under the rule of the Ptolemaic kings and their successors, the Roman emperors. The second gives the lists and descriptions of stone implements and pottery mostly of the Neolithic Age, found in the islands of Porto Rico and Guadaloupe in the West Indies.

The Fayûm which is described in the first volume is an Egyptian province on the left bank of the Nile, about sixty miles south of Cairo. It is now less populous and prosperous than it was under the rule of the Egyptians and Romans, and has a remarkable history. It lies between the Nile and the brackish lake called Birket el Kurûn, which now covers an area of about seventy-five square miles. But at the time when Herodotus visited Egypt this lake, which he calls Lake Mœris, was one of fresh water, extending over almost the whole of the province. It was used by the ancient Egyptian kings as a vast national reservoir for regulating the floods of the Nile and supplying fresh water when the annual rise in the rivers was deficient.

The first hydraulic works necessary to make this sheet of water perform the functions which the Egyptian administrators wished to assign to it were begun perhaps as early as the times of the Fourth

[1] *Kebleland.* Edited by William Horne Warren. Winchester: Warren & Son.

[2] *A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles.* By Dr. James A. H. Murray. GREEN-GYZZARN (Vol. IV.). INVALID-JEW (Vol. V.). Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

[3] *Fayûm Towns and their Papyri.* By B. P. Grenfell, A. S. Hunt, and D. G. Hogarth.

[3] *The Latimer and Guesde Collections of Antiquities in the American National Museum and in Pointe a Petre, Guadeloupe.* By Otis T. Mason (from the *Smithsonian Reports* for 1876 and 1884).

Dynasty, but they were finally completed by the kings of the Twelfth Dynasty, who reigned from about 2770 B.C. to 2560 B.C. It was on the shores of this lake that Amenemhat III., the sixth king of the dynasty, built the pyramid of Howara and the palace called by Herodotus the Labyrinth. It was subsequently drained, and it was in towns built for the most part under the Ptolemies on this reclaimed land that the authors of this work made the excavations undertaken by the Egyptian Exploration Fund. The present work is only one of a series describing the work done by the Fund, and the results now told, though most interesting, do not convey so much novel information as that furnished by diggings in the monuments of the ancient kings and rulers of the country. The work here detailed was done in small provincial towns which were little better than villages, and in which there were none of the large houses containing libraries which have restored to us in the Papyri found in them so much lost classical literature. The classical fragments described in this volume are very few, and are merely repetitions of parts of works which have been long familiar to scholars, which scarcely differ at all from the old readings. The most interesting of the Papyri are those which give us vivid pictures of the daily life of the people during the Ptolemaic age and that of the Roman emperors. These are bankers' receipts and orders for payments through a bank, tax receipts, tax collectors', and farm and military accounts, receipts for rents, and a series of private letters. These show us that the people were generally happy and prosperous, and that a large proportion of them were fairly educated.

The West Indian collections show us the state of society in these islands during the Neolithic Age, and impress upon us the immobility of the Carib civilisation, which appears to have made little or no advance between the time of the earliest Neolithic deposits and that of the arrival of the Spaniards. There seem to have been two strata of population: the first that of the primitive races who made the tools of flaked flint described in page 740 of the report on the Guesde Collection, and the second of the Neolithic immigrants who seem to be of the same race as the Columbian tribes on the Pacific coast and the Mexican villagers. Like the latter, they lived in villages of large houses capable of holding all the individuals of one or more generations of the same family, and with their stone implements they made boats worked with oars and sails like those of the Columbian and Polynesian maritime tribes, which could carry fifty or more people with arms and baggage, and one of these found was more than sixty feet long. They made excellent pottery, and buried their dead in the same crouching position in which Neolithic corpses are found everywhere in Asia and Europe, as well as in America. Their idols show that their religion was that of the phallus-worshippers.

POETRY

MISS MARGARET ETHEL ASHTON must be congratulated on the beauty of some of the verses in her little volume, *Wings.*[1] Christina Rossetti has proved that religious poetry may not only be true but great poetry; and Miss Ashton's best verses seem like an echo of the late Miss C. Rossetti's most charming lyrics. Not that the poetry in this volume is mere imitation; it is perfectly spontaneous, natural, and characteristic.

It is not easy to get an extract which would do justice to Miss Ashton's poetic gifts; but we will take the opening lines of "A Portrait":

"The Age of Greatness is not dead,
The heroes have not passed away;
I know a man this very day
Who, fearless treads his even way,
With dauntless step and lifted head.

Content to be himself alone,
He thinks the thought of his desire,
He speaks, and in his words a fire
Upraising, bears his listeners higher,
To some fair kingdom of his own."

These lines have the ring of genuine poetry.

A volume entitled *Anthology of French Poetry*[2] presents us with some very good renderings of extracts from the works of French poets from the tenth to the nineteenth century. A prefatory note by the Countess E. Martinengo-Cesaresco informs us that "the translations were made in leisure hours, by one who from his childhood has been as conversant with French and with French literature as with English. The translations of some of François Villon's ballads are full of spirit, though they scarcely catch the dare-devilry of the original. There are some excellent versions of poems by Victor Hugo, and we regard it as high praise that the poet himself expressed approval of the manner in which his verses were rendered.

Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. have brought out in a neat volume an illustrated edition of Tennyson's *Princess,*[3] adapted and arranged for amateur performance in girls' schools. The work of adaptation has been well done by Miss Elsie Fogerty. The costume plays add to the value of the book.

Irene and other Poems,[4] by Mr. W. Keppel Honnegwill, is a little

[1] *Wings.* By Margaret Ethel Ashton. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.

[2] *Anthology of French Poetry* (tenth to nineteenth century). By Henry Carrington, M.A., Dean of Bocking. London and New York: Henry Frowde.

[3] Tennyson's *Princess.* Adapted and arranged for Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools. By Elsie Fogerty. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Limited.

[4] *Irene and other Poems.* By W. Keppel Honnegwill, *South-Eastern Herald* Office, London, S.E.

volume of genuine poetry. The principal poem in the book i weird story in verse of a woman who comes out to meet a Viki kisses him and vanishes for ever. Some of the other poems, thou unfinished, have in them rhythm, force and originality. The "Sc of Philomel" should never have been written, for it seems a fee echo of Keats' "Ode to the Nightingale." The author has r poetic talent, though not of a high order.

Some admirable translations of Goethe's lyrical poems will found in a neat little volume entitled *Goethe: Old Verses, 1 Versions*,[1] published by Messrs. Palmer, Howe & Co. of Manches In the Appendix some versions by Carlyle, Dr. Anster, John Ox ford and others are given.

Mr. Charles Whitworth Wynne has in *Ad Astra*[2] produce volume of poetry. The religious tone of the verses is free fr extravagance, though some of them are of the drivelling order.

There are some stirring verses in *Songs of North and South*,[3] Walter Malone. The author is a typically American poet, and echoes some of the grand democratic strains of Walt Whitm We may take as an example of vigorous and spontaneous poetry following from "In Praise of Myself":

"I have asked for aid from the sons of men—they have left me all alone;
I have prayed the gods for a loaf of bread—they have always given a stone.
So I clenched my teeth, and doubled my fists, and I fought to hold my own,
And the mobs of men, when I helped myself, have begged me accept a throne.

So little I care if they say my words are vanity, pomp, or conceit,
For I know that Self, and that Self alone, can bring me a mess of meat.
So the little tin gods of the old-time bards I shove in dust on the shelf,
And asking no leave of a living soul, I take off my hat to myself."

[1] *Goethe: Old Verses, New Versions.* Manchester: Palmer, Howe & Co.
[2] *Ad Astra.* By Charles Whitworth Wynne. London: Grant Richards.
[3] *Songs of North and South.* By Walter Malone. Louisville: John P. Mo and Co.

NOTE.—We regret that in the article on "Historical Calendars," in January issue, the name of *M. Beauquier* was wrongly printed.

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THE QUEEN.

ANY one who possesses spiritual or political courage has made up his mind to a prospect of immutable mutability; but even in a "transformation" there is something catastrophic in the removal of the back scene. It is a truism to say of the wise and noble lady who is gone from us that we shall always remember her; but there is a subtler and higher compliment still in confessing that we often forgot her. We forgot her as we forget the sunshine, as we forget the postulates of an argument, as we commonly forget our own existence. Mr. Gladstone is the only figure whose loss prepared us for such earthquakes altering the landscape. But Mr. Gladstone seemed a fixed and stationary object in our age for the same reason that one railway train looks stationary from another; because he and the age of progress were both travelling at the same impetuous rate of speed. In the end, indeed, it was probably the age that dropped behind. For a symbol of the Queen's position we must rather recur to the image of a stretch of scenery, in which she was as a mountain so huge and familiar that its disappearance would make the landscape round our own door seem like a land of strangers. She had an inspired genius for the familiarising virtues; her sympathy and sanity made us feel at home even in an age of revolutions. That indestructible sense of security which for good and evil is so typical of our nation, that almost scornful optimism which, in the matter of ourselves, cannot take peril or even decadence seriously, reached by far its highest and healthiest form in the sense that we were watched over by one so thoroughly English in her silence and self-control, in her shrewd trustfulness and her brilliant inaction. Over and above those sublime laws of labour and pity by which she ordered her life, there are a very large number of minor intellectual matters in which we might learn a lesson from the Queen. There

is one especially which is increasingly needed in an age when moral claims become complicated and hysterical. That Queen Victoria was a model of political unselfishness is well known; it is less often remarked that few modern people have an unselfishness so completely free from morbidity, so fully capable of deciding a moral question without exaggerating its importance. No eminent person of our time has been so utterly devoid of that disease of self-assertion which is often rampant among the unselfish. She had one most rare and valuable faculty, the faculty of letting things pass—Acts of Parliament and other things. Her predecessors, whether honest men or knaves, were attacked every now and then with a nightmare of despotic responsibility; they suddenly conceived that it rested with them to save the world and the Protestant Constitution. Queen Victoria had far too much faith in the world to try to save it. She knew that Acts of Parliament, even bad Acts of Parliament, do not destroy nations. But she knew that ignorance, ill-temper, tyranny, and officiousness do destroy nations, and not upon any provocation would she set an example in these things. We fancy that this sense of proportion, this largeness and coolness of intellectual magnanimity is the one of the thousand virtues of Queen Victoria of which the near future will stand most in need. We are gaining many new mental powers, and with them new mental responsibilities. In psychology, in sociology, above all in education, we are learning to do a great many clever things. Unless we are much mistaken the next great task will be to learn not to do them. If that time comes assuredly we cannot do better than turn once more to the memory of the great Queen who for seventy years followed through every possible tangle and distraction the fairy thread of common sense.

We are suffering just now from an outbreak of the imagination which exhibits itself in politics and the most unlikely places. The German Emperor, for example, is neither a tyrant nor a lunatic, as used to be absurdly represented; he is simply a minor poet; and he feels just as any minor poet would feel if he found himself on the throne of Barbarossa. The revival of militarism and ecclesiasticism is an invasion of politics by the artistic sense; it is heraldry rather than chivalry that is lusted after. Amid all this waving of wands and flaunting of uniforms, all this hedonistic desire to make the most of everything, there is something altogether quiet and splendid about the sober disdain with which this simple and courteous lady in a black dress left idle beside her the sceptre of a hundred tyrants. The heart of the whole nation warmed as it had never warmed for centuries at the thought of having in their midst a woman who cared nothing for her rights, and nothing for those fantastic duties which are more egotistical than rights themselves.

The work of the Queen for progressive politics has surely been

greatly underrated. She invented democratic monarchy as much as James Watt invented the steam engine. William IV., from whom we think of her as inheriting her Constitutional position, held in fact a position entirely different to that which she now hands on to Edward VII. William IV. was a limited monarch; that is to say, he had a definite, open and admitted power in politics, but it was a limited power. Queen Victoria was not a limited monarch; in the only way in which she cared to be a monarch at all she was as unlimited as Haroun Alraschid. She had unlimited willing obedience, and unlimited social supremacy. To her belongs the credit of inventing a new kind of monarchy; in which the Crown, by relinquishing the whole of that political and legal department of life which is concerned with coercion, regimentation and punishment, was enabled to rise above it and become the symbol of the sweeter and purer relations of humanity, the social intercourse which leads and does not drive. Too much cannot be said for the wise audacity and confident completeness with which the Queen cut away all those cords of political supremacy to which her predecessors had clung madly as the only stays of the monarchy. She had her reward. For while William IV.'s supremacy may be called a survival, it is not too much to say that the Queen's supremacy might be called a prophecy. By lifting a figure purely human over the heads of judges and warriors, we uttered in some symbolic fashion the abiding, if unreasoning hope which dwells in all human hearts, that some day we may find a simpler solution of the woes of nations than the summons and the treadmill, that we may find in some such influence as the social influence of a woman, what was called in the noble old language of mediæval monarchy, "a fountain of mercy and a fountain of honour."

In the universal reverence paid to the Queen there was hardly anywhere a touch of snobbishness. Snobbishness, in so far as it went out towards former sovereigns, went out to them as aristocrats rather than as kings, as heads of that higher order of men who were almost angels or demons in their admitted superiority to common lines of conduct. This kind of reverence was always a curse: nothing can be conceived as worse for the mass of the people than that they should think the morality for which they have to struggle an inferior morality, a thing unfitted for a haughtier class. But of this patrician element there was hardly a trace in the dignity of the Queen. Indeed, the degree to which the middle and lower classes took her troubles and problems to their hearts was almost grotesque in its familiarity. No one thonght of the Queen as an aristocrat like the Duke of Devonshire, or even as a member of the governing classes like Mr. Chamberlain. Men thought of her as something nearer to them even in being further off; as one who was a good queen, and who would have been, had her fate demanded, with equal

cheerfulness, a good washerwoman. Herein lay her unexampled triumph, the greatest and perhaps the last triumph of monarchy. Monarchy in its healthiest days had the same basis as democracy: the belief in human nature when entrusted with power. A king was only the first citizen who received the franchise. Both royalty and religion have been accused of despising humanity, and in practice it has been too often true; but after all both the conception of the prophet and that of the king were formed by paying humanity the supreme compliment of selecting from it almost at random. This daring idea that a healthy human being, when thrilled by all the trumpets of a great trust, would rise to the situation, has often been tested, but never with such complete success as in the case of our dead Queen. On her was piled the crushing load of a vast and mystical tradition, and she stood up straight under it. Heralds proclaimed her as the anointed of God, and it did not seem presumptuous. Brave men died in thousands shouting her name, and it did not seem unnatural. No mere intellect, no mere worldly success could, in this age of bold inquiry, have sustained that tremendous claim; long ago we should have stricken Cæsar and dethroned Napoleon. But these glories and these sacrifices did not seem too much to celebrate a hardworking human nature; they were possible because at the heart of our Empire was nothing but a defiant humility. If the Queen had stood for any novel or fantastic imperial claims, the whole would have seemed a nightmare; the whole was successful because she stood, and no one could deny that she stood, for the humblest, the shortest and the most indestructible of human gospels, that when all troubles and troublemongers have had their say, our work can be done till sunset, our life can be lived till death.

GILBERT CHESTERTON.

A KING'S NAME.

THE assumption, by Prince Albert Edward, of the kingly name "Edward VII." has given rise, in leading articles of several London papers, to a strange display of historical knowledge. We there were told that Edward was a genuine old English name; Albert a *foreign* one! The considerable number of Englishmen—perhaps counting hundreds of thousands—who bear the name of Albert may have been astonished by this statement, which, historically even, is utterly incorrect.

If "Victoria" had been described as a foreign name, there might have been better reason for doing so. It comes from a Latin source; it has been little used before; and as a royal name it stands alone in the chronicles of England.

Albert, on the contrary, occurs, in a dialectic Anglo-Saxon form, as a name from the oldest times in English history, properly speaking. So does Edward. Both names, to tell the simple truth, were "made in Germany"; and both have a clear meaning in old Teutonic speech.

Albrecht, Albert, Adalbert, or Aethelbert signifies the "Brightly Noble." Edward means the "Warden of the Estate." Looked at more closely, the first syllables in the two names (Adal and Ed) are etymologically of the same meaning; for "Ad," "Od," or "Ed," all signify originally landed property, which since ancient times the aristocratic class took good care to provide itself with. Hence an *Adaling* or *Edeling*—in other words, a nobleman—literally meant, at first, the possessor of vast estates.

As to the so-called alien character of the name Albert, English history—as distinct from that of ancient Britain—certainly begins with the coming over of the Angles, or Engles, the Saxons, and other German tribes. They made Britain into an Angle-land, or England. They gave this country its English speech. Now, those who talk about Albert being a foreign name had better first look into Green's *Short History of the English People.* He says, in his Chapter I.:—

"For the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth of Christ, the one country which we know to have borne the name of Angeln or the Engle-land lay in the district which we now call Sleswick, a

district in the heart of the peninsula which parts the Baltic from the northern seas. . . . . The dwellers in this district, however, seem to have been merely an outlying fragment of what was called the Engle or English folk, the bulk of whom lay probably along the middle Elbe and the Weser. To the north of the English in their Sleswick home lay another kindred tribe, the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Jutland. To the south of them a number of German tribes had drawn together in their homeland between the Elbe and the Ems, and in a wide tract across the Ems to the Rhine, into the people of the Saxons. Engle, Saxon, and Jute all belonged to the same Low German branch of the Teutonic family; and at the moment when history discovers them, they were being drawn together by the ties of a common blood, common speech, common social and political institutions. Each of them was destined to share in the conquest of the land in which we live; and it is from the union of all of them, when its conquest was complete, that the English people has sprung."

After this, let those who say that Albert is a foreign name be reminded that it is to be found frequently enough among the early kingly families of the English people in this country. They can find it —not to speak of other sources—in the same easily accessible work just quoted. The older German form of Albert is Adalbert; in old English speech Aethelbert or Ethelbert—meaning, as before said, the Brightly Noble.

Of Ethelberts—that is, Alberts—there were a number in early English history. In the sixth century one of them, in Green's words, "established his supremacy over the Saxons of Middlesex and Essex, as well as over the English of East Anglia and of Mercia, as far north as the Humber and the Trent." In the ninth century—as every one may see even from *Whitaker's Almanack* —there was an Ethelbert (that is, Albert), son of Ethelwulf, the King of England. He was the brother of King Aelfred, or Alfred, who is to be commemorated this year by a millenary celebration of the upholding of an English Kingdom.

Now, would it not be strange to rule Alfred and his kin out of English history, and to call their names *foreign* ones?

The name of Edward also is an old English, Anglo-Saxon, German one, long before Edward I. Its original form is Eadward in Anglo-Saxon. We need only mention Edward, the King of Wessex, son of Alfred, in the tenth century. Then followed, in the same century, Edward the so-called Martyr, and so on. If the later kings of the same name were rightly numbered, the present King would have to add a higher number to his own, as has been pointed out since his accession. But centuries ago it was preferred to date Edwards, who ruled over England, from the Conquest of William I., who abolished Anglo-Saxon freedom and put this country into the

fetters of feudalism, as regards land tenure. Thus they were called *Eduardus III.*, *IV.*, and so forth, *post conquestum* or *a conquestu.* It was meant as a mark of the subjection of Englishmen to foreign, Norman rule.

It need not be said that William = Wilhelm (so the Conqueror called himself, namely, Willehalm); that Frederick = Friedrich, Henry = Heinrich, and so forth. In the same way, Aethelbert = Adalbert, Albert; Eadward = Edward, or Eduard. Both are good old English and therefore also German names.

If the present ruler, who in his family was always called Albert, has chosen to assume the title of Edward VII., he has done so for personal reasons of his own. But nobody can say with truth that his first name is a foreign one, unless Englishmen, the descendants of Angles and Saxons, were held to be aliens in their own country.

KARL BLIND.

A FUTURE FOR WAR OFFICE REFORM.

A RECENT proposal emanating from the War Office has attracted to itself such a degree of publicity that it is doubtless already a matter of common knowledge and common discussion to most people—namely, the proposal to create five new units of Indian troops for service in colonial garrisons. Much has already been said and written both in support and in condemnation of the project, oftentimes in one and the same breath. Whether, so far as concerns the effects that may reasonably be anticipated to follow the experiment, it is susceptible of a whole-hearted treatment in either one or other vein of comment, is, for the majority of people, a question of secondary importance compared to the question, how far the project symbolises a reforming influence within the *penetralia* (or *impenetralia*) of the War Office, and effectively at work upon the possibilities hitherto many times tied up with red tape? This constitutes the real claim and just title of the announcement to the welcome it has received in many quarters. A radical change, of course, it is in no way; yet it is only radicality in reform that can remedy the many instances of failure in our conduct of the present war—the "inadequacies" admitted by the heads of the War Office itself.

There is another stimulus to reform, greater even than that supplied in our failures against the Boers—the object lesson afforded to all thinking minds by the federation of Australia under Imperial auspices, and the chance now open to the Mother Country of coadjuting in the establishment of its Federal defence. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has recently expressed himself to the effect that the relations at the moment obtaining between the Mother Country and her colonial offspring are satisfactory, but essentially temporary. It may be said, indeed, that it is a satisfactoriness ultimately consisting in the fact that the transitory nature of those relations at present is embodied in a congruous inchoateness. The unity of the British Empire depends on a widely diffused stream of Imperial sentiment, which the war in South Africa has for the moment concentrated and diverted into a strong channel. But sentiment, like the mercury of a broken weather glass, is prone to and suffers from diffusion. It will inevitably mean the loss of a golden and possibly

unique opportunity, if the enthusiastic phase of Imperialism precipitated by the events of the Boer war, sealed by common sacrifices on the part of all our colonies, and launched on the twentieth century with the spring tide of a Federal Australia, is not made to subserve the formulation of more concrete constitutional bonds.

In the very presence of this spirit Ministers have, notwithstanding, on more than one occasion during the last year, taken a truly fence-like attitude. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, in one and the same breath—that they desiderate greater definiteness in the relations between Imperial units and the Mother Country—deprecate the resort to "artificial" means for bringing it about. If the implicit distinction is not a positive contradiction, the warning is not so necessary as to deserve such a cryptic utterance. If by artificiality is meant an inordinate desire to rush into legislation and formulate without delay a detailed cut-and-dried scheme of future relationship between all and sundry parts of the Empire, the protest was hardly called for. On the other hand, if the advice is a sage glorification of the policy of "drift," it is nothing less than a foolish incoherence.

Fortunately, however, both in the colonies and "at home" there is a very considerable unanimity of opinion among Imperialists that the unification of the Empire is conditional upon the pre-existence of a "unity of defence." In other words, reorganisation of the total military (and naval) resources of the Empire into a single system, fixing the contributions in *personnel* and *matériel* on a more or less equitable basis, must necessarily precede any attempt to secure a similar unity in fiscal and other arrangements. The subject is not so simple a one as at first sight appears. Questions of finance, of taxation, and of representation, must inevitably overlap to a certain extent in any scheme of Imperial defence. Reorganisation in Imperial defence must necessarily involve readjustment of conditions in other departments. But this admission is no ground for concluding that one great Imperial question should altogether attend upon another, but rather the contrary.

That the present conditions are less than usually unfavourable for reforming British War Office administration, who can doubt? Its "inadequacies" have been revealed in despatches both from Commanders-in-Chief and war correspondents by a long series of "regrettable" and other kinds of unfortunate incidents—and admitted. Its pet faults have been probingly dwelt upon, even *ad nauseam*, by the pens of many expert writers. If there is a single article of belief upon which the nation entertains a lively and practical consensus of conviction, it is that the War Office, as at present constituted, is miserably unfit to have charge of the great interests vested in it.

In the second place, the new Commander-in-Chief brings with him from the field of battle a vivid experience of the points which mark the chief deficiencies of the late administration. Moreover, he has a people's and an Empire's commission to carry out such departmental changes as may be necessary to put a premium on the continuance of our peaceful relations with other Powers, and, in the event of war, to secure it against all loss of life and treasure within the power of human beings to provide against.

In the third place, South Africa, Canada and Australia have on different occasions voiced their readiness to discuss with the Mother Country all responsible propositions in the matter of Imperial defence.

In the presence of such potent factors—eloquent and recent history; as far as may be conjectured, a Commander-in-Chief eminently adapted by experience and disposition to impress his personality even upon a public department; a responsive, or rather inviting, attitude on the part of the colonies—it may well be asked what other *desiderata* are still wanting?

The main pre-requisites in addition are at least two in number—a wise statesmanship, and a proper scheme of reconstruction.

The first cannot be supplied to order. Whatever our estimate of the chances of its future recrudescence—whether, in our optimism, we aspire to the vision of another man for the hour; or, in our pessimism, declaim that Cabinets and Party Government, with all their "ins and outs" and twists-and-turns system, are past praying for—the fact still seems to remain that our strength is to sit still and pray. The "man in the street" has no option but to wait.

The second essential, on the other hand, is less of the gods' grace. A proper scheme of reconstruction will be one which follows the lines indicated by our failures in South Africa. Briefly, the Boer war has exhibited a united Empire striving for the common cause of humanity under the symbol of the Union Jack; but in a very informal, loose, and temporary organisation, and with contributions of men, and the sinews of war generally, of singular inequity. Reconstruction, if it takes no immediate account of disproportionate quotas, must at all costs aim at a permanently organised unification of defence. One of the incidental issues of the war, of equal, if not greater, importance than the more ostensive—a spontaneous rallying of the sons of the Empire to defend a vulnerable part of itself—will have been attained in vain if it is still imagined that the British Empire's integrity is sufficiently guaranteed by the mere patriotic willingness of our colonies to spend, and be spent, whenever, though not before, that cause is imperilled. War proceeds more rapidly than of old, and the first blow counts for much, as our South African experiences should certainly teach us. Political short-sightedness may lay the foundations of Empire; its preserva-

tion demands something more than spasmodic efforts to meet the crisis of a moment.

Here on the threshold of the twentieth century, it may be conceded, the claim—that contribution in any form to Imperial service confers a right to Imperial representation—deserves to rank as an axiom of Anglo-Saxon politics. Its justice needs not to be enforced by the loss of a second continent. At the same time the absence of a system of Imperial representation need not render nugatory all attempts at reconstructing our defence without it. The sympathetic attitude of the different Colonial Governments during the war, the unreserved manner in which their contingents were placed at the disposal of the "predominant partner," are all an earnest of this. Of course the possibility of friction is real enough, so long as any kind of ultimate dualism of control obtains; as, for example, that of the Federal Government of Australia and the home authorities in the question of a particular disposition of an Australian contingent. As the same time every one would recognise the temporary nature of the cause of friction, and, from a cause of friction, it would be commuted into a stimulus for superseding the dual authority by a corporate Imperial Council.

Let us waive, therefore, the objection that the main condition of a satisfactory union of defence is wanting, and assume that, even if such a Council did not already exist, it could speedily be brought into existence upon its desirability becoming recognised. By doing so we may address ourselves specifically to the question more closely concerned here: What extension or modification of our present military system is necessary, to enable it to appeal, more comprehensively and organically, to the citizens of Greater Britain no less than to the United Kingdom?

In discussing the merits and demerits of the system it must be borne in mind that our present army in South Africa is, in very truth, an army of veterans, and far from being the army we sent out. Recall the stubborn gloom that twelve months ago settled down on our nation at large. The news "from the front" was for the most part, an unrelieved recital of "mishaps," or a wearisome tale of inactivity due to insufficiency of men, or at any rate the right sort of men. Much capital of course has been made, not unjustly, of the feat of shipping 100,000 men and material a distance of 7000 miles. I have no desire to withhold the credit from those to whom it may be due; continental admiration at the feat, expressed over and over again, is *primâ facie* evidence that it was superior to anything our rivals themselves felt capable of performing, within the same time, and over a like distance. But commendable as the transhipment was in execution, no one, I think, can maintain that the effort was at all adequate to the necessities of the case. What was the result? Certainly not the success that adequacy commands. Opera-

tions in the field of campaign, where not absolutely unsuccessful, suffered from paralysis; at home lurked grave suspense; over a great part of the Continent jubilation knew no bounds. Volunteers were accepted, and more asked for. The response was unstinted, and to a great extent obscured the unpalatable and uneasy truth, that by the despatch of such a force, this country had sounded the bottom of her Regular resources, and stood denuded of all but a minimum of necessary land defence forces. Truly a short military tether for the world's leading nation! But the Militia, the C.I.V.'s, the Imperial Yeomanry, and the Volunteer Companies attached to Line Regiments, whatever their admirable composition in promise and potency, after all were but tiros in the art of war, and that they suffered so little in acquiring their early experience, must be ascribed in the main to the particular feature of Boer tactics.

The well-being, nay, the very existence, of the Empire demands a great increase in our military footing. The recruiting area must be, and at the moment has a chance of becoming, conterminous with the Empire itself.

In the past it has been a general maxim that we should concentrate the national resources on securing, beyond probability of miscarriage, the supremacy of our Navy. This policy, it has been held, is sufficiently achieved if we possess a numerical superiority in fighting ships over the combined navies of any other two Powers. Recent governments may be credited with a laudable effort to maintain this standard; and indeed, from time to time the nation has been officially assured that the limits of the shipbuilding capacity of the country have been reached in the effort; whether sufficient or insufficient, at least no more is possible in practice.

Be the truth what it may, recent events have shown that the Empire is not safe withal; and the reason is not difficult nor far to seek. Our Navy has no longer the enormous preponderance that it had, and this again is due to various causes.

In the first place, foreign Powers have made more than corresponding increases in their navies. France, Germany and Russia have all been stimulated to imitate the policy that has been so successful in English hands.

In the second place, the facilities for blockade are, owing to the greater relative effectiveness of instrumental defence, much more partial than they were. In any case, the United Kingdom and the Colonies offer far greater vulnerability to blockade than a foreign Power.

Thirdly, the opening up of such railways as the Trans-Siberian and Trans-Caspian have, or will have in the near future, by affording access to the heart of Asia by an alternative route to the sea, totally upset what balance of power existed, so long as England was in a position to monopolise the route of communication to the East.

Moreover, what has taken place in Asia may not unreasonably be looked for in the development of the Dark Continent.

The moral of this surely is that for the defence of the Empire the two Services must be regarded as much more complementary to each other than they have been in the past, since a variety of circumstances have contributed to make them both so much more necessary to the effectiveness of either.

The remedy for the insufficiency of our military arm of defence may, I believe, be sought in the development of that very unsatisfactory—because at present a stultifying—arrangement in our system of service, the recruiting long and short service men within the same battalions.

The short service in England is an infelicitous mimicry of the Continental. The selective adoption of certain of the features of that system was a device to create a Reserve, somewhat after the pattern of the Continental Reserve. It was maintained that the system would materially affect a necessary augmentation of our military "effectives," at a very slight additional expenditure. On paper, the results were calculated to realise the most sanguine expectation of its advocates. Nevertheless, let us hope—as there appears some ground for the hope—it is gradually becoming recognised as a fatal mistake. Regiments are not pieces of mere machinery; and, as the Franco-Prussian war revealed, military statistics are in all probability the most illusive and disconcerting of all kinds of "paper form." The British intermixture of long service and short service men cannot fail to diminish the efficiency of a battalion, and to seriously retard mobilisation. The conditions of Continental contiguity, with their daily nightmare of invasion, are its primary, if not sole *raison d'être*, but, fortunately, do not exist for England.

While absolute discrimination between the two systems is essential to the efficiency of the British army as to-day established, it is still more so, if our recruiting area is to be made co-extensive with the Empire. The war in South Africa has taught us, among other important lessons, our need of a larger foreign service army, an army that can be freed to operate in any part of the Empire without substracting from the bare necessities of home defence. It was pointed out early in the war, when the extent of the armament necessary to meet the Boer preparations was beginning to be appreciated, that the country would find itself sadly deficient in men and guns for home defence; and during its progress, we have heard our Premier himself intimate that the crisis through which we at a particular period had to pass, is one which it is very undesirable the country should be exposed to a second time. And so it was suggested we should have rifle clubs started all over the United Kingdom!

For these considerations the need for increasing our war footing, so as to have sufficient forces, available in sufficient numbers and at immediate notice, for service in any threatened part of our Empire without imperilling the safety of our own islands, must be patent to all. Can it be met under the present system? I say emphatically, No; for the simple reason that the system, or what poses as a system, makes efficient service, whether at home or abroad, alike impossible.

Captain Elgood, in the December number of the *Fortnightly Review*, brings a strong indictment against our present system of recruiting. He says that owing to popular education and kindred causes, the day of the gaily-beribboned recruiting sergeant has passed, and therefore advocates a complete abolition of the old paths. Multiply the recruiting sergeants, he says in summary, and inspire them with arguments that appeal more to the reason, and savour less of the beerhouse. Doubtless the advice is opportune; but it only touches the fringe of a wide subject. It may help to remedy the acknowledged insufficiency of recruits, but it does not strike at the root of the matter. Recruiting is only a means to an end, and cannot fail to be handicapped by a system whose ultimate basis is vicious.

Recruiting is nowadays carried on according to absolutely diverse principles. The enlistment of young fellows for long, medium, and short service all within the same battalion is an anomalous condition of things which can only beget weakness throughout. Where such mutually antagonistic influences reign, efficiency neither in home nor foreign defence can be secured. The "squeezed lemon," on one side or the other, is an inevitable product.

The latest discernible tendency of the War Office seems to be to strengthen home defence at the cost of foreign. That this is its object, indeed, cannot be predicted with entire certitude, because the means to be employed seem so hopelessly irreconcilable with the end ostensibly in view. For what precisely may be gathered from a policy reasoned out as follows? "The permanent increase of the Army is necessitated by the growing demands of our Imperial and Colonial garrisons": therefore the War Office "hopes to add to the number of men serving in our line battalions upon the three-years engagement" (hitherto limited to 100 in each battalion), because "it is quite obvious, that as a machine for manufacturing reservists, the three-years men are much more valuable than men who serve for a longer term" (Lord Lansdowne). The confusion and want of recognition of our needs is amazingly shown here.

Our Empire embraces an area of over 11,000,000 square miles of territory, dotted about in every quarter of the globe; a geographical fact that at once differentiates us from all other Powers. By reason of it, not only may we thus have a double system of service, but we

must have it, and on a condition, the want of which has hitherto wrecked its use—absolute discrimination. We must find a place for the Continental short service or home defence system; we have still greater need of a foreign service system, to serve as a nucleus of highly efficient troops, movable on emergency to any part of the Empire where the local defence may be insufficient. In India and Canada we present a vulnerability similar to that of the Continental powers; and any attack on the frontiers of these two possessions would entail, under unaltered conditions, that paralysis of home defence we have observed in the present crisis. Sufficiency of defence is by far the best security against attack. In the United Kingdom and in the Colonies a short service system is capable of rendering a sufficient defence. But in India, Africa and Egypt, local levies in order to resist European attacks must always have a support of a large admixture of white troops.

The chief characteristics of the two kinds of service are sufficiently indicated by their names. The distinction between them would be an enhanced kind of that now obtaining between our Regulars and the Auxiliary forces. It is of course impossible in such an article as this to work out full details of the system here advocated, or even to descend to more than a few particulars.

Among the chief of them are the following. Recruiting for one or other would have to be conducted distinguishably. The minimum limit for foreign service would be ten years, possibly with the option at the end of that period of completing twenty-one.

Home service would be on a three-years plan, with five years in the Reserve.

The ten or twenty-one years of foreign service would, of course, not have to be entirely spent abroad, but, as in the case of officers, opportunities of furlough would be placed on a more generous footing for the men, according to their non-commissioned rank. By way of making it more attractive to the right kind of man, the pay on foreign service might advantageously be half as much again as that for short service, and arranged on a sliding scale, according to the tariffs of the localities in which the battalion from time to time happened to be quartered. Moreover, by raising the physical and social standard, the service would offer real inducements to the better class of British and Colonial recruits to join it. The Empire would thus obtain an army of Imperial Service troops of a calibre and quality without parallel in the history of armies.

Short service troops, recruited primarily for home defence, would consist of a really effective Militia, with its adjuncts of Volunteers, Yeomanry, and perhaps in deference to certain theorists, Rifle-corps. Properly organised, this force should lack none of the real merits of Continental armies for the specific object for which they are sustained. Of course if the necessity arose they would be available for "emer-

gency service" abroad, in the same way as our auxiliary arms have been assisting in South Africa.

Such then, in outline, would be the composition of the uncommissioned ranks. With regard to company, battalion and brigade officers, the advantage of maintaining the distinction between Imperial Service and Home Service commands is by no means so obvious. Indubitably many officers, like the men, would entertain a preference for one or the other, for financial and other considerations, as indeed they do this day. On the other hand, periodical transference from one service to the other would be a potent instrument for the propagation of zeal and unity of organisation. It would depend largely on the question whether any sort of relationship between the Home and Foreign battalions could be maintained; whether our Imperial Service battalion could be linked, if only by name, to two or more Home battalions; as, *e.g.*, Imperial Norfolks (1st batt.) to Norfolks (2nd and 3rd batts.); or again New South Wales Imperial Lancers to New South Wales Lancers.

Whatever arrangement be decided upon is a point of detail, and of secondary importance compared with the subject of the central organisation of the total military defence within the Empire. Could the whole be safely and thoroughly supervised by an Imperial staff? With adequate decentralisation, I fully believe it could.

The basis of a minimum decentralisation should follow the line of demarcation between the distinct service systems. As far as possible, that is, compatibly with the substantial unity of the whole, organisation of local defence should properly fall to the administration of the different geographical units, Canada, Australia and New Zealand; nor do I see any reason why, hand in hand with this quasi-absolutism, they should not be severally responsible for the cost of maintenance. (The case of India presents so many problematic difficulties that it must here be reserved.) With regard to the maintenance of the Imperial corps, it might be borne either by the taxpayers of the United Kingdom, or jointly, by a proportionate contribution from the different members of the Empire. The first alternative is, unfortunately, more in the spirit of the present inequitable incidence of the cost of Empire, and is possibly still justifiable on the score, either of the greater stake of the Mother Country in the maintenance of its integrity, or of the inability of the Colonies to do more, at present, than set their home defences on a self-sufficing scale.

Then as to the composition of the Imperial Staff—would that it could remain more of a staff, and less of an office! Obviously, that it might have the best chance of doing its work sufficiently: that it might gather to itself all the experience necessary to make it at once a body of practical experts, and the head training-ground for future generations of Imperial Commanders-in-Chief, and Colonial co-

manders, it would have to be of a representative character. So would a staff of military representatives from the four quarters of the Empire help to work out the constitutional problem of Imperial representation, which our Ministers seem afraid of allowing to approach within the inoffensive circle of suggestion.

Finally, a word as to the "seat of authority." Mr. Spenser Wilkinson has pointed out in the "Brain of the Navy," and elsewhere, that efficiency and responsibility are convertible terms, or at least tend to become so, and can never be distinguished with impunity. The great fault of the English system is that responsibility is whittled away. It does not belong to the administration of the service itself, but nominally to the Secretary of State for War; and so becomes lost in the ample and all-elusive mantle of a comprehensive Cabinet "white sheet." Responsibility implies some sort of individuality, and individuality is an attribute certainly not predicable of the Secretary of State for War. His identity changes with the many changes of government. The office itself is merely a bit of Cabinet machinery—I might almost say furniture—a device of the Ministerial Division of Labour. Cabinets nowadays profess to have no scapegoats. The evil that a Department may do—and *a fortiori* the good—is claimed to attach to the whole of the Cabinet. From the point of view of a Cabinet, which in this respect is independent of that of the nation, the success of the work achieved by, *e.g.*, the War Office, is relative, not as one might expect, to the country's preparedness for war, but to its tendency to preserve, conjointly with other Departments, a majority in the House of Commons.

Under such a system, of course, responsibility is a farce; and in times of peace especially, maintenance of efficiency becomes impossible. Efficiency is not a quality of a hard and fast standard, and questions of efficiency are generally allowed to degenerate in the House of Commons into questions of mere £ *s. d.* The only way of securing a real responsibility is by making the head of an Administration dependent for the tenure of his post upon the way he performs his duty to the nation and not to a Party. In the reality of responsibility we have the only guarantee of efficiency.

Since writing the above I have seen a reprint in the *Times* of January 12 of Earl Roberts' speech on the occasion of his receiving the freedom of London in February 1881. The chagrin of discovering myself to be less original, not to say revolutionary, in the above scheme of military reconstruction, is more than atoned for by the fact that the speech thereby excepts it from the category of mere vision. The whole speech is worth a study, but in this place I may give the following cuttings.

"We must not forget that our army is a small one, almost absurdly small to meet the many demands made upon it. . . . I can quite believe that the shorter the service, the more efficient *for*

their own particular requirements the great armies of the Continent may become. . . ." But "our regiments cannot be made suddenly into corps of veterans by the addition of some hundreds of men," like the Continental.

"*We are sacrificing our army to obtain a reserve which, except in the case of a great national danger*, it is evidently not intended to make use of."

"*What we really require for England are two armies—a home army and a foreign service army.* The former should, I conceive, be some sort of Militia, and this should be our Reserve. The latter must always be in the most perfect state of efficiency, ready to take the field in our distant possessions upon the shortest possible moment. *Any attempt to make the foreign service army subservient to the Reserve must end in failure*, and, I confidently predict, in disgrace and disaster."

HAROLD GORDON.

ARMY NURSING REFORM AND MEN NURSES.

CONSIDERING the importance to military men themselves of an adequate nursing staff in war time, it is surprising that at this time of day so many deficiencies should have come to light in the Transvaal campaign!

It is no use, however, to wonder at the soldier's indifference in peace time to what may happen to him when wounded. His recklessness is as notorious and ineradicable as that of the sailor when possible sea dangers are in question. Our task at the moment is to take care that any measures of reform brought forward under the pressure of the passing excitement shall be permanent improvements, not mere makeshifts.

Watchfulness as to this danger is all the more necessary, owing to the powerful influence exercised over popular sentiment by the idea that nursing is the woman's province alone; for, trusting to the protection of this poetic notion, it is not at all improbable that the authorities may offer a small increase in the number of women nurses available for active service as supplying every reasonable need.

The utter futility of such a feeble measure can hardly fail to become apparent to any one who gives more than a superficial attention to the elements of the problem to be solved.

It is at the *front* that the deficiency in acual nursing material has most forcibly disclosed itself; and it is here precisely that women are most obviously out of place! It needs no special military training to realise that in uncivilised countries, and in the face of the enemy in all wars, where the number of possibly active combatants must always be the first consideration, the charge of women involves an anxiety which no prudent general would willingly incur.

Thus, in the initial stages of illness at least, whether we wish it or not, a very large proportion of our sick and wounded *must* depend for such care as they can receive on their comrades on the spot; and it is, therefore, to the spread of a more general knowledge of the principles of the nursing art among the rank and file of the whole army rather than to the strengthening of any special corps, whether

male or female, that reformers should turn their attention if they really desire to get to the root of the matter.

How then can the spread of this knowledge be most effectively promoted?

Taking a superficial review of the social resources at our disposal, it would seem that there should not be much difficulty in answering this question. Our civil hospitals and infirmaries, the latter especially, now find it almost impossible to obtain a sufficient supply of suitable probationers for their male wards. Surely advantage might well be taken of this state of things to arrange that a portion of each soldier's course should include a more or less prolonged period of training in the civilian nursing institutions of the towns nearest to the various military stations under the charge of the regimental doctors, selected in rotation.

The most telling objection likely to be raised to this suggestion is that man as a sex is so wanting in the qualities peculiarly called for in the sick room that no training can give him sufficient ability as a nurse to compensate for the trouble and time required for his instruction.

No doubt the average woman will always in practice hold a superior place in the nursing profession to the average man, since so much of the experience (which must be gained by the latter through special teaching) needed in the sick room forms a part of her ordinary life duty. But to admit this is by no means to admit any *inherent* inferiority resident in the male sex in gentleness, tenderness, and patience, or any *natural* superiority in capacity for nursing in the female sex. In fact, a thousand travellers' tales bear witness to men's devotion and self-sacrifice towards helpless comrades in emergencies of all kinds; whilst certainly no less abundant instances might be gleaned from the experiences of social observers telling of the limitless possibilities of stupidity enshrined in women's brains, even in the treatment of their little ones, where, if anywhere, instinct, provided it existed, might be expected to show its influence. The admission simply means that, generally speaking, the wom[illegible] nursing training will cost less than that of a man, and that, [illegible] fore, a higher type of woman will be able with justice to her[illegible] accept a lower rate of pay than an equally well-taught man.

Thus, there are the very best reasons for thinking that the [illegible] at stake is really one purely of education; and, if this be so, [illegible] the vital point for settlement is whether the probable results o[illegible] course proposed are likely to be such as will repay the expen[illegible] required? As far as the needs of the army are concerned, i[illegible] already been shown that it would hardly be possible to exagg[illegible] the value of extended nursing knowledge among men. W[illegible] then, the price to the civilian population of the wider employ[illegible] of male nurses be too great for it to pay for the advantages w[illegible] our military service would certainly reap?

This is assuming a loss from the employment of soldiers in civilian hospitals; but to the writer, to whom has unfortunately fallen a peculiarly wide personal experience of both men and women nurses, there seems that there can be little room for doubt but that, if only on grounds of sex similarity, far from there being a possibility of loss, there would be an overwhelming certainty of gain, especially in the additional opportunities of suitable employment that a more general nursing training would open out for time-expired soldiers. For general purposes, it is the writer's confirmed opinion that no arrangement can be better devised for securing the highest hospital efficiency than the system of male attendants for male patients under the supervision of trained female superiors.

Of course, the extreme advocates of the "ministering angel" theory will scout any such notion as that of a fool, and will probably endeavour to crush the man or the woman who openly supports it with a charge of a want of nice-mindedness.

Yet, fraught with unpleasant meaning as such accusation is, and unwilling as every self-respecting man must feel to expose himself to it needlessly, its truth bears no relation whatever to its effectiveness. Far from sensitiveness as to woman's service being a proof of want of proper feeling, it is the very opposite. It is actually the nice-minded man who suffers most in proportion to his nice-mindedness in allowing women outside his home circle to perform the offices for him which the habits of his life have taught him to consider unsuitable woman's work. If only the truth were known, this has been the cause of many an unfavourable turn in an illness which the medical men have been at a loss to explain.

Above all, it is the nice-minded men, not the brutes, who suffer most when they hear a woman exposed to the insults of the exceptional blackguards, a certain percentage of whom are to be found everywhere. No greater torture can be imagined than that a man can suffer when compelled to lie still while women are being bullied, and to be forbidden by medical exigencies to apply the only suitable argument to the culprit—the argument of the fist.

But it is not needful to suppose the existence of wilful vice; there are conditions in illness on the borderland of sanity and delirium in the presence of which the position of women surrounded by male patients may easily become intolerable. This is no mere imaginative idea. Not long ago, in one of the London hospitals, the conduct of a patient became so bad that the house doctor ordered his expulsion. In consequence the man died, and all the annoyance and anxiety of an inquest resulted. Yet the doctor had only done what any other man would have done under the circumstances.

J. TYRRELL BAYLEE.

OUR DEFENCELESS NAVY.

IT is strange that whilst every imaginable ingenuity has been exercised, notably by Foreign Powers, towards the improved construction of submarine vessels, little, if anything, has been done to render warships impregnable against their attacks.

Consequently certain destruction now awaits a fleet so attacked in its present defenceless condition under water. Heavy armour, as every one knows, is an above-water defence against gun-fire only. But the altered conditions of attack upon warships by submarine vessels, navigated at a regulated depth below the surface of the water, demand some new form of defence to enable the former to avoid instant annihilation from these unseen and terrible destroyers.

The many millions of pounds sterling expended for preserving the ever-to-be desired supremacy of the British Navy is enormous, amounting to upwards of £10,000,000 per annum; and one of the largest items in this shipbuilding expenditure is paid to steel manufacturers for heavy armour-plating, from six to eighteen inches in thickness, but which, for all its cost and weight, as before stated, affords protection only against shot and shell. No attempt has yet been made, beyond the useless and now discarded nets, to protect the most vital and easily vulnerable part of warships, namely, their immersed hulls, the plating of which does not average so much as one inch in thickness. In fact, a modern battleship of the highe' class, such as the *Majestic*, has the entire plating of her under-w'e, hull no thicker than that of any of our numerous large ocean-f ce. liners of the White Star, Cunard, or P. and O. Companies. quently appearances are very misleading to those who rely great strength of our battleships above water, whilst they o their great weakness under water.

Therefore the ships of the Royal Navy are protected from fire only, whilst by far the largest area of the ship, her under water (which cannot be too well understood), is under p conditions entirely unprotected, and completely at the mercy wretched torpedo. The time for building a battleship occ more than three years, and that even at the most rapid ra construction.

The loss of such a ship, with all its inboard fittings, guns, constructed at a cost of upwards of £1,000,000 sterling, wou

any time, from a monetary point of view, be a serious loss to the country; but at a critical moment in time of war the loss of such a ship, with her living freight of more than 500 trained men, would not be a mere monetary loss but a terrible disaster, irreparable in time of war, and this the result of one well-directed torpedo!

Such method of unseen attack might at one period of history have been considered a barbarous way of dealing with an enemy, and one that would not be tolerated by any civilised Power. But nowadays no such fine distinction exists in marine warfare, not a vestige of this point of etiquette remains. It is no longer a question as to the most elegant or refined method of destroying your opponent. To destroy him once and for all, and in the shortest possible time, no matter how, is the great desideratum sought after by all nations, and without any apology for the method adopted.

These new departures have to be dealt with, and to circumvent such improved modes of attack an equally improved means of defence is absolutely required. In order to fully calculate the danger at our door, it is necessary to quote from, and refer to, accepted authorities who have written on this subject, and to ascertain whether there really exists a great national danger, or whether this submarine torpedo-boat scare is a reality.

If such be a reality it rests with the Admiralty to find and adopt the best solution of the difficult problem that the defence of warships against the attacks of torpedoes and submarine-boats presents, and thus prevent the latest sub-aqueous methods of attack becoming a permanent menace to the existence of His Majesty's fleet.

In dealing with this subject, *Harper's Magazine*, of September 1900, says: "Great Britain was forced to meet the inexpensive torpedo-boat with the torpedo-boat destroyers, and she will be forced to meet the submarine in some way not at present apparent. You can send nothing against a submarine."

This demonstrates that the submarine in war threatens to become the revolutioniser, *par excellence*, of previous naval theory and practice, and there is no doubt this revolution will be inevitable unless some really trustworthy defence against submarine torpedo-boats is evolved. Without a defence of this kind, the submarine torpedo-boat, when used in attacking battleships under water, will present the unique spectacle in warfare of a weapon against which there is no defence. You can pit sword against sword, rifle against rifle, cannon against cannon, and ironclad against ironclad. You can also send torpedo-boat destroyers against torpedo-boats, and even destroyers against destroyers; but you can send nothing against the submarine boat, not even its like. Neither can a surface navigated vessel at present attempt to defend herself under water except by running away from her enemy, but even then it is

bewildering to imagine in what direction this running away could be accomplished when the submerged enemy is invisible.

The *Times* of January 11, 1901, says: "The submarine boat is practically an enlarged torpedo, capable of intelligent direction, and of discharging a smaller locomotive torpedo at short range, practically unassailable from the surface when submerged, and possessing a much wider range than the torpedo itself." "It is by no means to be taken for granted that the best answer to the submarine boat is the submarine boat itself. On the contrary, the best answer may be found in some quite different and hitherto undeveloped engine of naval warfare, involving, it may be, large and organic changes in the theory and practice of naval construction, just as the quick-firing gun was evolved in answer to the torpedo-boat, and has in its turn profoundly modified the structure of the modern warship."

Again, the *Engineer* of January 18, 1901, says: "We must not shut our eyes to the fact that the semi-submarine boat may be a very dangerous foe. Years have passed since we pointed this out. It seems that a fast torpedo-boat can get, say, within a mile of the enemy without certainty of destruction. Indeed, up to that she is fairly safe. If, now, that point reached, she descends, say five feet below the surface, leaving a conning-tower just level with the water, she can be steered, and the chances that she will be sunk by her enemies are very small. The five feet of water above her would deflect all projectiles from machine guns. She would have to go very close to be hit hard, even by heavier metal, and the little conning-tower at the water level would be a very difficult matter to strike. A fast vessel thus operating *à fleur d'eau* would be no despicable enemy, and it is in this direction, we think, that submarine attacks will be developed with the best chance of success."

Many more references and opinions might be quoted, but, without doing this, there is no gainsaying the fact that the submarine torpedo-boat has come, and is going to stay, as surely as steam propulsion, armour-plating, and many other innovations which were once so strenuously opposed by the then leading lights of science and education.

It must be admitted that there are many ways in which these submarine torpedo-boats could harass and nonplus an enemy's battleships whilst biding the time to bring about their wholesale annihilation. One of these special advantages would be in operating against a blockading squadron, where they could make their attack from seaward, previously having passed out unseen, and combining their operations with the false attacks of torpedo-boats, which, manœuvring on the land side of the enemy's fleet, would draw their fire, induce them to show their lights, attract the attention of the officers in the wrong direction, and do everything to assist the real

attack, which would be unseen and unsuspected until the volcanic explosion of the invisible submarine's torpedo rent the doomed battleship asunder and caused her to sink instantaneously with all hands.

On this point the *Engineer* of January 18, 1901 (before referred to), says: "There is something very terrifying to the imagination in these unseen and uncanny foes, which, operating wholly under water, and guided by human intelligence, can send ironclad after ironclad to the bottom and themselves take no harm."

Such being the outlook anticipated by these pre-eminent authorities, it cannot be reasonably doubted that the enemy is already at our door and requires to be immediately dealt with. It has been previously pointed out in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW how this new engine of destruction must be provided against, and reference has been made to the most approved methods of defence against the attacks of torpedoes—viz., by means of a steel-plate torpedo defence which has been highly approved by distinguished naval officers and eminent naval architects, invented by Dr. G. Horatio Jones, F.R.S.L.

Since the above-named reference was made, his system of steel-plate defence has been still further improved by him and perfected to such a degree of excellence that any possible technical objections which might have been hithorto raised as to its earlier modifications have been entirely overcome.

Before further discussing this latest defence against submarine boats and torpedoes it should be clearly understood that the torpedo-nets so long tolerated, and yet so persistently condemned by the naval officers of all countries, are at last practically abandoned as a defence against modern torpedo attack. On July 8, 1898, an order was issued from the Admiralty at Berlin abolishing torpedo nets in the German navy. Shortly after this the British Admiralty issued a departmental order that torpedo-nets were not to be employed in the British navy for use at sea, but to be retained as a defence only for ships of war when at anchor.

In view of our defenceless navy, exposed as it is to the attacks of submarine boats, the necessity for an invulnerable defence is clearly defined by such opinion of the authorities referred to herein, and it is to be hoped that without further delay the recognised claims of this important invention will be thoroughly investigated as the pressing nature of the subject demands.

CHAMBERLAINIA:

OR ENGLAND BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER THE WAR.

How it Strikes a Foreign Former Friend.

BEFORE THE WAR.

IF I am certain of one thing, it is that I have been a true friend and admirer of England—as it used to be. There was not a country, apart from my own, for which I had a greater respect, felt more in sympathy with, than good old England. To-day there is not a country——— Well, to-day my feelings have changed quite as much as the country has changed.

Now, that may be of very little consequence, even though it only expresses the feelings of pretty well all the old foreign friends of England. But, as in England actually a society has been formed with a view to enlightening the poor foreigner on the past and present state of the troubles in South Africa, perhaps I may venture in my humble way to return the kind attention by attempting to explain what foreigners think not only of the causes of the war, but also of the attitude of the English people during, and of the consequences of the war. And, if so, I trust I may be permitted to speak out quite plainly and without mincing matters.

As to the *causes of the war*, it is an old maxim, which used to hold good also in England, that if you want to form a fair opinion of a question you ought to hear both sides. I wonder how many English have read anything of what the Boers had to say, except some travestied extracts which the English papers dished up for them. Who has read, for instance, Mr. Reitz's *A Century of Wrong?* Nay, has not Professor Bryce's excellent work, *Impressions of South Africa*, been tabooed as the work of a traitor by the Jingoes, though it certainly is not a Pro-Boer work, but simply an honest attempt to get at the truth of the matter? The Jingoes preferred to get themselves enlightened on the subject by reading the work of one of the leading conspirators at Johannesburg. That seemed to them more likely to give an impartial view than a well-known English historian and statesman could do. But the masses of them were satisfied with what their partisan press offered them.

So they would forget—and many never heard of the century of

wrong committed by England. But is it not a fact that the Dutch settlers who had occupied the Cape long before the English came, when they could not get on with them, voluntarily left their old homes and "trekked" into the wilderness to find a new home? Even then the English could not leave them alone until, after fifteen years' attempt to rule them, they gave it up as not worth the bother.

Did they not, then, in 1852 and 1854, in the Sand River Convention, agree to the unconditional and complete independence of both the Boer republics?

Did that, however, deter the English—under a Jingo Government, of course—in 1877, when the Transvaalers were weakened by internal strife, from annexing their territory again by force?

"No," the Jingoes reply; "they were called in to save the Boers from annihilation by Cetewayo, the Zulu king."

And, in return for that, they were ready to give up their independence? Where is the proof of that? There is none, because it is not true. But what does exist is the solemn protest on the part of the then President of the Transvaal against annexation.

Now, that ought to be clear enough; but your regular Jingo can prove that black is white and white is black. "The protest," he ejaculates; "oh, a mere matter of form."

But why should he protest, if he did not really object?

"Perhaps to protect himself against the burghers?"

But you say they wanted annexation. And if they did not, he must have been a traitor to them. Why should England countenance that? Why should she put up with a protest, if she made a fair contract, if she had clean hands?

And as to the war against Cetewayo—who, if he threatened anybody, threatened Natal in the first instance—it was fought only two years later. And was not then Sir Bartle Frere first publicly censured by the British Parliament and afterwards ignominiously recalled for having commenced the war at all?

Is it possible that any honest man can wish to defend this annexation? Even Mr. Chamberlain, who was a party to annulling it later on, declared as late as in the autumn of 1899, in his speech at Leicester, the British had been labouring under a misapprehension as to the wishes of the burghers, and therefore had felt it their duty afterwards to disavow it.

Well, to swallow up a country by a "misapprehension," to rob a nation of its independence, surely is a grievous wrong towards its inhabitants, and the least thing that could be done in mitigation of it would have been to restore its complete independence. Surely every one, after that declaration of Mr. Chamberlain, will admit that *whatever rights, real or pretended, the English still held in the Transvaal were based on a great wrong committed by them.*

Well, Mr. Gladstone, who came into office in 1880, meant well enough. He, at any rate, in 1881 granted the Boers entire independence as regarded internal matters, they accepting a suzerainty as regards foreign affairs. But, still further to mitigate the wrong committed by the previous Government and to pacify the Dutch element which, even in Cape Colony, had been violently excited thereby, a new treaty was drawn up which empowered the Boers to send their Ministers to other countries, whilst the word "suzerainty" was not once mentioned in this new treaty. It is true, it was not expressly withdrawn either, and therefore a 'cute lawyer might try to base his claim for its continuance on such a fact; but what honourable man would under the circumstances refer to it as the Queen's sacred right? It was left to Mr. Chamberlain to persuade the English Jingoes to take this view.

But now admitting, if only for argument's sake, that the claim to suzerainty did hold good, what would it signify? "Suzerainty, whatever that may mean," as Sir Bartle Frere once said, surely could not confer a right of interference with the franchise, which is an entirely internal affair, and in internal matters the Boers had obtained their independence without doubt; and it had been especially stipulated in the last treaty that those foreigners who were resident in the Transvaal at the time—*i.e.*, in 1884—should have the franchise, out of which the unscrupulous Jingoes have constructed that claim of "equal rights" having been promised in general and for all times, whilst surely that stipulation could only mean that those foreigners who came later should have no such claims, and should, in this respect, be entirely dependent on those who had the power of granting the franchise—unquestionably the Boers only.

What right, then, had the British Government for interfering in the franchise, which was the cause of the war?

Now let us compare, for one moment, the Transvaal with England. The English, who seem to think themselves especially entitled to establish themselves all over the globe, take a great deal of credit upon themselves for allowing a few thousand foreigners to reside in their country and actually confer British citizenship on several dozen foreigners every year. But let us suppose these foreigners came in such large numbers that they would actually outnumber the English themselves—foreigners who did not really wish to amalgamate with the English, but only wanted to get the voting power into their own hands in order to annex the British Islands to some other country. Would the English not make a stand against it? Would they grant citizenship with the same facilities—*i.e.*, after five years' residence—as they do now? So the Boers had at one time raised the residential qualification to fourteen years, but, for the sake of peace, they were ready to lower

it to seven, nay, even to five years. Surely, considering the number of the Uitlanders, a very daring innovation, which might easily have cost them their independence. And yet the Jingoes maintain that the Boers did not show any conciliatory spirit!

"Ah, but it was not the difficulty about the franchise alone, it was chiefly the terrible misgovernment, the shameful treatment the Uitlanders had to endure that made them dissatisfied."

What Uitlanders? Pray let us draw the line between the English Uitlanders and those of other nations. The latter understood the difficulties which the sudden influx of such a large and very mixed population necessarily must cause to a government which hitherto was accustomed only to a very different state of things. And even though this government certainly had its faults, these foreigners, considering all the circumstances, were satisfied. The petition to the Queen of 1898 to interfere, having been signed by some 20,000 Uitlanders, mostly English, at once a counter-petition to President Kruger was got up and signed by some 24,000 foreigners, declaring themselves satisfied, and thousands of them have actually taken up arms against their English "deliverers." How could that have been done, if the state of things had been as bad as the Rhodes party represented it to be?

And if the English foreigners were not satisfied, why did they not go where they came from?

"After putting their money into the land and laying the foundation to the wealth of the country!"

One might almost fancy the English had brought the gold with them, which they then carried out of the country. Not being satisfied with being allowed by the Boers to drag millions upon millions out of the earth, they wanted the surface of the land as well.

"No, it was the Boers who wanted our country, our Cape Colony. Have they not been preparing for that for years?"

Yes, they have. But whilst they *prepared*, you *acted*. Their *preparations* were only called forth by your *actions*. And whilst their preparations were not only justified by your aggression, but also perfectly *legitimate*—not in contravention of any treaty whatever—your *actions* were *outrageous* altogether, such actions as your swallowing up their country in 1877; the British conspiracy in Johannesburg; the Jameson Raid, followed by the sham inquiry, by the officers, after the slightest punishment, being reinstalled into the army, and the prime mover of it all, Mr. Rhodes, not being proceeded against in any way whatever.

"Well, we did not want the war."

Perhaps not! You thought by sufficient bullying and bluff you could get all you wanted.

"The very fact of our not being prepared showed that we did not want war."

Did any one of you—with the usual over-estimation of your own powers—before the war ever believe that England, even with her army as it was then, could not easily crush the Boers, "that handful of farmers," at all times? Even if you had been certain that war was unavoidable—and a good many of you say so now—you would not have thought it necessary then to make extensive preparations.

"At any rate, we did not commence the war."

Yes, you did. The real cause of the war was your outrageous interference in the internal affairs of the Boers. And the very outbreak of the war is to be laid at your door also. You had called Parliament together, had called out the reserves, and had begun to send a large army to South Africa. Now, I ask you, if the Boers had waited till you had marched all that army up to their frontier, and then were still determined not to make any further concessions, would you have marched your troops back again? Certainly not. So the Boers told you, stop sending these troops or we must take advantage of our present situation. A very natural request. But did anybody in England doubt, before the ultimatum was sent, that there would be war, if the Boers did not give in?

And why would England not arbitrate?

"How could we with a Power which was under the suzerainty of the Queen?"

What a lame excuse, especially when we consider how this suzerainty originally was obtained, and what little right there was for the continuation of its title. Why could you not say: "Provided that our 'rights' to the suzerainty thereby are in no ways endangered, we will, for the sake of peace, and in confidence of the justice of our cause, submit to arbitration." We know why your statesmen did not say so. Because they had no confidence in that justice themselves!

DURING THE WAR.

If events that led up to the war must have alienated all the friends of England, her attitude during the war was even more painful to contemplate.

I used to believe in a certain amount of British fair-play and sense of justice, that freedom of speech was valued highly, and bragging was particularly distasteful. Nor did I doubt that the British had courage. But this war has changed my opinion on all these points considerably.

Was that the England of old which, when suffering some small but rather humiliating defeats, excitedly boasted: "What a wonderful nation we are to bear this so well! How all the world admires us!" Was it the good Old England which, when fighting with a far superior force on their side, amounting at last to something like ten—and more—to one, grave strategical faults having so frequently

been made, whole battalions surrendering to the enemy so often, could yet become intoxicated with excitement at the deeds of British valour, though it took the whole strength of the British Empire more than a year to subdue those brave but indisciplined crowds of peasants. And they have not succeeded yet.

What vilification of this brave enemy! What spiteful vituperation of foreign nations! What glorification of the British bayonet —when the enemy had not got any at all.

We all know where Mr. Thomas Atkins comes from, what in peace time he is thought of. We know, for instance, that he, of all men in the world, was the only one who was not thought good enough to enter certain public places—and public-houses; but during the war he was looked upon not only as a man of extraordinary valour, but also of wonderful humanity, whilst his enemy was everything mean and despicable.

I do not wish to run down the British army at all. But before the war I certainly had a higher opinion of it than I have now; and I utterly fail to see why the British public should be so wonderfully elated at its valour and successes.

"Bragging like a Britain" has now become proverbial all over the world. And apart from the Little Englanders—that party which had really made England great and respected too—all classes have contributed their share to this bragging.

The late Mr. Spurgeon used to say "a man may be a politician and yet be a gentleman." I wonder whether he would still hold open the possibility to the Jingo orators and statesmen.

Oh! and the precious British press and their wonderful enterprise in procuring war news!

Now let us just recapitulate the principal items of these. Surely every one will remember from the beginning one of those repeated most often and in the most decided manner was: "The Boers are sick of fighting. They want to go home."

Well, the Boers never seem to have gloated over this terrible bloodshed. They seemed to have deplored it, as is becoming to a civilised nation. They behaved as quietly as they fought determinedly. But if ever an army did not want to go home before it was time, if ever a nation fought to the last drop of blood, that nation are the Boers.

Then it was constantly reported that the Boers were disunited amongst themselves; that they had to be whipped to go into battle; that the Free-Staters, who were credited with a particular desire to go home, were placed at the front by the Transvaalers, who shot down any of them that would run away!

When the English got annoyed that the old President would not let himself be captured—with all his gold!—but did exactly what surely was just the right thing from his point of view, the English

papers, in their rage, called him a coward, and wanted to make us believe that the burghers—once more disunited amongst themselves—also were disgusted with him. But what went down best with the English readers were the constant accusations of the "treacherous use of the white flag."

I will only quote from two of the most distinguished British war correspondents, whose patriotism nobody can doubt. One of them is Dr. Conan Doyle, who is reported in the *Times* to have said at a dinner in the Pall Mall Club:

> The Boers have been the victims of a great deal of cheap slander in the press. The men who had seen most of the Boers in the field were the most generous in estimating their character. That the white flag was hoisted by the Boers as a cold-blooded device for luring our men into the open was an *absolute calumny.*

And yet where is the British newspaper that has not dished up this calumny for its readers day after day? How many Englishmen are there who do not believe in it to this day?

The other authority is Mr. Winston Churchill, who writes of his own capture. Somebody on his side had waved the handkerchief, and then he continues:

> The Boers immediately ceased firing, and with equal daring and humanity a dozen horsemen galloped from the hills into the scattered fugitives, scarcely any of whom had seen the white flag, and several of whom were still firing, and called loudly on them to surrender.

Now if such a thing had happened on the Boer side that "several of whom were still firing" after the white flag had been hoisted and the British had come up to take them prisoners, it would, of course, all have been treachery; and we have read of several cases—and in British reports too—that under similar circumstances the British troops did not show any "humanity," but simply rushed at the enemy and butchered the whole lot of them.

And how the foreign nations and their press were vilified! Of course, if you take, say, the *Times*, and perhaps *Modern Society*, by a judicious—or unscrupulous—selection of quotations from both papers any one may make the "English press" say almost anything. So it was done with the foreign press; and I could only wonder how the British reader could be so wanting in intelligence as to believe foreign nations to be such fools as to have such a press as it was and often is still represented by their English *confrères*.

But in all matters regarding the war, in many private circles sentiments were expressed much stronger still than even the press dared to utter.

And hand in hand with the press, of course, went the theatres, and especially the music-halls, the hotbeds of Khakiism. But what was to me the saddest factor in this war was the attitude of the

clergy. What a grievous spectacle for Christian ministers to preach war—and such a war!—and pray to God for victory over their fellow Christians! What a different attitude men like Herbert Spencer and Frederic Harrison have taken up, men who, I believe, do not claim to be Christians, but certainly must be counted among "the true heroes of the war."

If the English were determined to crush those two little republics, why couldn't they do it with a little more dignity, a little less noisy demonstration, less boasting and bragging?

I think I know! *It was to drown the voice of the conscience, which has never been quite silenced.*

That was also shown in the extraordinary sensibility of the English as to the judgment of foreigners. The English would like us to believe that they do not care a rap about what foreigners think of them. At the same time, I believe that with all their boisterous and aggressive self-consciousness displayed by the English of to-day, there is a distinct under-current of a positive yearning for a foreign friend, if only he would speak up for them. How childish is, for instance, that constant attempt at self-deception in trying to make out that America is on their side!

England has no friend. She stands condemned over this war by the whole world as with one voice. And she has no answer to this universal voice of indignation but an arrogant and silly, "Oh, they are all jealous of me"; and then turns round with a fierce, "And they shall suffer for it. We will punish these foreigners for their open sympathy with our enemies. We will boycott them and bring them to their senses."

How childish! How arrogant! Always over-estimating their own importance. But to bring about anything like a universal boycott—in which they by no means succeeded—the Jingoes set about to prove not only open sympathy, but also insults and outrages committed against English travellers.

Now, what did they prove against my own country, Germany, for instance? The *Times* actually thought it worth while to publish such terrible accusations as these: In Dresden somebody—some street urchin, most likely—had written some filthy words on the wall of the English church. How dreadful! Somebody else—or perhaps the same urchin—had secretly taken down the British flag, displayed at the English club of the same town in celebration of some British victory over the Boers.

I remember, about the same time, on the occasion of Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Dublin, where the Irish flag had been displayed, some students had howled it down, which was considered rather a smart thing by the Jingoes. This was the Irish flag in Ireland. But when the British flag—displayed very unnecessarily, I think, in the face of a population of a foreign land whose

sympathies were with the other side—was taken down, it became an outrage.

Now I do not wish to defend such acts for one moment, but how touchy the English must have suddenly become to take any notice of them at all, if they could not show more serious "outrages."

What were such acts, for instance, in comparison with what happened at the London Stock Exchange, where a German was set upon by a large number of the *gentlemen* of the Stock Exchange and beaten within an inch of his life!

There is only one country in Europe in which a foreigner, if he is not very careful, may be insulted. That country is England.

I think it is really most satisfactory that the many millions of people on the Continent, with all their hatred and contempt for the British nation, on the whole have kept up the laws of hospitality so well towards the individual English traveller. And this the English are well aware of.

With very few exceptions, all the English travellers declare that during their stay on the Continent they had never met with, or even heard of, the least act of incivility. I am only surprised that they have not combated the rumours to the contrary at home more effectively, that in particular the hundreds of British chaplains, who reside at Continental hotels at reduced terms, who enjoy a somewhat official position, have not thought it their duty to bear testimony to the universal civility English travellers meet with everywhere.

But that a large number of Englishmen must know this themselves well enough surely is sufficiently proved by the fact, that in spite of all efforts to prevent them from doing so, Englishmen in their thousands have travelled on the Continent during the last year.

However, if their number really had been reduced much, who would have been "punished" thereby? And this shows the utter childishness of the whole attempt to boycott. Certainly a few hotel proprietors and shopkeepers would have had their receipts diminished. But these are probably the best friends the English have on the Continent. Can they in their unmeasurable conceit not see that the great masses of foreigners dislike them, and not only would not miss them, but would, if anything, be rather pleased at their absence?

I am sorry there can be no doubt on this point, sorry because, whatever strong convictions I hold on this war, and the attitude of the British nation towards it, I still belong to that minority of foreigners who are always pleased to meet the English individually—at least a good many of them!—if they do not boycott me also after this.

After the War.

It is rather awkward to speak about the time "after the war," when one certainly cannot say that the war is really over, or how soon it may break out again. Still, whatever may follow, not a few salient facts stare us undeniably in the face.

But before venturing on a statement of *what is*, may I be allowed to point out *what might have been*, if Mr. Gladstone's policy of reconciliation had been honestly stuck to. I have no doubt that in that case not only the whole of Cape Colony would have remained perfectly loyal, as it was already before, but even the Transvaal by this time would have been not only entirely friendly to England, but would very likely have been *de facto* British. And so far from being jealous of England, I am quite willing to admit that that might have been—if brought about by peaceful and legitimate means—by far the most desirable thing in the interest of both parties concerned and of the whole world as well.

Even five or six years ago, in spite of the provoking attitude of the British conspirators in Johannesburg, amongst the younger generation of the burghers themselves there was already a strong party of reform with a friendly leaning towards England. This party would have become more powerful every day, if it had not been for the unscrupulous aggressiveness of the English, and in particular the criminal act of the Jameson Raid and the attitude of the British Government towards it. All that silenced the reform party and drove its members into the arms of the extremists under President Kruger.

Now let us see *what the English would like to believe* of the consequences of the war. They would like to persuade themselves that, after upholding the British military prestige, British valour and British humanity, they have vindicated the "rights" of the "oppressed" British subjects, and accidentally also have added a good slice of territory to the British empire, a territory containing—but that is of little consequence to them—the richest mineral mines in the world; and now they stand before the "envious foreigner"—ah, your Britisher loves posing!—an object of greater admiration than they ever did before. They proclaim all this with a noisy, a delirious demonstrativeness which is suspicious enough in itself. But woe to him who says differently!

What they really do believe I should not like to say. No doubt a good many are fully persuaded that things are like that, and more so. Are they not told so by Mr. Chamberlain and most of the other leading statesmen, and by nearly all the papers in the land? But what the thinking men and women believe can scarcely be very different from what the impartial foreigner thinks about it.

And the whole world, outside the imperious England, is honestly convinced that, after the most unscrupulously aggressive diplomacy,

after a most unjust and unnecessary war which has greatly diminished England's military, and more still, her moral prestige, which has caused the loss of so many thousands of valuable lives, so many millions of pounds on both sides, the English hold of South Africa at this moment is less secure than it ever was since the day they first took possession of the Cape.

England's military prestige has been lowered, but the military spirit has been raised. The Liberals on the Continent used to think we had more than enough of it in Germany. We have seen what a part it has played in France. But the England of to-day has not only sunk down to our level in this respect; it has outstripped us all in her vain-glorious worshipping of her ten-to-one heroes. England, once the undoubted rock of peace, is being looked upon by other nations as a factor most dangerous to the peace of the world.

Of course the average Englishman is fully convinced "we do not want to go to war if not interfered with by others." No nation ever did *want* to go to war, but how easily is it led into the belief that it is being "interfered" with or provoked by others! A nation that could be led into this war of oppressing the Boers can be led into anything.

The war was begun ostensibly "to secure equal rights for all," especially the *right of voting.* And now the franchise will be taken away from all and the republics be made a Crown colony "until they can govern themselves," that is to say, until they will vote to suit the English requirements. And for this purpose the British Government intends to "pack" the country by State-aided immigration until a British majority is obtained.

Oh for the sense of justice, the humanitarian proceedings of "Chamberlainia"! But what will be the outcome of it all nobody surely can say yet. And all this because the nation would not admit in time that it had been led astray by an unscrupulous man's bluff and bullying a weaker state, because it lacked the moral courage to confess itself in the wrong. In the wrong, oh dear, no! And frantically, almost, the whole nation set about by all possible and impossible means to prove that England was the lamb and the Transvaal the wolf.

Nay, they even pretend to admire the cleverness of the man who has brought all this about, and who has put his personal stamp on the England of to-day. But what is there to admire in a man who has proved nothing but unscrupulous push and bluff, and then, finding himself mistaken in the resistance to be expected from his opponent, causes a war so utterly unjust, so utterly unnecessary, so lamentable in its consequences, an everlasting blot of shame on the name of England? However, as a matter of fact the English only put a bold face on when they felt he had led them too far. But they neither admire nor trust Mr. Chamberlain, and I have yet too

good an opinion of the British nation not to believe that sooner or later a strong reaction will set in against his policy and sweep him aside.

The English may not care what a foreigner thinks of them, but if I may wind up with a statement of my personal feelings as a friend of England, I can only say: I thought I had made it the task of my life—as my writings of many years easily could prove—to help in my humble way to show my own countrymen that the English are not half as bad as they think them. I have had to choose another vocation.

But most foreigners, even those who used to be friendly to England, go much further. I will only quote from a letter of an Italian friend, who writes:

> A terrible change has come over the good Old England we both used to love so well. I have been her friend, but shall be her enemy now, until the brave Boers are free once more or—until death.

WILH. F. BRAND.

CAN A WAR OF AGGRESSION BE JUSTIFIED?

AN article appeared some years ago in a leading London magazine on "The Greatness of England," in which it is written, "That the stronger nation is entitled by the law of force to conquer its weaker neighbour, and to govern the conquered in its own interest, is a doctrine which civilised morality abhors."[1] The sentiment is manifestly just and righteous, and founded upon true ethical principles. Yet the doctrine thus conscientiously condemned by an eminent English writer seems always to have commended itself to British statesmen. Under the euphemistic term of "expansion of Empire" they have gone on and on subduing weaker nations with savage ferocity, annexing their territories without the least scruple whenever opportunity offered, and they are at the nefarious game still. In police-court parlance, they are in this respect "old offenders."

It is sad, very sad, to think how utterly not only the appointed ministers of religion, whose ordained duty it is to teach the truths of Christianity to all men, but the wise ones of the world also—moralists, philosophers, scientists, and savants—who have written and spoken so much and so well upon ethical subjects and the principles of brotherhood in regard to our moral obligations to one another, without distinction of class, creed, country or colour, have failed to bring home to the minds of our rulers how evil a thing it is to covet our neighbour's goods, whether the neighbour be the President of a distant republic, where rich goldfields and diamond mines are known to exist, or some humble Naboth whose only possessions consist of the proverbial "three acres and a cow."

The seven deadly sins may be fitly described as an abridgment and concretion of every species of hellish wickedness that prevails upon earth. First upon the list stands pride—the sin of Satan himself—the Luciferian cement which hardens the concrete into a loathsome mass of unutterable iniquity. Next comes covetousness. All men know the mandate concerning the sin of coveting one's neighbour's goods; but what an aggravation of the sin it is when every crime against the laws of God and man is ruthlessly committed

[1] Professor Goldwin Smith, in the *Contemporary Review*, December 1878.

to gratify the unholy craving for what belongs to other people! Looking to what has taken place and to all that we have heard concerning the war in South Africa, the words of Milton might well be addressed to a certain Cabinet Minister:

> "Author of evil . . . how hast thou disturbed
> Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought
> Misery uncreated till the crime
> Of thy rebellion."

The first of the seven deadly sins is plainly the root of the evil, and the explanation of it seems to be that those who assume to themselves the right to govern others are, in their own opinions, the sole repositories of all knowledge, and act accordingly on the principle that "the king can do no wrong." There is, however, a very broad distinction between knowledge and wisdom, a distinction admirably expressed by Cowper in the lines:

> "Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
> Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

It would appear, then, to have come to this, notwithstanding all the centuries of Christian teaching, and all that has been said and written in the cause of justice, humanity, and righteousness by good and philanthropic men and women, that the *auri sacra fames* is as potent a factor now in human affairs as when Virgil, with his primitive stylus, first inscribed those memorable words upon his waxen tablets 2000 years ago. No one would venture to lay it down that wealth *per se*, or in the abstract, is an evil; quite the contrary. Innumerable instances can be recalled of how, in the hands of the good and virtuous, it diffuses untold happiness and blessings all round. But when wealth, wickedness, and political power are associated, their calamitous influence cannot be exaggerated. The allegory of how difficult a camel would find it to go through the eye of a needle was evidently meant, not for the virtuous, but for the vicious rich man; under the circumstances, sensible people would rather be Lazarus than Dives.

There is an oft-quoted and well-worn axiom about how history repeats itself; but the saying is not worn threadbare yet, and probably never will be, though it has been cited constantly from time immemorial in proof of the hereditary character of historical events. The story of how the king coveted Naboth's vineyard, and the lengths to which he was ready to go to accomplish his wicked designs, is so strikingly a case in point that I am tempted to epitomise it here.

Letters were written in the king's name to the chief men, and sealed with his seal, directing them to suborn two men to bear false witness against Naboth, which was done. He was convicted on their testimony and stoned to death.

"The accursed hunger of gold" is as corrupting and soul-destroying to-day as when the first Judas sold the Saviour of mankind to His enemies. Ambition, family ties and considerations, self-interest, the love of notoriety, of social distinction, and, worse than all, the miserable pretence of patriotism, are the squalid motives by which men in positions of power are tempted to do evil things:

> "No vice so simple but assumes
> Some mark of virtue on its outward parts."
> SHAKESPEARE.

No matter how copiously the high and mighty Sanhedrim of the British Government may lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are actuated only by virtuous and exalted reasons in what they do, the etiology of their action is to be sought for in quite a different direction. Self-exaltation and the gratification of some ambitious desire is at the bottom of all their policy and all their designs.

The enormous cost of this nefarious war must come, whether by direct or indirect taxation, mainly out of the pockets of the industrial and wage-earning classes, and will do them no good. It will be spent for the benefit and glorification of those who by a political trick have got a new lease of the government of the country; and the people have already begun to find out, to their cost, what a mistake they have made. Yes, the mad desire to seize upon and to appropriate the territories and the wealth of others is just as great in this the twentieth century as it was when Cæsar annexed Great Britain to the Roman Empire, or when Alexander of Macedon, having reached, as he thought, the ends of the earth and brought all the nations under his sceptre, leaving behind him a broad trail of blood, lamented that there were no more peoples to subdue or kingdoms to ravage and annex. So it is that history repeats itself, but with this difference, that whereas Naboth, the owner of the ancient vineyard, who stood upon his rights and said to the king, "I will not give up the inheritance of my fathers," was simply stoned to death, the owners of the modern vineyards, represented by the goldfields and diamond mines of South Africa, are slaughtered in thousands by means of lyddite, cordite, dynamite, dum-dum bullets, repeating rifles, Maxims, pom-poms, and all the other so-called resources of (savage) civilisation, because they will not give up their inheritance and their national rights in obedience to the demand of an English Minister.

To-day, men and—alas that it must be said!—women too, of the highest station, who would doubtless regard with loathing the crimes of the assassin and the burglar, and recoil with horror from the base thought of stealing and appropriating to their personal use anything not lawfully theirs, not only regard wars of conquest and all their

attendant atrocities with complacency, but join enthusiastically in applauding and glorifying the men by whom wholesale slaughter, robbery and arson have been committed—men who have probably been actuated by no higher motive than a desire to win a bauble and a bit of ribbon to wear upon their breasts, and to write the letters V.C. after their names.

Papers are printed by the million in which portraits of the so-called "heroes" who have done the bloody work appear, and sensational illustrations of the terrible scenes of bloodshed and rapine are depicted, showing the shattered ruins of once happy homes, from which women and children were ruthlessly driven forth by British soldiers to die of hunger and cold. These are seen upon the tables of the rich and great, and are gloated over by "fair women and brave men" with pride and exultation as proofs of the power and glory of England, without even a passing thought of what the victims must suffer, or of the consequences in store for "those that delight in wars." Everybody is familiar with the ballad, tune, song, ditty, or whatever it may be called, that goes by the name of "Rule, Britannia," and fills with inordinate pride the breasts of millions of English-born men. It has been their "canticle of canticles" for many generations; but what has it been to other peoples? What to the victims of English greed and aggression? A portent of dire calamity, a hymn of horror, a sound more blood-curdling than the whoop of the Red Indian on the war-path. Like the wail of the banshee, whenever or wherever heard, it is the harbinger of death. More fatal than the song of siren, whose deadly influence was confined within the narrow limits of a little island in the Mediterranean, it has reverberated over land and sea from the shores of England to the Pillars of Hercules, the plains of India, the banks of the Nile, and the kopjes of the Transvaal. Yes, the world has been deluged with human blood and strewed with human bones from pole to pole to the tune of "Rule, Britannia." Can this thing go on for ever? Can it outlive the eternal justice of Him who has said "Vengeance is mine, I will repay"? I trow not.

It is a rare thing indeed for the soldiers of an invading army, from the Commander-in-Chief downward, to trouble themselves about the rights or the wrongs of the quarrel:

> "Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die."

I have only heard of a single instance in connection with this base, bloody, and brutal South African war in which, on the eve of the outbreak, the voice of one strong and just man and brave soldier, with full knowledge and extraordinary foresight, was raised up in protest and condemnation. Well would it be for invaders and

invaded, and for all concerned in the infamous enterprise, if that generous and wise voice of warning had been listened to. Torrents of human blood, tens of thousands of human lives, misspent millions, and incredible suffering from wounds and sickness, would have been spared. Humanity would not have been scandalised all the world over. There would be no weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth either in British or Boer homes. England would have retained her prestige amongst the nations of the earth, and the overburdened tax-payers would be better off to the extent of £100,000,000, and probably a great deal more. But no, the proud men in power willed otherwise. Seized with an insane paroxysm, they have had their wicked will—but the end has not come yet. Like the swine into which the evil spirits entered, they are rushing blindly into an abyss. "Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat." Without the wisdom and humbleness acquired by the study of ethics it would seem to be impossible even for educated men, however profound their learning and general knowledge may be, to escape the snares, pitfalls, and liabilities to err by which they are constantly surrounded. It is true, nevertheless, that many who know what is right act contrariwise, and, with open eyes and hardened hearts, do what is wrong. The plea of "invincible ignorance" made for benighted savages, as giving them a hope of salvation, does not apply here. There may be, however, some "philosophic doubters," like the present distinguished Leader of the House of Commons, on whose behalf the plea might, perhaps, be reasonably urged, though it is hard to believe, with his splendid intellectual gifts and great opportunities, he can be altogether blind to the infamies perpetrated under the orders of the Government of which he is so bright an ornament. These reflections will doubtless excite the scornful sneers and gibes of the defenders of jingoism, Imperialism, militarism, officialism, and flunkeyism. Let them all sneer away; the eternal truth cannot be obliterated by jingoistic sneers or scoffs from any quarter, although it may be obscured temporarily by the clouds of falsehood. How does the matter stand? It is well known that, not satisfied with the immense territories England has already acquired in South Africa, the Jameson raid was promoted by some one in power, with the deliberate intention of depriving the Boers first of their constitutional rights, and afterwards of their territories, in the interest of the outlanders or foreigners. An invasion of Boer land took place, and was joined in by several English officers. The filibusters were ignominiously defeated, and most, if not all of them, taken prisoners. Now, what happened next? The Boer Government handed them over to the English Government to be dealt with. A mock trial, mock sentence, and mock imprisonment was the result. Meanwhile, a gigantic expedition, compared to which the Jameson raid was a mere "flash in the pan," was being prepared. General officers who were

believed to be the most skilful and experienced in the art of war were placed at the head of affairs, and what has been described as the greatest military force ever put into the field was hurled recklessly against the gallant Boer farmers. The first shock was like the meeting of two mighty ironclads steaming at full speed in opposite directions, and colliding in mid-ocean, but, to the astonishment of the whole world, the brave Boers not only withstood the shock, but inflicted defeat, discomfiture, disaster, again and again upon the armies of Great Britain. At length England in a panic hurried out to the scene of war the two generals who were most experienced in the art of modern warfare, Lord Roberts of Kandahar and Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. The former had assisted at the shedding of much blood in India, and the latter had made himself infamous by the wholesale massacre of Arabs, combatants and non-combatants, women and children, at Omdurman, and the desecration of the Mahdi's tomb, an act of vandalism beyond belief. But the Boers are a totally different class of fighters from the imperfectly armed and undisciplined Indians and Arabs. Inferior to the English only in numbers, superior in tactical skill and in the use of arms, they made and are still making a stand against overwhelming odds, the like of which has no parallel in history, ancient or modern. Lord Roberts, with an army of over 200,000 men, and unlimited resources in munitions of war and military requisites, succeeded, after various delays and vicissitudes, in taking Pretoria and Johannesburg and capturing General Cronje, one of the most heroic of the Boer leaders. The incidents of the war are so familiar to all that they need not be gone into beyond remarking that the lists of casualties on the field of battle were appalling as they appeared from day to day and week to week in the official returns, and even more terrible were the long lists of deaths in the hospitals from disease. The sum total of human suffering occasioned by the *ipse dixit* of a cowardly Cromwell seated safely and comfortably in his official armchair in London, seven or eight thousand miles beyond the reach or risk of personal danger, will never be known on this side of eternity.

Lord Roberts, for reasons well known to all the world, has returned to England, leaving the Butcher of Omdurman to do the devil's work and to complete the congenial task of *pacifying* the South African Republics, which, if permitted, he seems bent on doing in the same way that Ireland was pacified in other times. Some curious inquirer may ask, How was that? and a short digression, but one quite relevant to the subject in hand, is necessary to answer the question. Reference was made just now to the fact that the events of history appear to have a hereditary tendency to repeat themselves. "Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb." They go rolling along from generation to generation, and from century to century, in their ghastly orbits. What is happening at

the present time in South Africa bears so strong a family likeness to what happened with regard to the so-called conquest of Ireland that the latter may be regarded as the progenitor of the African horror. I will give chapter and verse. In the pages of James Anthony Froude's *The English in Ireland*, a trustworthy authority, from an English standpoint, will be found a report from Malby, the President of Connaught, and commander of the British army in that province. It appears Malby expected to meet with resistance, and thus to find a pretext for the massacres he contemplated. The Irish leaders, however, attempted to appease him by a policy of non-resistance, and thus to save the people from extermination. The following is an extract from Malby's report to Government, as quoted by Froude:—

"I thought good to take another course, and so with determination to consume them with fire and sword, sparing neither old nor young, I entered their mountains, I burnt all their corn and houses, and committed to the sword all that could be found. . . . In like manner I assaulted a castle when the garrison surrendered. I put them to the *miscricordia* of my soldiers—they were all slain—thence I went on sparing none which came in my way, which cruelty did so amaze their followers they could not tell where to bestow themselves. . . . It was all done in rain and frost and storm, journeyings in such weather bringing them the sooner to submission." Here, again, is an excerpt from another well-known English authority. The *Pacata Hibernia* says Sir George Carew, president of Munster and commander of the English forces there, "having received certaine information that the Mounster fugitives were harboured in those parts, having before burned all the houses and corne. . . . diverted his forces into East Clanwilliam and Muskery-Quirke, and harassing the country killed all mankind that were found therein for a terrour to those as should give relief to the runagate traitors. Thence we came to Aherleaghe Woods (the beautiful Glen of Aherlow), where we did the like, not leaving behind us man or beast, corne or cattle." "The runagate traitors," be it observed, were the Irish people who were thus slaughtered ruthlessly by the merciless invaders of their country.

Here, again, is an extract from a letter written in 1607 by Lord Deputy Chichester, who commanded the English forces in Ulster: "I have often said and written it is famine must consume the Irish, as our swords and other endeavours worked not that speedy effect which is expected; hunger would be a better, because a speedier, weapon to employ against them than the sword." And here is how this fiend in human shape put his theory into practice. He says: "I burned all along Lough Neagh, within four miles of Dungannon . . . sparing none, of what quality, age, or sex soever, besides many burned to death. We killed man, woman, and child, horse, beast, or whatever we could find." Some one may object that this is

"ancient history." Yes! but I am showing how history repeats itself, and am giving proofs. I want to show from authoritative English sources how close is the relationship between the methods of England in South Africa and of England in Ireland. Passing over the ancient, let us come to modern history. I will put in evidence the writings of a great British statesman, recently passed away, whose name is held in respect by all men, even by his political opponents—I was going to say enemies, but Mr. Gladstone had no enemies, unless it might be some wretched renegade and traitor to his party, who betrayed his leader and benefactor.

Two very remarkable articles appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* magazine over the signature of Wm. E. Gladstone, one dated October 1887 and the other July 1889. Both relate to the doings of the British Government and British soldiers in Ireland just before and after the opening of the nineteenth century. A few brief quotations from so great and unquestionable an authority will give effect to my statement. The first of Mr. Gladstone's articles is a criticism of Ingram's *History of the Union;* the second is entitled "Plain Speaking on the Union." In the first, having shown Dr. Ingram's utter failure as a writer of Union history, Mr. Gladstone tells us: "The revival of religious faction was the introduction of the reign of terror and savage lawlessness in the guise of law. By this lawlessness the rebellion was, in the language of Lord Russell, 'wickedly provoked,' and by the rebellion the Union . . . was rendered possible." Mr. Gladstone tears off the veil of falsehood and misrepresentation, and shows in all their naked deformity the shocking methods resorted to by Pitt, Castlereagh, and their miserable hirelings, to rob Ireland of her national rights. He describes the shameless bribery, corruption, and intimidation practised by the British Government, and tells us that "enlightened English economists . . . regarded a legislative union as the natural and only means of putting an end to the ferocious persecution of Ireland by iniquitous commercial laws." But the persecution through the medium of oppressive commercial laws is a small matter as compared with the inhuman outrages, massacres, tortures, and spoliations inflicted on the oppressed people of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone, in concluding his review of what he characterises as Ingram's *pseudo* history of the Union, sums up in twenty brief paragraphs. I will only quote two. He says (par. 5): "After the rebellion was put down, the system of intimidating the Irish nation was actively upheld by robbery, devastation, rape, torture, and murder, practised continually by the armed forces of the Government, together with the civil authorities, and by the general impunity of perpetrators of crime clothed with authority." The twentieth and last paragraph of Mr. Gladstone's outline of the main charges dealt with has a singular interest and application with reference to the documents, telegrams,

and other matters relating to the war in South Africa, upon which such lurid light has been let in by Mr. Stead in his narrative entitled *The Scandal of the South African Committee.* The paragraph reads as follows: "That the accusations of foul play, in its worst as well as in its less revolting forms, against the methods and agencies which brought about the Union [for Union read South African war], are painfully sustained by the evidence before us of extensive destruction of documents and papers by the persons principally concerned, and by the means adopted by the British Government to prevent, at the cost of the State, compromising publications." In his second article, "Plain Speaking on the Irish Union," Mr. Gladstone gives some shocking samples of the atrocities perpetrated upon the Irish people by the British Government. Quite recently the Irish have been formally authorised to wear the shamrock. There is a popular song in which the line occurs, "They are hanging men and women for the wearing of the green." Well, hanging was a merciless punishment for so small a cause, but it was mercy itself in comparison to what follows. Mr. Gladstone cites a case in which a Mr. Bergan was tortured to death in Drogheda in 1798: "He was an honest, upright citizen, and a man of unimpeachable moral conduct. He was seized on by those vampires, and, in the most public street, stripped of his clothes, placed in a horizontal position on a cart, and torn with the cat-o'-nine-tails long after the vital spark was extinct. The alleged pretence for the perpetration of this horrid outrage was that a small gold ring had been found upon his finger *bearing a national device—the shamrock* —of his unfortunate country."

In giving the details of tortures inflicted by Judkin Fitzgerald, "the flogging sheriff," who got a baronetcy and a pension for his active services, Mr. Gladstone mentions that the facts were brought before the House, and says: "The parliamentary portion of the case is the weightiest of all, since this it is which saddles the Government and the House of Commons in full with the guilt and shame of as great a monster, perhaps, as ever wore human flesh."

It is quite unnecessary to go any further in this direction to prove "how history repeats itself," or how the already overtaxed millions of workers, wage-earners, and commercial classes, who constitute the strength, greatness, and bone and sinew of the nation, allow themselves to be imposed upon by a small minority known as "the upper ten"—aristocrats, mammon-worshippers, multi-millionaires, and stock-jobbers—in whose interests they are fleeced to supply the sinews of war to the Government for the purposes of coercion, persecution, and plunder, in a country many thousands of miles away from the shores of England, to which they have no right or title whatever beyond that expressed in the savage and felonious

proverb, "They may take who have the power, and they may keep who can."

This paper opened with an allusion to the fact that British statesmen seem to forget that they are bound by the ordinary laws of truth, justice and honour in their political actions. The obligation of doing unto others as they would wish to be done by does not belong to their code of morals. The word ethics is not in their spelling book. Multitudes of learned and good books have been written in which the beauty of right and the loathsomeness of wrong are set forth. I speak not here of books of a religious character, such as the teachings of Thomas à Kempis, and others of a like tendency, but of books written by learned professors, masters of science, profound thinkers, men and women who believe in the precept "Love thy neighbour." But the governing classes, being a "law unto themselves," do not appear, from kings to Cabinet Ministers, to have any inclination to attend to such trifling matters; and if perchance they happened to read, or hear, such lessons, it may be taken for granted, to judge by results, they would not pay any heed to them. Having turned their eyes in certain directions where they know there is great store of wealth to be looted, whether it be the rich treasures of India, the ruby mines of Burmah, the opium trade of China, the fertile valley of the Nile, or the goldfields and diamond mines of South Africa, with the true hereditary instinct of the race from which they come they go for "the rebels," as they invariably call the victims of their atrocious policy of bloodshed and rapine.

The late Professor Sidgwick, of Cambridge, in his work on ethics, writes: "There would seem to be an ever-recurrent need for the morally emancipated statesman who, when circumstances drive him to cruelty, rapacity, breach of faith, falsehood, will not waver and whine about the painful necessity, but with simple decision, unhampered by scruples, take the course that leads straightest to the next stage of the everlasting progress" (*Practical Ethics*, p. 67). This is plainly what was the gospel of the pirate and the freebooter in all ages. The names of some "morally emancipated statesmen" are present to my mind as I write, and will doubtless occur to the minds of others. Professor Sidgwick's book is replete with matter specially applicable to the South African war, though written long before the time. I am not going to attempt a review of the work, but simply to quote a sentence or two in support of my statement. He says (p. 97): "Let us place ourselves at the point of view of a nation that is being drawn into what it regards as a just war according to the received principles of international justice," and he goes on (p. 101): "War is not only obviously just against actual aggression, but when aggression is unmistakably being prepared the nation threatened cannot be condemned for striking the first blow if this is

an important gain for self-defence." Here we have the precise circumstances. England, whose military and naval resources are so much boasted of, was pouring troops and munitions of war into the Cape continuously for some time prior to the outbreak. The Boers believed their only chance of salvation lay in taking the initiative at once. They believed it was predetermined to wipe them out by the sheer weight of numbers, and, like true patriots and brave men, they resolved to maintain their own and their country's liberties or perish in the attempt. The superhuman courage, skill and endurance with which they have fought, and still are fighting, for their hearths and homes, against a gigantic tyranny, excites the admiration of every man who loves freedom, justice and truth. Whether in the end they are to win or lose is in the hands of even a higher Power than the Government of Great Britain.

W. J. CORBET.

THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE:

A SUGGESTION.

MORE than half a century since, the people of the United States determined that if ever they took in hand the construction of an inter-oceanic ship canal across the Darien isthmus, the completed work should be a standing monument to their allegiance to the Monroe Doctrine. From that position they have never swerved, though many Presidents, State Secretaries, and diplomatic representatives have thought it judicious at times to somewhat blind themselves to the fact. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, of which we have heard so much during the past twelve months, had for its most tangible sequence the permanent exclusion from public life of the American Minister who signed it; to-day, though fifty years have elapsed and there remain no reasons for serious misunderstanding between the two contracting parties, the national sentiment, which brought about Mr. Clayton's fall, is no less keen, and is naturally more deeply rooted. Therefore, it cannot be denied—whatever the obvious or hidden virtues of the Hay-Pauncefote Convention—that some responsibility rests with those who evoked, without adequate or, indeed, any preparations to meet it, another and unequivocal outburst of that impatience and irritation with which the great majority of Americans, irrespective of class and party, have always regarded the original treaty.

To most persons, mention of this compact suggests little more than a joint guarantee by Great Britain and the United States of the neutrality of an isthmian water-way; very few are acquainted with, or care to recall, the long and tangled chain of events out of which it grew, or the even more perplexing diplomatic history of which it became the cause. It must here suffice to say that the treaty was a direct result of the prolonged and bitter struggle between England and Spain for the mastery of the isthmus, and that, when Spain lost her hold upon that portion of the New World, the United States made claim, in the end successfully, to the exercise of paramount influence. More than once during the five years preceding the signature of the treaty, there was imminent danger of armed conflict consequent upon Lord Palmerston's vigorous assertions of British claims, and America's equally

pronounced antagonism thereto. In later years, so long as England sought to assert political influence outside her own colony of Honduras, the United States found frequent cause for umbrage; and it was consequently with no small satisfaction that the friends of international peace heard, in 1896, of the voluntary incorporation of our former *protegés*, the Mosquito Indians, with Nicaragua. This removed England's last excuse, other than the canal question proper, for interference with the affairs of the isthmus.

It is unnecessary to here discuss the rights or wrongs of America's very frequent allegations that England was guilty of sharp practice in 1850, in connection with the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and that subsequently, in 1862, she violated her obligations under that instrument by erecting the "settlement" at Honduras into a colony of the Crown. Without entering into these yet debatable questions, this much may fitly be said—that many jurists have held that England's case is far from perfect, and that, therefore, some excuse may be found for that long reign of mistrust in British diplomatic methods, the echo of which has been so frequently heard in recent Congressional debates. As regards the Honduras question, in relation to the canal, the following conclusions, unanimously reported by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations as recently as 1891, will to-day be read with interest:—

"If these proceedings on the part of her Majesty's Government, in respect of one of the most important subjects of the convention, and in absolute opposition to it, do not discharge the United States from all and every of their declarations and engagements stated in the convention, it is impossible to conceive what could. In view of all these considerations, the Committee is of opinion that the United States is at present under no obligation, measured either by the terms of the convention, the principles of public law or good morals, to refrain from promoting, in any way it may deem best for its just interests, the construction of the canal without regard to anything contained in the convention of 1850."

The document signed at Washington on February 5 last, by Mr. John Hay and Lord Pauncefote, is officially and very properly described as a convention "to facilitate the construction" of an isthmian ship canal, "and to that end remove any objection which may arise out of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty to the construction of such canal under the auspices of the Government of the United States." Nowhere in the 1850 Treaty is there provision for, or suggestion of, such a contingency as the construction of the canal by either the American or British Government. By Article I. each bound itself never to "obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control" over the canal, nor take advantage of any circumstances to acquire for its citizens any rights in regard to commerce or navigation which shall not be offered on identical terms to subjects of the

other Power; while Article V. provided for the withdrawal by both Governments or either Government of the promise of protection during construction, and of neutrality and security when completed, should "the persons or company undertaking or managing" the canal

"adopt or establish such regulations concerning the traffic as are contrary to the spirit or intention of this convention, either by making unfair discriminations in favour of the commerce of one of the contracting parties over the commerce of the other, or by imposing oppressive exactions, or unreasonable tolls, upon passengers, vessels, goods, wares, merchandise, or other articles."

Dealing with the question of ownership, the Hay-Pauncefote Convention concedes, first, that the canal may be constructed under the auspices of the United States Government, and, secondly, that the latter shall enjoy "all the rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal," subject, however, to the condition (Rule 1, Article II.) that—

"The canal shall be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise."

In order to preserve unimpaired the "general principle" of neutralisation established in Article VIII. of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, the parties to the convention of last year adopted certain rules, substantially identical with those accepted in 1888 by all the Great Powers, to assure the free navigation of the Suez Canal. The first of these rules has just been quoted; Nos. 2 to 5 provide against a blockade of the canal and the committal of acts of hostility within it or waters adjacent to either end, and the remaining two read thus:—

"6. The plant, establishments, buildings, and all works necessary to the construction, maintenance, and operation of the canal shall be deemed to be part thereof, for the purposes of this convention, and in time of war as in time of peace shall enjoy complete immunity from attack or injury by belligerents, and from acts calculated to impair their usefulness as part of the canal."

"7. No fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent. The United States, however, shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder."

In both treaties the contracting parties recognise the necessity of securing the adherence of other nations to what is described in the earlier instrument as the construction and maintenance of the canal "for the benefit of mankind, on equal terms to all." Thus

in Article VI. of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty we find a mutual engagement

"To invite every State with which both or either have friendly intercourse to enter into stipulations with them similar to those which they have entered into with each other, to the end that all other States may share in the honour and advantage of having contributed to a work of such general interest and importance as the canal herein contemplated."

The amending compact contains, in Article III., a somewhat similar though more briefly-worded provision :—

"The high contracting parties will, immediately upon the exchange of the ratifications of this convention, bring it to the notice of the other Powers and invite them to adhere to it."

Summed up in few words, this was the position created by the proposed treaty of 1900:—Great Britain surrendered the right of joint control, which she undoubtedly was entitled to demand under the terms of the compact of 1850, gave to the United States the authority of police and sanitary regulation, and only asked in return an understanding that the canal, when built, should be considered an open water highway for the commerce of the world. To ensure this consummation certain regulations were suggested, to which, in the case of another great and similar enterprise, the United States was already familiar, and in fact a party.

The arrangement was from the very first coldly received by the people of America. Of this fact prompt and efficient use was made by the transcontinental railroads and other interests opposed to the construction of any isthmian canal, and especially of one which Americans would naturally support from patriotic instincts. These interests are strongly represented in the Senate, and to this circumstance we owe the suggestive, not unfamiliar, spectacle of Republican "bosses" working hand in glove with Democrats, who are either avowedly Anglophobe or staunch advocates of a Nicaragua canal, constructed and controlled by the United States, unfettered by pledge or obligation to any Power. To this unnatural alliance between money-bag interest and exaggerated mistaken nationalism is due the existing *impasse* and the President's characteristic disinclination to act upon the mandate of the electors in November last.

Early in March the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate agreed to report for ratification the Hay-Pauncefote Convention, with, however, the following amendment, inserted at the end of the fifth section of Article II. :—

"It is agreed, however, that none of the immediately foregoing conditions and stipulations in sections numbered 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 of this

Article shall apply to measures which the United States may find it necessary to take for securing by its own forces the defence of the United States and the maintenance of public order."

In explanation of this amendment, the Committee quoted Article X. of the Suez Canal Treaty, which reserved to the Ottoman Empire certain rights for securing the defence of Egypt and its Arabian possessions. It argued that there was a parallel reason for the inclusion of an equivalent Article in the pending treaty, and that, even if Article X. did not exist, the situation of the United States on both oceans, and the necessity of safeguarding national interests, fully justified the amendment. This Davis amendment, as it has been called, in honour of the then Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, was endorsed by a considerable majority of Republican Senators, but opposed by Mr. John T. Morgan, the able Democratic leader and staunch champion of the Nicaragua project, as entirely superfluous, and in spirit opposed to the neutralisation of the canal provided for in Article II. of the Convention.

Thanks to the obstructive methods pursued by the adversaries of any canal, and the advocates of repudiation of all treaty obligations, the Session of Congress closed without any definite decision concerning the Hay-Pauncefote agreement. The House of Representatives, however, passed a measure, known as the Hepburn Bill, which provided for the acquisition and control by the United States —without reference to the Clayton-Bulwer, Hay-Pauncefote, or other treaties—of such portion of territory now belonging to Nicaragua and Costa Rica as might be "desirable and necessary to excavate, construct, and protect" a canal of specified capacity and depth between the Caribbean Sea and Pacific Ocean.

Public interest in the question was sustained, pending further action by Congress, and the issue of a report from the Isthmian Canal Commission, by the efforts of the New Panama Company, backed by not a few eminent American engineers, to secure an impartial consideration of the project elaborated by an international commission of experts for the completion of De Lesseps' ill-starred enterprise. Much valuable evidence was submitted to committees of both Houses, but without visible effect upon the biased judgment of legislators and people in favour of the Nicaragua route—or, at least, a canal which should be *ab initio* American. Quite early in the current Session, the conclusions arrived at by the Canal Commission were made public, and debate on the Hay-Pauncefote Convention was resumed. The former were regarded as convincing so far as the route of the water-way is concerned, not so much because of the proved superiority of the Nicaragua project, as on account of the difficulties in the way of acquiring absolute control over the Panama enterprise. Of the discussions and decisions of the Senate, it may fairly be said that they arrogated for that body the right, never before claimed,

much less recognised, to abrogate, by a mere resolution, and without regard to the rights of the other contracting party, any international covenant entered into by the United States.

On December 13 the Senate adopted, by a large majority, 65 votes to 17, the Davis amendment, and a week later, having disposed of a number of other amendments, and accepted two, finally ratified the Convention. One of the accepted amendments struck out of the agreement Article III., which provided that the treaty should be brought to the notice of other Powers, while the other added to Article II. a formal declaration that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty "is hereby superseded." To the surprise of even his most staunch admirers, Mr. McKinley accepted, without even a sign of protest, this virtual rebuff to his Executive, and transmitted the treaty, as altered, to the British Government. The latter must, before the 5th instant, make up its mind to accept or reject the amended draft. Either alternative is unwelcome, for the first means not only the sacrifice of important treaty rights, but, what is even more dangerous, the encouragement of Americans to "denounce," whenever it may appear to suit them, the very principle of neutralisation; while the second would necessarily lead, in the present temper of the States, to very unpleasant international relations, and probably to a formal decision to proceed with the canal in defiance of Great Britain and the 1850 compact.

Such action would, it is to be feared, be immensely popular in the United States. It has been repeatedly proposed, not only by irresponsible journals, as some writers in this country affect to believe, but also by prominent and influential statesmen. In the report of the Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals, to which was referred the "Hepburn" Canal Bill, and the Presidential Message transmitting to Congress the preliminary report of the Isthmian Canal Commission, it is exhaustively discussed and without reserve recommended. The Committee accepts "exclusive ownership and control" as the "settled policy" of the United States, adopts the conclusions of the Canal Commission, and endorses the provisions of the House of Representatives Bill as the "just, true, safe, and honourable method of providing this necessary part of our physical and commercial geography." No excuse, it says, remains to defer the action of Congress:

"We cannot shut our eyes to the ulterior consequences should Great Britain object to the House Bill, or to the protocols signed with Costa Rica and Nicaragua, or if she refuses to accept the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty as amended by the Senate, or if she should insist upon the letter of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty as being in full force and attempt to fetter us with its restrictions. . . . If her decision is adverse to us on either of these points that will not change the situation, nor will delay modify it. . . . The effect of such a line of conduct is easily foreseen, and cannot be mistaken. The United States, in obedience to its right and duty, acting on

the law of self-preservation, would declare in an authentic form that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is abrogated, and would proceed as to its unexecuted parts as if it had never existed."

Great Britain's interest, and, indeed, that of every European nation, in the isthmian canal question is defence of the policy of "the open door." That this principle might be seriously threatened by the United States, in the absence of unmistakable treaty obligations, is by no means a fanciful supposition. As a matter of fact, only a few months have elapsed since an influential section of legislators, headed by Mr. Hepburn, declared in favour not merely of a canal fortified for war, but also for the imposition in peace of discriminating duties on other than American shipping. The present situation, having been created in large degree by sentiment, may perhaps be lightly regarded; but in the interests of British commerce it is well to look ahead, and picture the future isthmian canal practically closed to the shipping of the Empire. The best equivalent, it appears to us, which America could offer for the abrogation of the Treaty of 1850, would be a renewal of the pledges contained in the following quotations from the report on the Hay-Pauncefote Convention of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate:

"In a letter to Mr. Clayton, dated September 25, 1849, Mr. Rives, our minister to France, states an interview he had with Lord Palmerston, in which he said: 'That the United States sought no exclusive privilege or preferential right of *any kind* in regard to the proposed communication, and their sincere wish, if it should be found practicable, was to *see it dedicated to the common use of all nations, on the most liberal terms and a footing of perfect equality for all.* That the United States would not, if they could, *obtain any exclusive right or privilege in a great highway which naturally belonged to all mankind.* That while they aimed at no exclusive privilege for themselves, they could never consent to see so important a communication fall under the exclusive control of any other great commercial power.' We thus initiated and explained our fixed policy as to a canal through the Isthmus of Darien."

It should be noted, in reference to this quotation, that the words in italics are thus printed in the Senate Report,

"There is nothing to the prejudice of the United States in the Convention of February 5, 1900. No American statesman, speaking with official authority or responsibility, has ever intimated that the United States would attempt to control this canal for the exclusive benefit of our Government or people. They have all, with one accord, declared the canal was to be neutral ground in time of war, and always open, on terms of impartial equity, to the ships and commerce of the world. The leading Powers of Europe recognised the importance of this subject in respect of the Suez Canal, and ordained a public international act for its neutralisation that is an honour to the civilisation of the age. It is a beneficent work of all Europe, and not of Great Britain alone. The European Powers gave to this subject the greatest consideration, and reached conclusions that are not open to criticism as being unjust to any nation.

Turkey and Egypt, the imperial and local sovereigns of the canal, and Great Britain, a controlling stockholder in the Maritime Canal Company, had special interest in the rules for regulating the use of the canal, and they united in the convention, which deprived them of exceptional privileges in its navigation, in peace and in war, for the sake of justice to all nations and the peace and prosperity of the world. No nation disapproves of this great act, or has had ground of complaint against it. No American will ever be found to complain of it. It is right in its moral features, in its impartiality, and, above all, in its tendency to decrease the resort to war for the settlement of international quarrels. The United States cannot take an attitude of opposition to the principles of the great act of October 22, 1888, without discrediting the official declarations of our Government for fifty years on the neutrality of an isthmian canal and its equal use by all nations, without discrimination."

It is impossible to imagine a moment more suitable than the present for a definite and binding settlement of the question. To Great Britain is afforded the rare opportunity of withdrawing, without sacrifice of principle or honour, from a delicate, even dangerous, position. Moreover, by initiating negotiations similar to those which resulted in the Constantinople Treaty of 1888, she would justify her position as the greatest of maritime nations and earn the thanks of every European power. No country can fairly seek or claim from America anything more than adherence to the authoritative and unequivocal avowals to which we have referred; and we decline to believe that, if properly approached, the Legislature or people of the United States would for a moment hesitate to embody these in the form of a great international compact. The Americans are practical, business people, and, as such, may be safely trusted to well weigh the comparative advantages of a canal dedicated to extreme Monroeism and Protection and one considered as a public work available to the commerce of the world. It must be evident, even to the most prejudiced, that if the United States offered equal rights to all, reserving to itself merely police and sanitary supervision, the national usefulness of the proposed water-way in time of peace, and its safety in time of war, would be much better secured than if the canal were constructed and maintained under conditions gratuitously provocative of the suspicions and jealousies of Europe.

JOHN GEO. LEIGH.

"SHOULD A ROMAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY BE ESTABLISHED IN IRELAND?"

THE QUESTION OF HIGHER EDUCATION FOR IRISH CATHOLICS.

THAT the question of the establishment of a separate Roman Catholic university for Ireland has thrust itself into the forefront of Irish politics, and is fast becoming one demanding a speedy solution, is clear to all who have read the speeches delivered in Ireland, and more particularly the speeches of those who were candidates for the University of Dublin itself during the late General Elections. That an agitation for the higher education of Roman Catholics in Ireland was being vigorously pushed during the lifetime of the late Parliament is evidenced by the debates which have taken place on the subject in the House of Commons within the last few years.

On January 21, 1897, Mr. Engledew moved, on the Address, an amendment, calling upon the Government "to immediately propose legislation with a view to the placing of the Irish Roman Catholics on a footing of equality with their Protestant fellow-countrymen, in all matters connected with university education." Mr. Lecky, who joined in the discussion, "though unable to vote for the amendment, most sincerely hoped that, if not this Session, at all events during the present Parliament, the Government would see their way to gratify the wish of the Roman Catholics." Mr. Balfour, on January 22 of the same year, discussed the question again in a sympathetic spirit, stating that "the Government could not propose a scheme until they were tolerably sure that it would be accepted by the Roman Catholics." The amendment was then withdrawn. Mr. Balfour, who was again questioned on July 9, "felt unable to give a specific pledge that a Bill dealing with the subject of Catholic university education in Ireland would be brought forward next Session." He referred to it as "a measure of abstract justice."

Again, on June 23, 1899, in Committee on the vote for the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, Mr. Dillon raised the question of the establishment of a Roman Catholic university as suggested by the Irish bishops. Mr. Balfour, in reply, said that "the House devoted a

great deal of money, without the smallest objection from Protestants, to a wide system of primary education, which was practically a denominational education; and a great deal of money went without disguise to support a Roman Catholic college, which was denominational in a sense which no university he had ever desired to set up would be." "Then there were the training colleges which were avowedly Roman Catholic, and the reformatory schools." "It was really ignorance which was at the bottom of the difficulties they experienced, but surely there was some hope that the time would come when, by the common consent of men of all shades of opinion, they would do for Ireland what had been done so adequately for the rest of the United Kingdom."

On March 23, 1900, Mr. J. P. Farrell called attention to the grievances of Roman Catholics in Ireland in the matter of university and higher education, and, as an amendment to the motion to go into Committee of Supply, proposed "that the provision for universities is totally inadequate, and none can be regarded as equitable which does not secure for the Roman Catholics of Ireland, equally with other members of the community, facilities for university education without violence to their religious feelings." Mr. Lecky thought "a small expenditure in Ireland upon a purely sectarian establishment might prove extremely good economy." Mr. Balfour reiterated the affirmative opinion he had previously expressed on the question, but suggested the withdrawal of Mr. Farrell's resolution on the ground that "as the Government must vote for the Supply motion, the division would not represent the feelings of the House." Neither Mr. Morley nor Mr. T. M. Healy recognised the force of this reasoning, and a division being taken, the resolution of Mr. Farrell was defeated by 177 to 91. Mr. Balfour gave the following advice to Irish Roman Catholic members, viz.: "*To make it perfectly clear that what they desired was 'education' and not 'ecclesiastical influence.'*"

And thus, so far as any direct legislation on the subject is concerned, the matter has been allowed to rest.

Why bring it forward again at all, then, some will say? Why not leave it to the Irish members to deal with, or, better still, wait until the Government take up the subject, as they assuredly intend to do in the very near future? The answer to this is simple. The question of university education for the Roman Catholics of Ireland, judging from the speeches made by responsible politicians in Ireland during the late General Elections, and from the debates which took place during the last Parliament, when responsible Ministers pledged themselves to favourably consider the question when time and opportunity arose, is one that cannot be shelved. Moreover, we believe there is very great danger in leaving the matter to be taken up by the Government, as it probably may be,

under some great pressure of public excitement, when they may be induced to pass some undigested and empirical measure, sprung suddenly on the country, as in the case of the recent Land Bill, which Bill appears to have been brought in to demonstrate the benevolent feelings of the Government towards the tenant class at the expense of the landlords, and which measure has all along been of the nature of a great experiment, the empirical and far-reaching consequences of which were apparently never contemplated by the Government at all, and which certainly seem never yet to have been thoroughly realised by them.

There is, then, a great danger that the same thing may happen again if hasty legislation is introduced for the establishment of a university for the Roman Catholics of Ireland by hysterically benevolent legislators. Hence the great importance of first discussing the question fully and fairly, both in order to gauge the consequences of any future legislation on the subject, and also to make sure that the wishes and aspirations of those whom we desire to benefit may be fully known. Otherwise we may find that the wishes of the Roman Catholics themselves have been misunderstood, with the result that legislation may make things worse than they were before, and that the Roman Catholics will not be benefited thereby. No apology, therefore, is needed for bringing this question once more to the front, for little can be lost and little harm done in making the facts more fully known and in ascertaining what the wishes of the Catholics themselves really are, and also what the opponents of the measure have to urge against it. We shall thus be in a better position to judge of the desirability of future legislation on the subject, and better able to indicate the lines on which the Government can safely legislate.

First, then, how do we account for the fact that the Roman Catholics of Ireland are not content with Dublin University, to which they have been freely admitted since 1873? Why do so many of them object to send their sons to Trinity College? The answer they themselves would give us is probably somewhat as follows: "We find the air of Trinity College is to Catholic lungs thoroughly impregnated with Protestant domination; and although you (the Protestants) practically compel us (the Catholics) to contribute for one-sixth of the population, you express a pious horror at the claim for similar assistance for an institution for the benefit of the other five-sixths of the Irish people." They further complain that they are practically excluded from the higher education of the country, *because* they cannot *conscientiously* send their sons to the existing university of Dublin. The reasons which they give for this we shall refer to later on.

Thus they demand the establishment in Ireland of a university which, while open to students of all creeds, shall be Roman Catholic in the same sense in which Trinity College is Protestant, and which

shall be generally under Roman Catholic control, and in which the theology shall be under the direction of the Roman Catholic clergy. They further point out that, inasmuch as the Protestants have got a university in Trinity College, Dublin, which cannot be used by the Roman Catholics, they, the Catholics, who form the majority of the Irish people, should in common justice have a university *of their own.* And they tell us that the Queen's colleges were founded in accordance, not with what the colleges *should have*, but with what they *ought to want*, and that the colleges should be denominational.

Such are a few of the main reasons given by the Roman Catholics themselves for the establishment of a separate university in Ireland. They appear, indeed, to be rational enough, nor would it, we should think, be out of the way difficult to discover a remedy for their grievances.

Now let us further consider the arguments advanced as reasons against compliance with the wishes of the majority. Briefly they are these. The Catholic hierarchy, we are told, being one of the most formidable obstructions to the world's progress and enlightenment, all good Liberals must feel compelled on principle to fight against it, though, on the other hand, it is generally acknowledged that this must be done fairly if it is to be effectual, and that Catholics must be treated with justice and generosity by those who desire to do justly by them. There is, too, that wider antipathy which detests priestcraft root and branch, and which reasons thus—"If the Catholics of Ireland desire a university, why cannot they pay for it themselves, as the Jews, for instance, would do if they wanted one for *them*selves?" This argument, we must allow, is a little unfair, for the reason that the Jews are a wealthy people, while the Irish are exactly the opposite. And, indeed, it is patent to the ordinary observer that the Roman Catholics of Ireland would have endowed a university for themselves long ago had the money been forthcoming to enable them to do so. Then we are told, and, of course, cannot deny, that "Rome has for centuries fought the human intellect, and the price of deliverance has been at the cost of great bloodshed, and that we find to-day the ancient oppressor, Rome, as free as her former victims, at whose expense she now asks to be maintained and rewarded." It is further argued that the "chairs" of a Roman Catholic university would only be filled by second-rate men, who would make a complete and humiliating surrender to the Church of Rome. Such a university, it is allowed, may well be what three-fourths of the population want, but is not such a university as enlightened men would grant, or that we are entitled to give at the cost of the public purse, or under the sanction of the national authority.

It may be said generally that Liberals as a whole, though desirous of doing justice to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, consider

the establishment of a national institution under the control of the Jesuits, for the education of a country, would be unjust to all sections of the community alike. Dr. Horton has told us that we "have to face again, in this generation, the whole question of Jesuit influence on morals and on the national character." It is felt, therefore, that before the Government give their sanction to any scheme for the endowment of a Roman Catholic university for Ireland, some assurances and guarantees should be given by responsible persons from the Roman Catholic side, that such obscure principles should never be supported by the public purse and authority. Unless this were done, it is argued, the real difficulty would be to get genuine historical teaching in a university which would be entirely under the control of the clergy.

Now, however we may dislike the idea of a separate Roman Catholic university for Ireland, the matter should be weighed fairly; for, although we can quite understand how Protestants and Nonconformists shrink from the endowment of a Roman Catholic university, we can realise quite as readily that Roman Catholics themselves, for the very same reason, dislike the endowment of a Protestant one, and that there is some reasonable excuse for their dislike, seeing that one-sixth of the population have a Protestant university, while the other five-sixths are denied a Catholic one on the same footing.

Having thus briefly noticed the reasons for and against the endowment of a Roman Catholic university for Ireland, given by the Roman Catholics themselves on the one hand and by the Protestants on the other, we pass on to consider what the less prejudiced and more responsible opinions of public men and bodies may be on the subject. That it is felt by all educated Roman Catholics in Ireland that there is a great deal of justice in the complaints of the Irish Catholics on account of the higher education question, is well seen in a very temperate article on the subject in the January number of the *Contemporary Review*, written by Mr. John H. Pigot.

He speaks in the capacity of a "Catholic graduate" of Dublin University himself, and speaks thus with weight and authority on the subject. This is what he says: "It is surprising to find how superficial I have found the knowledge of Irishmen in general, and even of the majority of graduates of Dublin University, of the very groundwork of the Catholic demand, and of the responsibility of Dublin University for its existence." "What, then, can be expected of English opinion?" "If any non-Catholic member of the University is asked whether he is aware that the internal life and educational system involve an injustice, if not a danger, to the faith of a Catholic entering its walls, the proposition is met with amazement and an indignant repudiation of its truth."

He then goes on to say that he "nevertheless maintains that it is

true, and can be so proved." He further gives his opinion that "the position of the Catholic student in Trinity College is objectionable, if not actually dangerous to his faith and religion."

To continue, however. Under the presidency of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, recently, a representative body of the Roman Catholic bishops, clergy, and politicians generally passed a series of resolutions on the university question. The Irish Party was represented by Mr. Dillon, Mr. J. Redmond, and Mr. T. Healy, and Lords Emly and Powerscourt were among the movers of the resolutions.

Dr. Healy, Roman Catholic prelate of Clonfert, said "the bishops had reduced their demands to the minimum that could be expected without sacrifice of principle," while Colonel Saunderson remarked that "it was an unfair thing to spend Protestant money for the support of a Roman Catholic purpose, and he would say it was equally unfair to spend Roman Catholic money for a Protestant purpose," adding his belief that "the establishment of a Roman Catholic university would not satisfy the priests, as nothing would do that." The *Dublin Daily Express* (the organ of the landlord party in Ireland), in commenting on the above meeting, expressed the following sentiments: "We believe the Protestants of the Church of Ireland, whose synod has never declared itself against the Roman Catholic claims, would offer no opposition to a settlement which would be just to the various denominations concerned, without prejudice to the interests of education." But these favourable conditions must be met by the Roman Catholics themselves in a spirit of business-like compromise. "We all want to know—public opinion wants to know—whether Mr. Balfour's scheme is considered satisfactory by Roman Catholic authorities? Whether, if it be, they are prepared to ratify it as a final settlement of the problem, and if it be not, in what particulars they want it altered?" The *Irish Daily Independent* also, commenting on the meeting, said: "Education is the one great antidote for the undue influence of the clergy over the minds of their flocks. We have opposed the Catholic clergy of Ireland on matters political, and we will oppose them again, if they interfere unduly in public affairs. And who amongst Irish Catholics were the most active and successful in co-operating with us? Why, the educated Catholics, of course. Our political quarrel with the clergy does not in the least influence us on this great question." . . .

We thus see that the most conflicting views are taken by the different sides. All shades of opinion, however, appear to agree that the Catholics of Ireland should have the same chance and opportunity of a higher education as the Protestants. And it is evident that the underlying fear of those who hesitate to endow a separate university for the Catholics of Ireland arises from the belief that the movement is got up in Ireland to increase the

influence of the clergy in Ireland and the papal power of the Church of Rome. It would therefore seem that if the Catholics of Ireland are really in earnest in their demand for a higher education outside the control of the Church, the time is fully come for the laity to urge the clerical party to come forward and put these fears to rest for ever, and give pledges to that effect.

As a still further proof of the confusion of thought on this matter, we quote the following. At the nomination of candidates for the University of Dublin, during the late elections, Sir John Moore, in the course of his speech, spoke as follows: "There is no doubt that the question of a Catholic university has been brought into the realm of practical politics by Mr. Balfour," and he then proceeded to quote the following views of the Roman Catholic hierarchy which had recently been made public:

"Our Catholic boys, who bear off the highest prizes in the inter-examinations, are increasing in numbers annually. The system of education that exists is leading them by hundreds—nay, by thousands—to the very threshold of the University, only to find the door shut in their faces. Hitherto we have tried to find a solution of the question which would hurt no existing institution and leave no heartburning behind. Nor can it be said that we have aimed at enlarging our ecclesiastical privileges. If we have erred at all, it has been on the side of concession, for our purpose has been to reduce our claims to the very narrowest limits that were consistent with our duty as bishops and guardians of our people's faith. If ultimately these efforts of ours fail, we cannot be blamed for seeking, on some other lines, for relief from a grievance which is simply intolerable. We have tried to meet the case by 'levelling up.' If the extreme Protestant party in these countries stop the way in that direction, they must be prepared to find public opinion advancing in another. Things cannot remain as they are. Out of the revenues of Trinity College, which are undoubtedly public and national property, and the endowment of the Royal University and the annual grants made to the Queen's colleges, a fund might be established which would be sufficient to satisfy all the higher educational needs of the country in one great national university, and on principles that would hurt no religious susceptibilities."

Commenting on the above, Sir John Moore said: "He happened to have with him the report of the Royal University for the year 1900, and found that there were 500 matriculators in the year 1899. "He had analysed these entrances, and found 232 that hailed from exclusively Roman Catholic schools in Ireland. That was forty-six or forty-seven per cent. He asked, therefore, was that a fair statement to make of facts as they existed?" Sir John Moore then went on to direct attention to the fact that no mention had been made of the £20,000 per annum which was paid to Maynooth College. "All the other revenues were to be thrown into the crucible and melted down for the creation of this great National University, which, when proposed by Mr. Gladstone in 1873, was scouted by the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland."

And is it not a somewhat suspicious state of things, and one bound to reflect on the good faith of the clergy in Ireland, a state of things calculated also to account in some measure for the fears expressed by some as to the desire on the part of the Roman Catholic Church to obtain absolute control of future education in the interests of their Church? Is it not a somewhat curious coincidence that Mr. Gladstone and his Government were sent into Opposition by the refusal of these very same clergy to accept that which they are now asking for? The Right Hon. Sir Edward Carson, in a speech delivered in Dublin recently, said: "If in his time the question of Catholic university education came within the sphere of practical politics, he would say 'Hands off, Trinity!'" "Their position was 'Leave us alone,' and so long as their endowments were not interfered with, so long as there was open competition for every man who liked to come there, then, if reasonable demands were put forward for granting facilities which would be acceptable to Roman Catholics in relation to higher education, he thought it would be madness for that university to make themselves the opponents of such a measure." Mr. Lecky, in the course of a speech on the same subject, said: "It would be a very good thing for Ireland if some measure could be devised of bringing higher education in an acceptable form to the majority of our fellow countrymen." "Considering the present state of affairs in relation to this matter, he could not help believing and feeling that something more ought to be done than had been done for the higher education of the Roman Catholics." "But at the same time they would not support any measure which could injure the interests of Trinity College." "Trinity College did not close its doors to any one."

Thus we see that all the responsible politicians who have expressed their views on the subject agree that something should be done, something that will not interfere with the endowments of Trinity College, and something that will not place Ireland further than she now is under the control of the Roman Catholic clergy.

Mr. Plunkett has drawn a fine distinction between the establishment of a *university for Roman Catholics* and a *Roman Catholic university*, by which we suppose him to mean that he desires to see the Roman Catholics granted a university of their own, but one *free from the control of the clergy.*

Mr. Russell, who until the end of the late Parliament was a representative of the Government, made use of the following prophetic remarks: "Some time ago I heard the Chief Secretary for Ireland say, from his place in Parliament, on his responsibility as a Minister, that 'the real reason why Roman Catholics are not more largely represented in the Civil Service of their country was because there were not men educationally fitted for the positions,' and he (Mr. Balfour) added that he had been obliged to reject

Roman Catholics on those grounds. The Roman Catholic answer to this is as forcible as it could be, viz., 'You, the English Government, refuse to give us a system of higher education of which we can conscientiously avail ourselves, and then you tell us that we are uneducated and must suffer in consequence.' Is it reasonable," asked Mr. Russell, "at the close of the nineteenth century, that such a state of things should exist?"

From all these utterances of public men we see how the need of a higher education for the Roman Catholics in Ireland has ripened in the public mind. And in attempting to come to a just conclusion as to what may be the best means of obtaining this higher education, we must first endeavour to clear the ground by making all due allowance for class and race hatred, fierce religious intolerance, and ages of persecution, the one side by the other, and which is undoubtedly responsible for the great difficulty now experienced by honest and tolerant men of both sides, who wish to do the right thing by the Catholics of Ireland. And in order to judge fairly of both sides we must go back and study the ancient history of Ireland.

In ancient Ireland we find that, then as now, religion and education went hand in hand, so that in tracing their history the two cannot be divided. By far the greatest part of the education of the country in ancient times was carried on under the direction of the priests and monks, who always combined religious with secular teaching. From the Middle Ages, we read, schools rapidly arose all over the country, mostly in connection with the monasteries. Some had large numbers of students; one, under St. Finnen, at Clonard, having 3000. In all the important schools there were students from foreign lands. Numbers came from the Continent, among whom were some princes, viz., Aldfrid, King of Northumbria (685-705), who was a great patron of learning, and Dagobert II., King of France, both of whom, when in exile in the seventh century, found an asylum and were educated in Ireland. In the course of three or four centuries from the time of St. Patrick, Ireland became the most learned country in Europe, and came to be known by the name of *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*, or, "the Island of Saints and Scholars." In these great seminaries all branches of learning and knowledge were taught—the models, in fact, we are told, of our present universities. At these colleges they had several degrees (clerical and lay), the highest being that of "Ollave," or "Doctor." And there were of these "Ollaves" of the different professions, such as an "Ollave" Historian, an "Ollave" Poet, an "Ollave" Builder—in fact, the same as our "Doctors of Law," "Music," or "Medicine."

Thus we see that ancient Ireland was justly celebrated for its learning, and we begin the better to understand how a people who

proverbially pride themselves on a knowledge of their past history must still cherish the desire for, and bemoan the inability to realise, their legitimate wish for a higher education.

Then, to bring our inquiries down to a later date, we find that in the second half of the sixteenth century the universities passed completely under the control of the church, and until the last few years of the nineteenth century have, in Roman Catholic countries, in the main remained institutions without any real life, unstirred by enthusiasm, and quite unable to influence the development of the people. Religious controversies, as we know, have always proved fatal to Protestant and Catholic schools alike. And it is for this reason that, even at the expense of leaving the Catholics of Ireland ignorant, so many to-day refuse to run the risk of giving to that country what might turn out to be universities of the mediæval times, completely under the power and control of the Roman Catholic Church. For with the growth of a new and modern spirit, a new epoch in the histories of universities has begun, which have nowadays sooner or later to respond to the needs of the society for which they exist. And what is the great need in Ireland to-day? Surely that all the different creeds should mingle in a common educational life.

Now, the chief difference between mediæval and modern universities lies in the fact that the former were essentially ecclesiastical institutions, whose aims, studies, and privileges were regulated in strict accordance with the temporal and spiritual interests of the Church; while the modern ideals aim more at responding to the needs of the society for whom they exist, and have been determined by the changing ideas of human evolution. Italy was the birthplace of mediæval universities. Professor Huxley it was who, describing the difference between mediæval and modern universities, said: "*The student to whose wants the mediæval university was adjusted looked to the past and sought book-learning; while the modern looks to the future and seeks knowledge of things.*" And we see instances of the modern growth of ideals in universities in the Oxford and Cambridge of to-day, which have both responded to modern needs by the abolition of "tests," the "diversion of a certain proportion of their endowments to physical science," a "system of local examinations," and "university extension lectures."

In considering, therefore, the advisability of endowing fresh universities to-day, we must perforce take into account the modern needs and requirements of the country where it is proposed to set them up. And who to-day would desire to hand the people of Ireland over to an education such as the mediæval universities of Spain gave to her people, destitute as we find it of all real life and vitality? Who would not prefer to see a scientific spirit of inquiry

take the place of docile submission to clerical authority, whose decisions are never permitted to be questioned? We want universities to-day that will respond to the needs of society in Ireland, and which would be the only justification for creating new ones. We do not want exclusive monasteries for our universities, but we do want the inter-education, if possible, of Protestant and Catholic, in order that the students may grow up to realise the advantages of toleration in religious beliefs. It is not improbable that had a Protestant college never been established at all in Ireland, we should never have heard of the necessity for setting up a Roman Catholic one. And if we can conceive of universities being set up to-day for the first time in the history of Ireland, who would ever dream of setting up a Roman Catholic one, or an exclusively Protestant one? Would there not be one set up for all creeds alike?

It is unfortunately true that there are still to be found some who will argue against the educating of Catholics in Ireland at all, affirming it, as their belief, that it is wrong to endow a "heresy." Apart, however, from the fact that any religion may be called a "heresy" by those who do not profess it themselves, we here get this extraordinary paradox, viz., we are told that "the people should remain ignorant for fear the clergy should get them under their complete control;" while, in the same breath, we are told that "the present cause of the undue influence of the clergy in Ireland arises from the ignorance of the people." An argument, indeed, we may dismiss with a *reductio in absurdum*, as we do the story of the fond mother who cautioned her child not to go into the water before it could swim.

But, with the exception of the ultra-bigots, all now agree that it is the duty of the Government to see that the Roman Catholics in Ireland shall receive the highest education it is in their power to give them. Then, too, we have in Ireland a people easily taught and eagerly longing for instruction, who are left, or at least are so in their own estimation, in an artificial ignorance.

At a recent meeting in support of the candidature of the Right Hon. Mr. Horace Plunkett, the chairman said: "I am keenly anxious that Irish Protestants, who are so amply supplied with educational advantages, and have made such a splendid use of them for themselves and country, should take the lead in extending these advantages to their Roman Catholic fellow countrymen." "I have found (he says), in my own constituency, that the vast majority of Protestants admit that the Roman Catholics have a claim to better treatment in the way of university education than they now have, and admit that the present state of ignorance and backwardness in this department cannot go on for ever. They admit that if the interests of Trinity College and other Protestant institutions are

properly safeguarded, and if precautions are taken against undue and excessive clerical control, universities such as the Roman Catholics demand, and can conscientiously attend, ought to be granted. But against this a fear is expressed that the prelates will not play fair, and that the university, however strong it might be in the laity element, and under their nominal control, would in a short time become another Maynooth, and that it would really be under the control of the hierarchy of the Church. . . . ."

The hierarchy are supposed to have repudiated any such thing. But is this really the case? For here lies the crux of the whole thing. The objections now, as ever, are two-thirds religious and one-third educational. It is said that a second-rate institution, giving a second-rate education, would be set up. But then the question arises, would not such an education be preferable to the present deadlock, in which there is practically none at all, and consequently inferiority in the lower grades? And who can rest contented while the immense majority of their fellow countrymen are visibly suffering from a lack of educational advantages which it should be the highest aim of us all to give them?

We therefore find that the real objections and the real difficulties to face are purely religious ones, although the *non-endowment of heresy* argument has recently been cleverly disposed of by Mr. Plunkett, who asked his hearers *whether any one blamed the Government for endowing a university in Khartum on these grounds? Or did any one suppose that "the heresy of the Soudanese was any more palatable than that of the Church of Rome?"*

He added his opinion at the same time that "as long as the English Protestants continue to resist such a measure, so long will it remain ungranted"; "but, in view of past history," he continued, "and in view of present circumstances, are we, in Ireland, justified in opposing this concession?"

In past times, during the early days of religious toleration in this country, the Roman Catholics were undoubtedly glad, at some cost to themselves, to seek the degrees of a Protestant university, which for so long a time had been denied to them. But the spread of more tolerant and liberal ideas of equality has brought home to this generation the inequitable footing on which the Roman Catholics stand in Trinity College.

Now, we can quite understand the anxiety of the clergy for a separate university, but if all the laity as well call for one, what answer are we to give them? And if, moreover, it be proved that a great injustice exists, is it not the duty of statesmen to remove that grievance? With the exception of the *Christian Brothers* every Roman Catholic teaching confraternity in Ireland is content to work in common with the Board of National Education, paying due regard to the religious convictions of Roman Catholic pupils.

The *Christian Brothers*, whose schools are said to be excellent, were also at one time in connection with the National system of education, but left of their own free will on the ground that the National system was inconsistent with the original aim of the society, which was to give its pupils an exclusively Roman Catholic education.

The question, therefore, undoubtedly turns on whether the governing body of a future Roman Catholic university should be the bishops and clergy of the Roman Catholic Church; and in this connection the question is asked, "Is it bigotry for Roman Catholics to desire an education in accordance with their religious faith?" Our reply to this must be a further question, viz., "Why should modern Catholics want to go backward in their progressive life, and desire the mediæval form of university? Why should the mediæval system of priestly control have such a strange fascination for them?" We believe there is no more reason for keeping Roman Catholics in Ireland from learning and knowledge than there is in preventing them having the use of their eyes and senses; for we know from experience that to keep a people ignorant is the very best way to foment religious strife. And to the argument, "If you educate the Irishman you elevate him above his station," we reply, "*It is just as possible for a poor man, if educated, to make a living in the fields of knowledge as it is for a poor man to do so, if uneducated, by manual labour.*" All furious mobs have through all time been composed of and recruited from the ignorant and uneducated of the nations. And one of the greatest menaces to the peace of Europe to-day lies in the danger of an ignorant Paris mob, who at any moment may throw in their lot with the Nationalists and the army, both of which are fighting for their own interests, and thus, through a revolution, upset the Republican Government of France, and precipitate a European blaze. It is not the enlightened nations who make war, but the unenlightened ones. And would it not be the lesser of two evils to communicate to the people knowledge, even if it be accompanied with imperfect religious principles, than that they should remain in eternal ignorance, intellectually in the dark, and the consequent prey of others?

Mr. Pigot, in his article before referred to, in the *Contemporary Review*, puts forward in a striking manner the disadvantages the Catholics suffer from, and suggests to Protestants that if they want to understand the disadvantages, they should put themselves in imagination in the place of the Catholics. "You are thrown every hour of the day into the company of professors and students, and meet them at every turn and in every square. . . . You hear the chapel bell calling Catholics twice a day to divine worship, from which, with a free conscience, you excuse yourself. . . . You thus become conscious, if you happen to be of the age of seventeen or thereabout, of a pleasant immunity from the necessity of satis-

fying such requirements as are imposed upon the Catholics in catechetical lectures and examinations. Finally, it is open to you to embark upon a course of philosophical reading, which is condemned by your clergy. . . . This is likely to result in one's religion suffering. . . . Yet this is the state of affairs in the Trinity College of to-day, although Trinity College, as well as the Catholic Church, prescribes for its students, as it has done for 300 years, combined secular and religious training; and while ecclesiastical intervention in university education is claimed as indispensable in Trinity College, the assertion of corresponding rights in relation to Catholic higher education is indignantly refused."

We may now conveniently inquire what are the present facilities given for the education of the Roman Catholics of Ireland.

We learn that the primary schools of Ireland are mostly under the management of the Commissioners of National Education. These schools have, since the year 1831, been open to Christians of every denomination without compulsory attendance at any class of religious instruction; with, in fact, perfect freedom in all matters concerning religious doctrine. In 1888 these schools were attended by 826,181 Roman Catholics, 109,687 Church of Ireland, and 111,072 Presbyterians. These are partly under Protestant and partly under Roman Catholic teachers, and partly under teachers of both creeds in the same school, and are to a large extent supported by Parliament. In 1878 one million sterling from the former endowment of the Irish Established Church was set apart for the encouragement of secular intermediate education. The fund is administered by a board of nine Commissioners, who conduct examinations, pay fees according to results, and present prizes and certificates to successful pupils. The most important *university* in Ireland is that of Dublin, or Trinity College. The "Royal University" of Ireland is not a *teaching*, but only an *examining body*, like the University of London. It was founded in 1880, and superseded the Queen's University. It grants degrees irrespective of religious confession. The three Queen's colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway, opened in 1849 and formerly affiliated to the Queen's University, provide instruction in the higher branches of learning.

The Royal Catholic University of Ireland, founded in 1854, has its headquarters in Dublin, and is supported almost entirely by private contributions. St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, opened in 1795, is the principal institution for the education and training of Roman Catholic priests. Until 1871 it received an annual parliamentary grant, but in that year this was compounded for by the payment of a sum of £372,331 in lieu of the grants.

Two Presbyterian colleges were in 1881 empowered to grant theological degrees to their students. In 1887, we learn, there were in Ireland sixty-nine industrial schools for boys and girls;

fifty-eight, with 6496 pupils, being Roman Catholic, and eleven, with 814 pupils, Protestant.

What more, then, it may well be asked, do the Nationalist party require? Their answer to this question was given by them in 1889, when a Bill was introduced by Messrs. O'Hanlon, Parnell, and others, with regard to university education. It proposed to give power to four archbishops and to eight Roman Catholic laymen to found a *University of Ireland.* Funds for the purpose were to be taken from the Irish Church Temporalities Fund. The Senate was to consist of the Committee of Founders and thirty-six other persons appointed by them. Two-thirds of these were to be laymen. The Queen's colleges at Cork and Galway were to be transferred to the founders. Entire direction of the studies in the theological faculty and appointment of professors and examiners were to be vested in the Roman Catholic archbishops. This shows us pretty plainly that the central idea was to place the entire control and direction of Catholic education in Ireland in the hands of the Church of Rome.

We now know the irreducible minimum that they are prepared to accept, as given by themselves, and are thus placed in a position to form our own conclusions as to what is the best and wisest course for the Government to pursue in the matter.

We come, then, after due consideration of the matter, to the conclusion that the higher education for which the Catholics of Ireland pray should be granted to them. But, at the same time, we desire to have it made perfectly clear that this power shall not be used by the Church of Rome to put back the progress and enlightenment of that country for an indefinite period of time.

How is this to be accomplished? Our answer is, probably by a "compromise," as are so many other important settlements to-day. Mr. Pigot, in his article in the *Contemporary Review*, explains very clearly in what respects the Catholics suffer in Trinity College to-day. "They are," he says, "affected by four existing institutions—viz., (1) the Divinity School within the walls. (2) The single chapel service for Protestant Episcopalians. (3) The obligatory religious education affecting Protestants alone. (4) The School of Mental and Moral Philosophy." Well, surely it would seem that these things are hardly insuperable difficulties, but are, on the contrary, easy of solution, if they are really the only drawbacks to the conscientious objections of the Roman Catholics. The following are the suggestions which he makes for their amelioration:—

(1) "The Divinity School itself might be removed from within the walls of Trinity College and be brought more directly under the control of the representative Church body." (2) "A Catholic chapel might be established as an alternative to the exclusive Protestant service within the walls, and services substituted in a

conveniently adjacent church without the gates. All other denominations would have the same facilities." (3) "To offer to all religious denominations the opportunity, through committees, to be appointed by them, of supervising the religious teaching of students, and their due attendance at Divine worship, and other religious duties." (4) "To endow a Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy for Catholics, who are supposed to represent one-twelfth of the whole of the students." Mr. Pigot further records it as his belief that "it is the earnest wish of Catholics that they may be able to avail themselves of the prestige and advantages of Trinity College, and they hope she may take some steps to meet them half way."

And who would not wish and rejoice to see the whole of the youth of Ireland educated together, free from all religious strife and tyranny? Would it not be possible, while determinately upholding Trinity College and keeping it as it is, to give the Roman Catholics of Ireland that higher education which they can conscientiously take part in without detriment to their religious scruples, and for which they are longing, and for which, if history can be relied on, they are so well fitted? Leaving things as they are, or using penal legislation against them, means the putting back of all progress and enlightenment for years, the result of which would be but little less harmful than would be the complete mastery over the education of the country by the Church of Rome.

One of two things appears to be certain in the near future, either the legislative foundation of a purely Catholic university, or the voluntary concessions in favour of the Roman Catholics by Trinity College, with a certain amount of assistance by way of endowment from the Government. But the idea of one college or colleges for all creeds commends itself, if for no other reason than that the continual contact of Protestant and Catholic in the same college, and enjoying the same advantages, gives the opportunity to the students of learning that men may profess opposing principles of religious dogma, and yet be none the less worthy of esteem and confidence. Religious bigotry would tend to melt, and this, too, at a time when friendships are most easily made and retained. Most of the toleration shown by educated Catholics to Protestants at the present time is most likely the result of the mingling of the two religions in the same college. If, however, a purely Roman Catholic university be set up under the control of the hierarchy, we shall probably see the education of the country following the mediæval subservience to the Church of Rome. On the other hand, if we can but devise and give the Catholics that education for which they are longing, which they can enjoy without offence to their religious scruples, and which will be outside the control of the Irish clergy except in the realm of faith and morals, we may find that we have discovered the best medium for giving peace and contentment to that country.

And so the best thing to do appears to us to be to do the right thing, *because* it is the right thing, and let the future take care of itself. To the Catholics we would say, "*If you really want a higher education, and not only the increased influence of the Catholic clergy in Ireland, come forward and say so,*" and impress upon the clergy the importance of their making it publicly known, in the frankest and most candid way, that what *they* want is *the higher education of their flocks, and an era of progress and enlightenment in Ireland,* and not increased ecclesiastical influence, and the control of the people's conscience. If the Irish clergy still remain intent on getting the absolute control of any future "Roman Catholic university" or "university for Roman Catholics" (whichever we like to call it), to the postponement to an indefinite period of that higher education which the people demand, it is still in their power to follow the example of the body of "Old Catholics," who, in 1871, decided to set up an independent worship, being opposed to the dogma of papal infallibility. This body, we understand, is still in existence in Spain, and has long worshipped in secret under a properly ordained priest of their own. Their aim, we read, is to establish a reform movement in Spain, which shall make the office of parish priest elective. They are also contending for some lay control in the higher ecclesiastical appointments.

Could not the Roman Catholics of Ireland who are praying for a higher education, form a branch of "Old Catholics" in that country, and insist on the education of the country being outside the absolute control of the priests? If this were done, no doubt a separate Roman Catholic university could and would be speedily granted them. And if the clergy of Ireland are sincere in their demand for the education of their flocks, let them now come forward and give the pledges for which we are waiting. If this were done it is more than probable that the English people are ready to set up a "university for Roman Catholics" in Ireland; one, that is, which would inflict no conceivable injury on any Protestant's interests, and in which clerical influence shall be dominant only in the studies of faith and morals.

Given these pledges and assurances, we can have no possible right to withhold from our Roman Catholic fellow countrymen in Ireland the concessions they demand. The late Mr. John Bright, once speaking on the Irish question, said: "*After all, we are all of one religion, and this will come in time to be realised. . . . Justice may be called the miracle-worker among men. There is nothing I believe more firmly than this, that if there is a people on the face of the earth whose hearts are accessible to justice, it is the Irish people.*"

We echo this sentiment, and say with him, "Let justice settle this as all other questions in connection with Ireland." Let us be guided by the love of justice to all, of whatever rank or kind. And "let us

make a new treaty, not bound with an oath, its condition to be justice on the part of Great Britain and forgiveness on the part of Ireland."

To Protestant and Roman Catholic in Ireland alike we would say, "There can be no great act of reconciliation between this country and yours until and unless both parties hitherto opposed are willing and anxious to be reconciled." And so we look to both Roman Catholic and Protestant in that country to forget once and for all their mutual animosities, and combine to settle this question of the higher education of the Roman Catholics of Ireland in a spirit of compromise and good faith such as we have indicated above.

DUDLEY S. A. COSBY.

EXIT LIBERAL CATHOLICISM.

THE recent pastoral of the English Roman Catholic bishops on the subject of Liberal Catholicism is an interesting document from many points of view. To begin with, if the bishops are in earnest, as they probably are, it sounds the death-knell of the movement for independent thought in the domain of faith and morals. Henceforth if a man has views of his own on questions of dogma, and desires to give the public the benefit of his opinions, he must first be prepared to sever his connection with the Church. Of course he can still be as heterodox as he likes in private, but this is a loop-hole which will appeal only to those (a minority, let us hope) who have not the courage of their convictions. To an honest man who cannot swallow the creed of Pius IV., as well as all the other things "proposed for our belief," there is only one course open. "Immutable dogma" is against him, and his presence within the pale of the Church is no longer possible.

Immutable dogma! There is not another body of men in the world who could advance such a preposterous claim with the same astounding coolness. Just think of it. At the end of a century which has seen the addition of two articles of faith to the already over-burdened creed of the Church, a bench of bishops sits here in England and calmly asserts, in the face of a restless Catholicism and a defiant Protestantism, that the faith is immutable! And remember for a moment what these nineteenth-century unchangeable dogmas are. One, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, was for centuries the subject of the most disgraceful strife between the Franciscan and Dominican orders. These Dominicans of the twelfth century, where are they? If your faith is unchanged and unchangeable, as you boldly assure us, this doctrine was always a part of it. These Dominicans denied it strenuously, and are therefore eternally damned. There is no other conclusion, and all the sophistries of all the schoolmen cannot take you out of the dilemma.

But, speaking of the schoolmen, come forth thou chief of schoolmen, St. Thomas! Thou who wast the Angelic Doctor and Shield of the Church, what hast thou to say on this subject? Didst thou believe in this doctrine? No. Well, thou art damned for ever, whether thou art aware of it or not, for Cardinal Vaughan and his

colleagues say so! And so with St. Bonaventure and scores of the illustrious and honoured dead. But why proceed? Is it not as plain to every man with a knowledge of history as the fact of his own existence that this dogma was a complete break with primitive Christianity? Its very best apologists have been driven to defend it on the ground that it finds support in the world's mythology—"the scattered fragments of corrupted creeds," *vide* Abbé Orsini, "which, if brought together, would make up in nearly all its details the history of the Virgin." Immutable dogma, indeed! Where was your immutable dogma of Papal Infallibility when the Irish Roman Catholic bishops, in 1826, solemnly and deliberately affirmed that it was "no article of the Catholic faith," or when the catechism in the hands of your children contained the expression that it was "a Protestant invention"? It is one thing to make an assertion, but quite a different thing to prove it. People nowadays, thanks to that noxious atmosphere of private judgment, have a heretical habit of demanding demonstration, and the good bishops are evidently frightened.

The warning to the clergy to accept no converts save those who believe they have found in the Church "the Divine Teacher" is significant. The affair of the late Dr. Mivart has evidently supplied them with food for reflection, and this pronouncement is the result. But are the bishops serious? Do they really believe that a Protestant, with three centuries' traditions of independence behind him, can join their body and suddenly, at their command, cease to be a reasonable being? If they do, their faith must be something abnormal indeed, and is likely to receive many rude shocks. The day is not yet in sight when man will become a mere machine, and, unfortunately for the bishops, the tendency is altogether the other way.

The flint-like attitude assumed by these English "successors of the Apostles" is an eloquent testimony to the truth of the late Mr. Gladstone's words, in which, with prophetic touch, he foreshadowed the consequences of the Papal Infallibility decree:

"But we are told that the Pope cannot alter the already defined doctrines of the faith. To this I reply, let him alter them as he will, if only he thinks fit to say that he does not alter them, his followers are perfectly and absolutely helpless. For if they allege alteration and innovation, the very same language will be available against them which has been used against the men who have had faith and courage given them to protest against alteration and innovation now. Most impious are you in charging on us that which, as you know. we cannot do. We have not altered, we have only defined. What the Church believed implicitly heretofore she believes implicitly hereafter. Do not appeal to reason: that is rationalism. Do not appeal to Scripture: that is heresy. Do not appeal to history: that is private judgment. Over all these things I am judge, not you. If you tell me that I require you to affirm to-day under anathema what yesterday you were allowed or encouraged to deny, my answer is, that in

and by me alone you have any means of knowing what it is you affirm and what it is you deny."

It is for thinking Roman Catholics to ask themselves whither these things lead.

Apart, however, from all this and the meaning which the pastoral bears to those immediately addressed, it carries lessons of the first importance to the people of these countries irrespective of creed. For if it teaches anything at all, it teaches that Roman Catholicism and progress are eternally antagonistic, and thus gives ample confirmation to what the best leaders of thought have always held. History, of course, proves this conclusively enough already; but in these days many of us lose sight of the facts of history, and it is well occasionally to get such a useful reminder of a well-established truth. A Church which believes in the precious maxim that "ignorance is the mother of devotion" is not an institution to be lightly endowed with power and privilege. True, they loudly disclaim such a belief; but if the document under discussion should be thought insufficient to prove the charge, there is abundance of other evidence available. The following is worth quoting in this connection, and, considering its origin, it can scarcely be regarded as a prejudiced witness:

"*Now, it is a plain fact that by giving Catholic youth a higher education you open a new and very large avenue, by which the godless spirit of the times may gain admittance.* And unless they be furnished with fully sufficient moral and intellectual protection, you expose them to imminent danger, not merely of holding the Faith with less simplicity and heartiness (though this would be bad enough), but of wilfully admitting a fully deliberate doubt as to its truth—or, in other words, of actual apostacy. It is this which makes one a little impatient with commonplaces about marching with the times, and aiming at progress, and growing in largeness of thought. *We are very far from meaning that ignorance is the Catholic youth's best preservative against intellectual danger, but it is a very powerful one, nevertheless, and those who deny this are but inventing a theory in the very teeth of manifest facts.* A Catholic destitute of intellectual tastes, whether in a higher or a lower rank, may, probably enough, be tempted to idleness, frivolity, gambling, sensuality; but in none but the very rarest cases will he be tempted to that which, in the Catholic view, is an immeasurably greater calamity than any of these, or all put together—viz., deliberate doubt on the truth of his religion. *It is simply undeniable, we say, that the absence of higher education is a powerful preservative against apostacy, and those who watch over souls will reasonably refuse to bear part in withdrawing that preservative until they are satisfied that some other very sufficient substitute is provided.*"—*Dublin* (R. C.) *Review*, vol. xx., p. 192, Second Series.

The meaning of such teaching is obvious. Keep the people in ignorance and the Church is safe; educate them and the Church is in danger. The English bishops have received fresh and convincing proof of the soundness of this principle, hence their holy horror of

that "indiscriminate reading" which makes men doubt and even deny the faith.

But what, more particularly, is the lesson for the hour to be drawn by the British taxpayer from this mournful pastoral? It is this—that every pound paid into the coffers of the Roman Church for the purposes of education on her own lines is merely the purchase-money of a clog to impede the wheels of progress. Men may talk as they like about toleration and liberality, but we have yet to learn that a man is bound to harbour in his bosom a venomous reptile which would slowly but surely sap his vitality and leave him a mental and moral wreck. There is far too much nonsensical rhetoric indulged in to-day about "broad-mindedness" and "modern enlightenment" in the solution of educational problems, and it is quite time the elementary principles of common-sense were brought to bear upon them. Toleration is a grand, an ennobling, and a Christian ideal, but we must take care to confine it to its proper place. It certainly should never be extended to the promulgation of principles which are the inveterate enemies of everything calculated to make a nation truly great. Spain and Italy are object-lessons for all the world, and the more these lessons are taken to heart by those in place and power, the better it will be for the liberties and the rights as well as the higher advancement of the human race.

THOMAS E. NAUGHTEN.

JAMAICA.

ENGLAND is ever on the alert for news of her colonies, and like a true mother, is jealous of anything that savours of oppression or injustice. The English people abhor over-taxation, or any form of tyranny, and are as ready to cry down wrongs which send their echo from foreign possessions as they are evils of their own towns. The heavy taxation of Jamaica has not passed by without censure and condemnation. Perhaps, however, the privileges and advantages of the colony are not so well known to many as its drawbacks: advantages which very largely mitigate the evils of heavy taxation; and a short sketch of Jamaica and its people may not be out of place at this season.

Xymaca, a land of springs and forests—so the Caribs, its first inhabitants, called it. A veritable paradise of beauty and softness, with climate as varied and delightful as its scenery. Its air is like the breath of the morning, kissed by the dew, full of rich, sweet delicacy, of fragant perfume; exhilarating and intoxicating, making the heart light and the step elastic, with nothing of the enervating effect of most tropical atmospheres.

Columbus, enthusiastic, but less poetic than the aborigines, called it St. Jago, meaningless name, but a subject who lived under Spanish rule had to pay royal compliments, and probably it had to do with this. He was appreciative, however, and speaking to his queen of the West Indian Isles, he says, "these countries as far exceed all others in beauty and coveniency as the sun surpasses the moon in brightness and splendour"; and Jamaica bears the palm for rampant beauty, for exuberance of vegetation, and variety of scenery.

It opened out before the eyes of the explorer as a world of romance, when in 1494 he first discovered the turtle-shaped outline of its coast, and gazed upon its long chains of mountains rising at varied intervals. What a picture hanging in its frame of blue sea! Lofty hills, luxuriant meadows, wild and tangled valleys, gorgeous forests, wide savannahs; extravagant in blossom, and foliage, and verdure. And what a gay scene as the sea became busy with canoes filled with painted and decorated Indians, shrieking their battle cries, and wielding swords and lances defiantly before the intruders. The Indians formed a fleet of seventy-two canoes. Columbus had three sailing-vessels. Not so pleasing a thing to face the fierce

natives, but all things and all people are vulnerable at one angle, and to find that angle is victory. The poor Indians loved beads, and baubles, and trumpery finery: with these they were bribed into submisson, one step on the downward path which ended in subjugation and slavery.

Spain held Jamaica until 1670, when it was ceded to England by the Treaty of Madrid. It is the largest and most valuable of British possessions in the West Indies; it is of oval form, 180 miles long, covering an area of 6250 square miles.

The Blue mountains range along its centre, with caps lost in the clouds, shoulders mantled with forest trees of huge dimensions, while shrubs of Jamaican individuality skirt the feet. Pasture land is verdant with guinea grass, growing wild, and to the height of five or six feet, a rich sustaining food for the cattle. Oh, what a panorama of endless variety—an absence of dulness. As if to set off more impressively the fertility, the luxuriance, the abundance, one comes now and again upon a prairie with clumps of pampas grasses, and sparse growth of underwood. This is no disappointment to the visitor, but rather a relief to the tropical extravagance. Plunge again into the rich glades of esotic vegetation, follow the streams dancing and glinting in the sunlight, and hiding away in deep ravines—on through groves gorgeous with the golden fruit of the sun—and orchards of pineapples, avocado pears, cinnamon-apples, guavas, and gardens of bananas and vines—past forests of cedars, of silk-cotton trees, ebony, rosewood, mahogany, melon-trees, the beautiful pimento, with its grey shining bark, and dark glossy leaves. See the acres of feathery bamboo, plantations of white blossomed coffee-plants, which, if not pruned, would tower fourteen or sixteen feet high, and hide from our view the fields of sugar-cane, extensive tobacco plantations, gay with their rose-coloured flowers; clumps of elegant palms, palms of every variety and form—fan-palm, screw-palm, macaw, cocoanut-palm, palmetto royal, palma christi, from whence comes castor-oil, and many other varieties. If you are dizzy with so much wealth of vegetation turn for rest towards the sea, hide on the ragged rocks, and peep down the deep precipitations and narrow defiles; there are plenty of gloomy, sunless caverns, where you may cool your eyes, and see phantoms and ghosts. Whose bones are these lying in crevices and dark corners of the caves? They tell me that these are bones of the poor aborigines who fled here from the tyranny of their Spanish oppressors. The Spanish ruled for 160 years, and by that time had just about managed to exterminate the last of the Caribs. They were a savage, incorrigible race we know, but surely they had a right to live, a right to their own corner of the earth. They were innocent enough in their way, they hunted, and fished, and danced, made cances, and the men smoked the leaves of a plant called "cohibs,"

from a pipe the shape of the letter Y, burying the two branches in their nostrils, and the stem in the smouldering leaves. In those early days they dwelt in simple huts, made by planting a strong pole in the centre, and several smaller ones round, which were fastened and made secure by twisting bamboo-canes together in the form of basket work. Here they lived on roots and fish, and fruit, and birds, and relished the iguana, a lizard of three feet long, much to the disgust of their usurpers. They slept in "hamacs," as the Indians called them, made of twisted cord, and dreamed of good hunting or a large haul of fish. They had their caciques or chiefs to whom they were submissive. Nor were they without a form of religion, and called their abbots, their monks, and rural deans "butios." The name which they gave to the Supreme Idea of their lives was Jocahuma, and his emissaries were called Zemes. In some villages, houses were set apart for religious ceremonies, and the butios smoked strong drugs, and saw visions and had dreams. The days of the people were enlivened by festivals and processions very simple and innocent, and they went so far as to institute times of fasting for a change. They had no fantastic ideas of heaven or hell, as civilised people have, but they knew that the brave men of their tribes would pass from this life to a better, in happy islands, where the Arawaks, whom they feared here as deadly foes, would then be their slaves. But woe to the cowards and the poltroons, for they must serve as slaves to the Arawaks in a barren land beyond the mountains, from whence there was no returning. All this was very real to the people. Upon the whole they had a good time of it; the women had little or no domestic work; no making or mending of clothes, for they wore none; little cooking, for their food they ate mostly raw, fruit was so cheap, to be had for the picking. So they had time to be happy and indolent; to look at the sun and the stars and watch their ways, and to learn something from the flowers, and birds, and animals. They danced like sunbeams, and put plenty of motion into it, not being tired out by excess of labour; and played ball as no European ever played it. The ball was made of roots and herbs interlarded together, light and elastic. Sides were formed, one village playing another. The ball was thrown by one and caught by another on the head, brow, shoulder, elbow, wrist, back, knees, foot, anywhere but in the hands, backwards and forwards from one to another, and kept up by the hour with scarcely a miss; this they called bato.

But it all came to an unhappy termination with the inroads of the Arawaks in the shape of the Spaniards. Let us hope that they are now having a better time in the "Islands of the Blest" with Spaniards as servitors.

After Jamaica was ceded to England, Spain made several unsuccessful attempts to regain it. For many long years it was

nothing but a worry and annoyance. Cromwell used it as a sort of British Siberia, and ordered the Scotch Government to apprehend "all known idle masterless persons, robbers and vagabonds, and transport them to Jamaica." But it has gone through many experiences since then. When England found that her children could not undergo the labour necessary to make agriculture in Jamaica a success, she imported African slaves, and things improved so far as commerce was concerned.

And the buccaneers or pirates, who were really a band of Franks, having sought shelter on one of the West Indian Isles, became troublesome. The Spaniards had been irritated by their thefts of wild cattle which they chased through the glades of Jamaica, and caught principally for the hides which they sold to traders; and the flesh they cured in a peculiar manner and called Boucan. Sir S. D. Scott, Bart., tells us that in this way the French came by the verb "boucaner," to dry red with salt; and we by our word buccaneer. As a means of stopping their ravages the Spaniards exterminated the wild cattle, and thereby roused the ire of the buccaneers. And the Maroons, runaway Spanish slaves, were equally annoying to the English, by their constant guerilla warfare; they were finally put down, however, and made use of in the capacity of rural police.

Then came one disaster after another to Jamaica; the great earthquake of 1692, when the whole island was shaken, and two thousand persons perished. This was followed by pestilence, and war with France; great fires, hurricanes, other wars, insurrection, and rebellion, until in 1838 came freedom to all the slaves, who numbered 307,254.

Though we do not dispute the rightness of the abolition of slavery, it raised many difficulties, and brought many minor wrongs in its train. The nigger, who was strongly averse to work, found that he could now live without, the country was so productive—an acre of land would not cost more than 20*s.*, and upon the products of half an acre he and his family could comfortably subsist. So the lazy rascal squatted on his bit of ground and whistled, while the planter looked in vain for workers.

One dispute after another arose; there were plenty of fights and insurrections in those difficult times, and brave were the men who fought the difficulties. I hope if any reader happens to be twenty-fifth cousin to the Earl of Balcarras, or General Walpole, Sir Rodney, Sir Willoughby Cotton, Sir Chas. Metcalfe, or any brave or able man who helped Jamaica through those intense times, he will not be hurt by my passing over them so lightly. No Englishman can forget the part they played in the struggle: I mean no slight, but my space is limited, and this is no history of Jamaica. As to the labour difficulty, help came in the way of Coolie emigrations, which were an unmitigated blessing to the colony, remedying many of the

existing evils. The Coolies were a set of steady, industrious, dependable men, ready to work for fair wages; their influence was most beneficial upon the constitutionally indolent negro. Ah, he is a rascally knave, the negro, civil and obliging in his way, if there is no probability of work in the background; as good-humoured and light-hearted as you could wish, always ready for a laugh. The less you have to do with him, the more you like him. He is superstitious, as most ignorant folk are, and has a terror of the craft and power of the witch. If anything will excite him to work it is the fear of duppie or ghost; but even this will seldom succeed in frightening him out of his path of indolence and untruthfulness, he is so hardened.

So Jamaica has entirely changed, as far as inhabitants are concerned, since the Elysian days before Columbus laid bare the secrets of the island. In 1891 the population was 639,491, and in 1896, 694,865, showing an increase of 11,000. Yes, and in the country too, in some degree is change, for where once peeped picturesque hut dwellings between the trees, stand now palatial abodes of wealthy Cubans who have purchased sugar estates; or the more solid looking houses of European merchants, who make their purses fat by coffee cultivation, pimento, or tobacco plantations, orange and banana groves. Where once were tangles of ferns, of palms, of cacti growths, and hill sides glorious with trees, and nature's wilderness, are streets of fine shops, schools, hospitals, churches, universities, advertisements, and almost everything which a European city boasts. No more bato, played between village and village by naked Caribs, but polo, golf, cricket, football, cycling, shooting, &c., are the sports of costumed gentlemen.

Where once hunted, and fished, and danced the Indian in his paint and feathers, now strides the white man in silk waistcoat and silver trimmed coat; and the merry faced, saucy nigger struts with mincing steps after his master; and the Coolie with dignified bearing and sedate countenance reminds us of duty and circumspection, as he passes with respectful greeting along the macadamised road.

The country bears on its countenance the kiss of civilisation; the spade and the hoe have done their work. The recent failure of orange crops in Florida has increased the trade in Jamaica; while Cuban disturbances have brought her many American orders for pineapples. She has an excellent soil for bananas, cocoanuts, vines and almost all tropical fruits. Plenty of beautiful trees make her forests gorgeous as well as profitable. Signum vitæ and cinchona of medicinal barks; the handsome fustic and the logwood, both exported for dyeing properties; fine cedar, satinwood, ebony, lancewood for choice timber; the tall and graceful papaw, and the eucalyptus globules or blue gum-tree of gigantic growth, whose

medicinal properties are priceless in affections of the throat, intermittent fever and other diseases. It is planted largely because of its fame as a means of drawing damp soils and destroying malaria.

And the cotton tree, another cyclopean friend whose branches are each as large as a mighty tree of European growth. Upon this tree the negroes look with much suspicion; if it has been hewn or injured they pour libations upon its trunk. The woolly blossoms are used for stuffing cushions, and its timber for canoes. The pimento is cultivated for the valuable far-famed allspice it produces; it grows to thirty feet, spreads its branches far and wide as if it would take the world to its fragrant bosom. And then there is an endless variety of palms, graceful, elegant, and of great utility.

The hills and the plains are prolific with valuable plants rich in dyes, and drugs, and spices, as well as food produce. The coffee plant, which has much the appearance of a handsome laurel, with fine green foliage, whose white blossoms turn into the dark red berry so familiar. The young plant must be sheltered from the north wind, and if set in warm sandy soil on the slope of the red, alluvian hills, the residue of limestone mixed with oxide of iron, will yield a fine and profitable crop. The sugar-cane, growing in jointed reeds to six or seven feet, assumes the colour of straw when ripe, with hanging faded leaves finely serrated. It is a novel sight to the European, when, for the first time he, looks upon a gang of blackies cutting down the canes, stripping them of the leaves which are used for fodder, and tying the canes in bundles, to be carted away by mules.

Then there is the bamboo, feathery and delicate, like a beautiful fern; this the people of Jamaica weave into baskets and chairs, build cottages and bridges of it, and the tender shoots they use as pickle, and the fruit they eat as rice.

And the Bahamia grass of lovely hue which twines and twists its long fibrous stems until it has deftly formed a carpet as brilliant and soft as your velvet pile. And the guinea-grass, invaluable for the nurture of cattle, full of rich, good food.

The Jamaicans have no need to use bricks and mortar to keep thieves out of garden or orchard. A fine hedge of cacti growing fifteen feet high, and lying comfortably snug together, will do this effectually. Or pinguins, with nice long, sharp spiked leaves will serve the same purpose. No naughty boy will ever venture to squeeze through or climb over such a barricade. If he were to attempt he would very soon be a fit patient for the hospital.

And what about the fruit? They have everything that a conscientious vegetarian could wish—not only the tropical products of lusciousness, but most European fruits and vegetables given in—and plenty of flowers, and animals, and insects. Yes, it is a land of insects; they thrive and expand, evolve, one might almost say; giant lizards,

iguana, scorpions, chigoes, centipedes, lantern beetles, ants, mosquitoes, sand-flies and fire-flies, are all very much at home in Jamaica. No botanist or zoologist, and certainly no entomologist, need be idle or disappointed.

It is a grand country for cattle too, there are so many shady glades, with abundance of rich pasture, and the climate is so suitable. Bovine phthisis is a thing unknown, and the inhabitants have no fear of tuberculated milk. A half-bred Indian cow will give seven quarts of rich milk per day, besides providing generously for her calf. The buffalo cow will give from six to twelve quarts in twenty-four hours, and the cream is prime for butter-making. In Jamaica, during the year 1897, nearly a million and a half was invested in cattle and pasture land for them.

As for horses and mules, Jamaica is famed throughout the West Indian Isles, both race-horses and horses excellent for working qualities; they are kind, docile, as well as hardy, strong of courage and stamina, and easy to manage. The mules are hardy too, well disposed, with none of the mulean tendencies that characterise the European family. And there is a great demand for them.

Jamaica is not behind in her breeding of sheep and swine, which with proper management bring large profits; but she is the best country in the world for bees, which swarm and yield fine honey *ad libitum.*

Though the hand of civilisation has cut and marked the country, there is still much that is beautiful and picturesque. On the slopes of the Blue mountains you may see some of the finest and wildest sceney of the island. Cataracts of extreme beauty, which pour into the Rio Grande, Jamaica's finest river. And there are glades and knolls of rare loveliness; the Serpentine Cobre with its fertile tributaries wind in and out amongst most exquisite scenery, banks rich with an exuberance of ferns, palms, bamboos, and every variety of exotic vegetation. A West Indian traveller of note says: "Jamaica may be ranked among the most romantic and highly diversified countries in the world, uniting rich magnificent scenery, waving forests, streams, with pure atmosphere, and the glowing tints of a tropical sun."

There are towns, of course, but why should I speak of them? You can see a town any day: straight streets, commercial buildings, fine residences, gardens enclosed by rows of cacti, so that one can only get a glimpse of the brilliant scarlet blossoms of the showy hibsicus, the flush of many-coloured begonias, the plentiful daturas with their bright funnel-shaped cups, and the gorgeous sunflowers which bloom for the rich owners. Rows and rows of houses, mostly white, with red roofs, and jalousies green-painted to modify the glare of the sun. Shops gay with Jamaican wares;

a few hut barracks, some barbecues, broad terraces on which to dry and ripen the coffee berries in the sun.

If you can see this with your mind's eye and imagine woolly haired negroes grinning and showing their white teeth, dancing about; and busy Coolies in their turbans and white cotton clothing; and a few sturdy, serious-looking Chinese, and plenty of Europeans; and ladies, gaily dressed, with abundant jewellery, mincing along with trailing skirts, or riding in the light, two-wheeled buggies; sunburnt nurses in striped holland gowns, carrying European children; negresses without shoes or stockings, wearing bright coloured bandana handkerchiefs, carrying bamboo baskets of bananas, oranges, custard apples, and guavas on their heads: give this an eastern tone, a tropical background, a smell of the sea, and you have Port Royal, Spanish Town, or Kingston, the capital of Jamaica.

Nearly half the cultivable land of Jamaica is above the elevation of 1000 feet. This speaks well for the climate, surely. The island holds an excellent position for trade with the United States and Canada; its population is increasing, shipping facilities are among the best of any in the tropics; and there is no other colony in which labour and capital and English enterprise could find more profit. And the best authorities assure us that a fresh infusion of British blood would work wonders in Jamaica.

S. E. SAVILLE.

OUR INIMITABLE DIARIST.

A PROPENSITY that has assumed almost alarming proportions in these days is that of autobiography. The word, as distinguished from its relative "diary," seems to imply that it must be written with a view to publication. Nor need it be necessarily a posthumous thing, but may with perfect propriety appear during the subject's life. People are not shocked at such a presumption of self-exhibition, unless it be in the case of one who has little worth the revealing. Now, we do not intend for a moment to say a harsh word against an accepted literary vogue. It is often a good thing for the world to be allowed to take a peep at the mind and motives of a great man, to catch some of the traits that can only appear out of books and away from the gaze of the public. It is satisfying and instructive to readers to come upon a man unawares, when he thinks no person is looking, and when natural motives and traits assert themselves. The merit and charm, however, of an autobiography consists in two things, as it seems to us. One, that it contains, besides other things, jottings of the minor and private portions of one's life, told frankly and sincerely by the author to the author; and the other, that it be intended for nobody's eyes but the writer's own. Only in this way do we think such a work to arrive at its highest value. We are all curious, and in our curiosity we like to get, not at a man's public doings—we know these well enough—but at his private ones, the little deeds of kindness, the trivial love of preference, the little vanities and weaknesses that he would be ashamed to have publicly known. A book of this kind, among other effects, gives the ordinary reader a grateful sense of learning that one who may be publicly great has a lesser side to his humanity, and that he is not cast in a mould essentially different.

The generality of autobiographies do not contain such open confessions. From the moment one makes the public his confidant he begins to curtail, to grow less fondly communicative, for to tell everything would require the utmost simplicity, a quality hardly to be expected. It is only in the diary, written in the privacy of one's closet, that such a trait may be found. It is only when the writer feels assured that profane eye will never get a peep at its

contents that he will confess to himself the confession of his days.

A man of the kind we have been describing came across our path as we were rummaging of late in our library, and he beamed out upon us with a staid and dignified stare. And he beareth the quaint name of Samuel Pepys, Esq., Secretary of the Admiralty unto my lords the kings of England, Charles II. and James II. The reading of his diary found him a charmingly frank and sincere personage, one who had made his own pages his confidant and into whose listening ears he had poured his daily doings, noble and indifferent, and his foibles, petty vanities and petty motives.

The perusal of an autobiography puts the reader in the state of companion to the author, and we know of no society more pleasant, or of one in which we spent a happier hour, than we did with our friend Pepys. His pages he intended should be scanned by no other eye save his own, and he thus secured them, as he thought, by employing a peculiar kind of shorthand of which he alone kept the key. For this reason he has none of the concealment of a professed autobiographer. He becomes unsuspectingly frank and familiar, and, though we may laugh at his delight at having his head patted by a great man, a lord of the kingdom, and at his revelling in lace and velvet and liveried coach, we feel that he is thoroughly honest with himself, much more so, perhaps, than many of us would like to be, even on paper, and we can't help having a goodly amount of regard for him.

The discovery of the cipher by Lord Braybrooke in 1825 is not the first introduction the public have had to Pepys. He was known before, and a dignified personage he was. There was in the minds of those acquainted with him the picture of a rather staid Admiralty patriot, who amused his literary taste with gathering all that was curious or rare in books, English ballads, &c , and who was maker of a somewhat whimsical bequest. Dying in his seventy-second year, he bequeathed his library and *virtuoso* collection to Magdalene College, Cambridge, on conditions which secured its preservation to future ages, unchanged from the plight in which he had left it. The presses were to remain undefaced, and were to be kept in a department of the college library exclusively devoted to that purpose. Their contents were to be neither increased nor diminished, but were to stay just as he left them. Amongst the books of the presses were six large volumes, containing upwards of 3000 pages, filled with his own cipher-writing (Rich's system of shorthand), and their contents, which, without doubt, many a visitor to the library had felt a strong curiosity to discover, remained a hidden meaning for a century and a quarter. On being deciphered and translated into a readable language (the original spelling and quaint terms being happily preserved to us) they were found to contain nothing

less than the daily doings of their author for a space of ten years, from January 1, 1660, up to the end of May 1669. This was one of the most interesting and eventful decades in our history. We have here the joyous pictures of the Restoration, as well as much about "the Merry Monarch," his gaieties and his intrigues. The Plague of 1665, with the appalling episodes of that calamity, is followed by the life-like record of the Great Fire and the rebuilding of London. Then, what an attractive period is that of the history of the London theatres, dating from the Restoration, with piquant sketches of the actors and actresses of that day. Pepys, in his love of wit and admiration of beauty, finds room to love and admire Nell Gwynne—"pretty, witty Nell"—whose name still carries an odd fascination with it after so many generations. Here we find the earliest account of a Lord Mayor's dinner in the Guildhall (September 1663), when Pepys complains that "it was very unpleasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drunk wine out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes"! We are also introduced to Wood's coffee house, in Pall Mall, where the diarist records sending for "a cup of *tee*, a China drink, of which I never had drank before"—all pictures in little of social life, with innumerable traits of statesmen, politicians, wits and poets, authors, artists and actors, and men and women of wit and pleasure, such as London never presented at any other period.

Pepys' position at the time of writing his diary was that of Admiralty Secretary to the royal fleet of Charles II. He came of a family which had some pretensions to gentility, though, as he himself confesses in his frank manner, they had never been "very considerable." Bred a tailor's son, in Brampton and in London, he made a regular university course at Cambridge. His prospects in life were not very large at the outset, but they were bettered by the patronage of his relative, Sir Edward Montague, afterwards first Earl of Sandwich, who got him a clerkship in the Exchequer. From ups and downs he arose finally to the Secretaryship of the Admiralty. From his own confession he was fond of dining, fine clothes, coaches, play-going, good old ballads; had a weakness for singing songs of his own composition, and played on the flageolet; could listen to a good sermon, and sleep at a bad one; went one fine morning with the fleet to fetch his Majesty Charles II. home from Holland, and in firing his salute nearly knocked his right eye out, "holding my head," as he says, "too much over the gun"; was sent to Tangier upon business of the king, to advise with the commander thereof; was committed to the Tower on the charge of taking part in the "Popish Plot," and for a time removed from the Naval Board, but liberated by the special command of my lord, the king. When the Prince of Orange wrested the throne from the unfortunate monarch, James II., Pepys

felt too great a loyalty to his former master to serve under the new regime, and retired from his secretaryship into private life. It is remarkable that James II. was sitting to Sir Godfrey Kneller for a portrait designed as a present to Pepys, when the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange was brought to that unhappy monarch. The king commanded the painter to proceed and finish the portrait, that his good friend might not be disappointed.

It is annoying to find some learned critics dissecting Mr. Pepys' character as an historian. The poor man, had he himself any say in the matter, would surely disclaim all attempts at posing as an historian, dignified or otherwise, and indignantly snatch his diary away from such eyes. These critics do find in him, however, some value as an historian, and credit him with the minor merit of giving us a real and lively notion of the days in which he lived, and of teaching us the relative civilisation of his age, as compared with that which preceded and followed it. But for us the chief value of Pepys' "diary" lies in its literary quaintness, its humour, and its originality. We cannot transcribe here, on paper, the peculiar impressions the diary made on us, nor the peculiar flavour it left. That each one must taste for himself. One of its chief charms, however, is the characteristically novel-like names of his acquaintances; they have such a smack of the old English names one likes to meet with in the early novelists, and which produce by their mere selves so undefinable a pleasure. Thus we find in his pages such names as Muddiman, the "arch rogue," Mr. Pin, the tailor, Truelock, the gunsmith, Lord Bellasses, Withers, "a professed lying rogue," Timothy Wellfit, Captains Cock and Tinker, and Drumbleby, the pipe maker, who makes flageolets "to go low and soft," and Cosen Gumbleton, the "good-humoured fat young gentleman." Even his own name falls in with the humour of the others. Thus his contemporaries familiarly called him "Peeps."

Any attempt at illustrating the character of the book, or rather of the man, by extracts from his inimitable diary, would be futile. Ninety men out of a hundred might write the same things of themselves had they only the wonderful *naïveté* and candour that Pepys possessed. Thus we are afflicted with the little vice of vanity of dress, but who so frank in his admission of it as our friend? This love of dress he perhaps derived in large part as an inheritance from his father, who followed the avocation of tailor. The affectionate and self-complacent notices he makes of doublets, cloaks, camletts, periwigs, so far outnumber the entries on all other subjects as to lead us to believe that the thought of the fine figure he was cutting and the admiration he was exciting must have engrossed a large amount of his daily thoughts. It breaks out on almost every page.

"10th. This day I put on my new silk suit, the first that I ever wore in my life.

"13th. Up early; the first day that I put on my black camlett cloak with silver buttons.

"29th. Lord's-day. This morning I put on my best black cloth suit, trimmed with scarlett ribbon, very neat, with my cloak lined with velvett, and a new beaver, which altogether is very noble, with my black silk knit canons I bought a month ago.

"30th. Up, and put on a new summer black bombazine suit, and being come now to an agreement with my barber to keep my periwig in good order at twenty shillings a year, I am like to go very spruce, more than I used to do.

"6th. This morning I began a practice which I find by the ease I do it with that I shall continue, it saving me money and time; that is, to trimme myself with a razor; which pleases me mightily.

"May 4th. After dinner, my arm tied up with black ribbon, I walked with my wife to my brother Tom's; our boy waiting on us with his sword, which he this day begins to wear, to outdo Sir W. Pen's boy, who this day, and Sir W. Button's do begin to wear new liverys; but I do take mine to be the neatest of them all."

He is continually prattling about his fine clothes, and, indeed, about the magnificent dress of the great people of the court. "The show was so glorious with gold and silver that we are not able to look at it any longer, our eyes being so much overcome." It is harmless vanity, and, taken in connection with his character, one that amuses rather than offends.

In his entry for June 13, 1662, he makes an acknowledgment that fits in well with the experience of many students. "Up by four o'clock in the morning, and read Cicero's Second Oration against Catiline, which pleased me exceedingly; and more I discern therein than ever I thought was to be found in him; but I perceive it was my ignorance, and that he is as good a writer as ever I read in my life." Quite a flattery for Cicero!

When youngsters, nowadays, are such adepts at figuring, and are taught to do long sums in their heads, it becomes quite amusing to see a man thirty odd years of age plodding resolutely along in the study of arithmetic.

"4th. Comes Mr. Cooper, mate of the Royall Charles, of whom I intend to learn mathematiques, and do begin with him to-day, he being a very able man. After an hour's being with him at arithmetique, my first attempt being to learn the multiplicacion table, then we parted till to-morrow."

A few days after this we find him sore distressed over its difficulties.

"8th. Up at four o'clock, and at my multiplicacion table hard, which is all the trouble I meet with at my arithmetique."

By dint of exertion he mastered "arithmetique," and may have had the satisfaction of knowing he was the best at figuring in the admirals office, as in those frivolous times he was, from all accounts, about the only one there who attended faithfully to duty, and who knew best the wants and outlay of the navy.

Most of my readers, doubtless, know the way in which his journal came to an end. Towards the middle of 1669 his eyesight failed him to such a degree that he no longer retained the power of writing in cipher. He pathetically concludes with the following: "And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journall, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and, therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear; and therefore resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be anything, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in short-hand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much to see myself go into my grave; for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!"

Thirty-four years after he had made this entry in his diary his corpse was brought to the Crutched Friars Church "in a very honourable and solemn manner," from Clapham, where he departed this life on May 26, 1703.

ROBERT M. SILLARD.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

MR. GASQUOINE, in a brave and courteous rejoinder to my criticism of his essay, charges me with a misconception of the true meaning of religion. I am not prepared to enter into anything so academic as a discussion of definitions, but the indictment has led me to a line of thought with respect to the position which theology holds in religion, and stirred the question as to how far that position is justified, and ~~as to~~ how far it must be modified in order that Christianity—as the form of religion in which we are most interested—may keep in line with the progress of the world. And I venture to make this suggestion, that the chief movement within Christianity which will characterise this century will be in the direction of a separation of religion, properly so called, from theology. When I say religion properly so called, I have in mind the fact that to the man in the street religion is a term of very wide signification, and embraces within itself such diverse concepts as ritual and dogma, character and creed, virtue and sacrament—embraces, in fact, the whole length and breadth of that complex life, which we call the higher life, "the higher volition and action," as Clough says, with its ideas, motives, feelings, hopes, ideals, theories, as well as the concrete acts and organisations in which it manifests itself. Indeed, religion in this popular sense embraces theology, and unless its meaning is duly restricted, my argument is purely in the air.

In the beginnings of such things, religion consisted in certain offerings and certain ceremonies rendered to the dead at the tomb of the dead; it consisted altogether in practice, and was, in the case of the bulk of the people, totally disconnected from any distinct and definite ideas as to the nature of those ghosts, spirits, gods to which the offerings were brought and the sacrifices made; in short, religion was in existence before mythology, or, as we say, theology; religion was simply a worship of the dead, without any theory at all as to the nature, powers, and place of the dead. Mythology was a later growth, and purely speculative, and dealt with theories of the dead in the forms of stories of wondrous beauty and exceeding vitality. An analogous distinction to that which Mr. Grant Allen, in his *Evolution of the Idea of God*, insists upon as being necessary to clear thought and sound investigation between religion and mythology, must also be made between religion and theology; by religion we

must signify worship, sacrifice, practice—in whatever forms these principles may clothe themselves, while to theology we must relegate all matters of dogma, doctrine, theory, and other humanly devised constructions.

It is evident that, if religion as practice is to be something distinct from morality pure and simple, a certain amount of supernaturalism must lie at its base; and so the separation between religion and theology can never be absolute and complete. All action at bottom rests on belief, and there can be no religious action or religious life without religious belief; religion, according to the prevalent view, is not merely morality; and religious life is not merely moral life; that which differentiates religion from morality is the acceptance of certain beliefs with respect to the supernatural, the unseen, and the unknown.

For example, a belief in the existence of God, a belief in the existence of the soul, a belief in the possibility of relationship between God, the "Over-soul," and the human soul, a belief in an immortal future life—none of which beliefs are capable of proof, in the real scientific sense—all these beliefs are necessary to the religious life, are basal and fundamental to it; in so far as they are absent the religious life sinks to the level of merely moral life; but these beliefs are theology pure and simple, and hence it would be fatuous to talk of religion as practice being utterly severed from theology; it would be a contradiction in terms. But is it not possible to distinguish, practically if not psychologically, between belief in a fact and belief in a theory? Belief in a fact, at bottom, means that such a fact is not contradictory of the existing content of consciousness; belief in a theory, on the other hand, is rather the result of being able to follow and to acquiesce in the various steps in a line of logical argument; a belief in a supernatural fact is possible as long as that fact does not come into opposition with the contents of consciousness, a belief in a theory concerning some supernatural fact or system of facts has psychologically the same, but practically a different, criterion; hence, while a belief in certain facts concerning God and the soul, and the future are necessary to religion, which facts cannot be compassed by any known intellectual process, but can only be apprehended in faith, a belief in any theory or construction of the human intellect is by no means necessary to religion as practice, and I intend to maintain that all such human constructions, theories, arguments, doctrines, whatever their age and authority, must, if Christianity is going to move forward and satisfy the demands of the time (which she must do if she is to be justified), be taken out of the hands of the churches and relegated to the schools; taken out of the hands of the many, and restricted to the partial privacy of the few. To put it briefly, religion is morality *plus* certain beliefs in facts concerning the unseen, facts which are and must be accepted

frankly and fully without argument, if there is going to be any religion distinct from morality at all; whereas theology, apart from the basal facts already conceded, consists in certain theories and arguments built up upon and around such facts, and the tendency of the time is, and increasingly will be, in the direction of a separation between these two.

There are many reasons which might be offered; from among them I select as follows. First of all, the characteristic of this time-epoch, so far as Christianity goes, is that this form of faith is rapidly coming into active contact with human life and human organisation at all points. The day is now past when any intelligent Christian thinks that the business of Christianity is to keep aloof from the affairs of men, and to confine its attention to purely spiritual matters. It used to be thought that the concern of Christianity was with the individual soul, and that soul's welfare. Now we know, thanks to evolution and her satellites, that it is useless to deal with the organism without any reference to its environing; we know also that one of the very best ways of getting into touch with the organism successfully is through the environing. Hence, Christianity is to-day gradually pushing out its influence into the environing of the human life. There is no sphere of human thought or action which Christianity does not touch, and that in no indifferent, half-hearted way, but resolved to make its influence felt and its voice heard therein. It no longer acts and works, can no longer afford to do so, without reference to political, municipal, social, commercial and industrial life; and wherever it goes, its ideal of true conduct goes with it, and, being brought into contact with lower ideals, gives rise to many problems whose existence is more obvious than their solution. Now, if this is so, and it is scarcely to be denied, it becomes clear that religion as practice is coming more and more to the forefront; for it is evident that it is useless to oppose a presently existing, concrete, state of affairs by a mere theory, or a hard stubborn fact by a sweet, smooth argument in words. Fact must be met by fact, and the conquering fact will in the long run be that which is most deeply rooted in the inmost nature of man. Christianity dare not presume to offer a theoretical solution to a pressing practical problem. An evil-doer can only be successfully opposed by a well-doer, not by a right thinker or a brilliant theoriser. An evil life, whether in individual, or society, or nation, or world, can only be successfully opposed by an antagonistic life which shall be as pure and true as the other is evil and false.

This gradual and gradually increasing spread of Christianity into living touch with almost all the departments of practical life demands that increasing stress should be laid on the ethical, rather than the metaphysical, side of Christian teaching. What the world wants and will want more and more with the years is a practical ideal

embodied with increasing constancy in the daily life, not metaphysical analysis and speculation. The churches, therefore, if they would be serviceable to the time (and, once again, only in so far as they are so is their existence justified), must devote all their energies to cultivating Christian character, and not to propagating this or that or the other creed, but leave creed-mongering to those who made the creeds, the schools.

It seems to have been of the nature of pure accident that Christianity at its earliest should have come into contact with the active philosophies of the day, and that therefore its first phase should have been a philosophic phase, with the assumptions and theorisings of Paul as its most enduring product. Philosophic doctrines thenceforward, which are purely human constructions, and which in many cases have no basis or sanction in the recorded teachings of the Founder of the system, have held a position of great importance in the history of Christianity; and the cry which was heard some time ago of "back to Christ" had this of truth in it, that it is becoming more and more imperative for Christianity, in the interests of its usefulness and, at bottom, of its existence, to cease to lay so much stress on theological opinion, and all the more stress on religion as practice. And one would think that the tendency of which I am speaking would not meet with much resistance, in that the bulk of people know nothing, and never will know more than the merest smattering of this academic, argumentative, rational, scientific theology, which is our legacy from Paul and the schools. They know little, and it enters into their lives scarce a whit. One is perfectly willing to admit that the *fact of atonement*, conceived and interpreted in many ways, is a potent influence in the religious and practical life of many Christians, but it is perfectly certain that the respective merits of this particular interpretation as against that, or of this *theory of atonement* as against another—such considerations do not, to any appreciable degree, if to any degree whatever, enter into the lives of the vast majority of Christian men and women. But, though they know little, and that little is of infinitesimal practical importance, they know just enough to talk nonsense and to think bitterness. A little knowledge in this particular matter is the most dangerous thing possible. Of how many churches is it not true that the organisation is unhinged, the life deadened, the work hindered and thwarted, because some amateur theologian in the pew, with his band of faithful adherents, is convinced that the particular doctrine held concerning one of the fundamental postulates by the pulpit is not sound. As to the fact they are one; as to the doctrine or interpretation they differ; and there's the rub. And, on the other hand, how many churches there are which demand that their official leader for the time being should subscribe to certain theological doctrines stereotyped either in a trust deed or in a set

and unalterable scheme of articles, with the result that the living thought of the pulpit is hampered by the obsolete, or dwarfed by the necessity of mental reservation! So long as theology of this character is allowed to rank as a test and criterion of fitness, and to be held as otherwise of such vital importance, just so long will there be those amateur theologians, who cannot keep their opinion in the proper place or within proper bounds, but who magnify nostrums into bulwarks and personal opinions into eternal verities, and become the centres of unrest, division, strife, and spoil all united effort. If we could only get this theology recognised as a distinct thing from practical religious life, as a thing of quite secondary importance, we should thereby save almost all the energy which we see now so widely and so sadly wasted in bickerings, quarrellings, and schisms, not only within individual churches, but between different sects and denominations—saved to be devoted to the earlier and completer attainment of practical ideals. Let us have, we must have if religion is to be distinct from morality, those essential basal beliefs concerning the unseen, but let it be frankly recognised that they are facts to be apprehended and accepted in faith, and not to be argued about except in proper place and at the proper time, and by the proper people; let us have them and hold them; they are the things which unite us, make Christendom practically one, but these other things, these doctrines, theories, interpretations, arguments, let them pass into the care and keeping of those who have the time and the ability to deal with them. My suggestion is that unless Christians are willing to take this rational view of their case, the progress of things, the trend of which is now manifest, will force it upon them; for it is clear that one of the chief struggles for which the twentieth century will be remembered to posterity, will be between certain positions of Christian theology, generally held, and the antagonistic positions of modern philosophy; and if this rational, systematic theology is retained by Christians as a vital, fundamental factor of their religion, and should be worsted in the struggle, then Christianity will go by default; but if Christians will make this tactical move, in which even now they stand to gain everything and to lose nothing, then in the case of defeat, their tenets may suffer modification or abolition, but their practical influence will retain its integrity unimpaired.

There is another matter which is not without its force in this connection. It is not necessary here to enter upon the interesting question as to the actual relation in which morality stands to religion genetically; and for the purpose of the argument it matters not whether it is regarded as a sister, or a child, or merely a factor. As things are now, there is no question about the very close connection of morality and religion; they are, at any rate, inextricably intertwined: "Conduct is three-fourths of life," and there can be

little doubt but that nothing has been, and is, such a hindrance to the right development of true morality as the theology of which mention has been made. Morality will never become what it ought to become until it is divorced from theology.

There are numerous difficulties in the way of accepting the Kantian argument that the existence of God can only be apprehended on the basis of the moral consciousness, manifesting itself as a categorical imperative; but it is clear that if the existence of God *is* reached from the idea of duty, then to make God the basis of morality is to commit an evident fallacy; so that on this ground there is no objection to a separation of morality from theology. But it is also evident that the current ideas of God have thwarted the right development of the moral ideal; in this connection, for example, the conception of God as an Almighty Being who gives a law to which He demands implicit obedience, and who punishes the disobedient by wholesale disease and destruction (as in the chronicles of the Old Testament), may be instanced as a theological conception which has done untold harm to the development of a true morality. There is such a thing as obedience to an external law, which enforces itself by painful sanctions, but such obedience is not morality, and when obedience under such conditions becomes habitual, and then normal, it constitutes a great thwarting influence to moral progress; a people which has that conception of God can never be a truly moral people, for the conception which one has of God is a great determinant of the life and character. A God who coerces and avenges Himself is immoral; and a people who believes in a God who coerces and avenges Himself will not fail to use as it were a divine right to coerce and avenge themselves, and so become themselves immoral; and in as far as such conduct becomes habitual do they become also impervious to true moral ideas.

The old idea, to mention another example, which is still in vogue in some quarters, and which originated with Paul, or perhaps with a misinterpretation of Paul's meaning, the idea, namely, that God somehow imputes the righteousness of Christ to shortcoming men, has put back the development of true morality for many generations; it is astounding to find how deeply rooted, among an exceedingly large number of intelligent Christians, and one may therefore presume among a still larger number of those who do not think, and are not capable of thinking, for themselves, this idea is that God pretends for certain considerations that men are not what in reality they are. What chance can a pure morality have with people who believe in a God capable of this kind of spiritual trickery, and who themselves are willing to acquiesce in such procedure, which if it existed in their neighbour, would at once arouse their indignation and scorn? Such immoral ideas cannot possibly become part and parcel of the highest thought of a man without deeply affecting his conduct and character,

and when such ideas are covered with the cloak of religion, how is the ordinary man to escape the snare?

There is another idea, a further example than which none other in the minds of men and women to-day is such a deterrent from true morality; I mean the idea of divine rewards and punishments, especially of future rewards and punishments. How often one hears, even in this enlightened age, men being exhorted to do good and to fulfil their duty, for if they do not do so they will be punished, either in this life or in the life that is to come; and how often one hears official religious leaders trying to get people to be good by holding out to them—like the proverbial carrots before the donkey's nose—promise of reward, which if it does not come here, and with a tantalising persistence it seems to refuse to do this, yet it will in deed and truth come hereafter. These facts need but be mentioned to make it clear that a very large part of the stock-in-trade of certain classes of religious people, and numerically by no means insignificant classes, consists in conceptions which in point of fact are as immoral as can be. To do duty, not because it is right, not "for the joy of the deed, and for the duty to do," but because you will be rewarded for it, "for the gain of the gold, the getting, the hoarding, the having," and to avoid evil not because it is wrong, not because otherwise it is impossible to realise your true self, but because you will be punished for it—these ideas which are woefully common are ideas which an ordinarily well-educated youth knows to be diametrically opposed to the first principles of morality; and these ideas have the vogue they have, and are held with the tenacity which almost defies uprooting, simply because the roots and basis of them are in theology, with its doctrine and scheme of future rewards and punishments, and its theory of an idle heaven, and a burning hell; and because theology, as a system of doctrines, theories, interpretations, is held to be a vital, essential part of religion. So tenacious and so subversive are these and such ideas, that one finds a bright, useful, sweet-thoughted Christian writing a verse like this:

> "Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
> Repaid a thousandfold will be:
> Then, GLADLY will we give to Thee
> Who givest all."

We have here in all its blatant glory the lamentable idea (an idea which may well bring Christianity into disrepute in the minds of those who judge of the whole by the part) of Christian service and sacrifice, under this theological conception, being, instead of the perfect flower and blossom of manhood, a commercial speculation, where the gain anticipated is such that the worldliest man might be pardoned a pang of jealousy.

All this being so, it becomes imperative that, in the interests of morality and right conduct, theology should cease to hold that place

in religion which it has held for so long, much to the great disadvantage of Christendom and to the detriment of true Christian life. In point of fact, it is clear from the trend of the progress of things, that if Christians are unwilling to take the redemption of their faith into their own hands, the inevitable on-march of civilisation will take the work out of their hands and do it for them; for nothing that is untrue can possibly withstand the onward and upward development of things towards the truth, and unless Christianity will turn the evil and harmful thing out of her bosom in sheer self-defence, she will have to pay the bitter penalty.

ACTON BURNELL.

MISPRONUNCIATION AND MIDDLE-CLASSDOM.

THERE is, perhaps, no language in which there is more latitude allowed in the pronunciation of words than the English language, varying pronunciations for almost the same words being equally correct. The reason is not far to seek. There is no invariable rule for the pronunciation of any English letters or combination of letters; yet there is no language which to the refined and cultivated English ear can be more hideously murdered. I do not mean by those who speak the fine, interesting old dialects of the different provinces, but by those who profess to speak "pure English." Nor do I refer to personal idiosyncrasies, which are sometimes rather attractive than otherwise. How often one hears the baby names give place to a strictly correct appellation with an almost pathetic regret. I know one young person who, in her desire to be emphatic, always says "thery" for "very," in spite of many efforts to attain to a correct pronunciation and although a lisp is not otherwise observable. No, the English accent that is so hateful is a distinct *accent*. The h's are all there and the g's most carefully recognised. In fact, the consonants can take care of and speak for themselves. It is the vowels that are at fault. They are tortured and twisted, the one usurping the place of the other, until they would assuredly not recognise themselves. This maltreatment pervades their every utterance and mars the beauty of an otherwise noble tongue.

I confess, however, that I regarded it as a compliment when, many years ago, I had no sooner landed on American soil than I was told by an American gentleman who had met the boat, and who was presented to us by his wife, that he guessed I was not American on account of my "*slight* English accent."

It is certainly preferable to talk American with an English accent than to talk English with an American accent, and our Parisian neighbours are thoroughly in agreement with us in this respect. Witness the hopelessness of any American girl trying to find employment in Paris in any capacity where her duties would be to impart a knowledge of the English tongue.

There are, however, certain words more tell-tale than others, the

mispronunciation of which is considered irretrievably damning. I do not refer to those words the sounds of which bear little or no relation to their spelling, words such as the uninitiated cannot be expected to grasp and which causes one to sympathise freely with the American young woman who in despair abandoned the attempt to master our English names, because we "spelt one of them M-a-j-o-r-i-s-b-a-n-k-s and pronounced it Chumley." And how is a foreigner to guess that a word of three syllables spelt "business" should be pronounced "biz-ness"? It is not such words as these the pronunciation of which constitutes the hall-mark of the classes. The most familiar of all these is the inevitable word "girl." Any one saying "gurl" is beyond the pale. "What on earth else could you call it?" I can hear some exclaim. Believe me, my friends, there are those of us with whom that exclamation does for you. Banish all hope of ever being considered of the elect. From the height of this exclusivism I once had an unpleasant fall. I had witnessed with some friends the performance of a play, the translation of a foreign mediæval epic, and we were discussing the play, when some one (who ought to have known better, as I thought afterwards with chagrin) remarked to me, "It's such a pity in a play of this kind to talk about a girl," pronouncing the word "gurl." "Yes," I agreed eagerly, "it spoils any fine play for one to hear 'gurl.'" I noticed a somewhat blank and distant look overspread my companion's face as he answered coldly, "I don't know about any play; in modern plays girl" (still "gurl") "is inevitable, but in this one I think 'maiden' would be preferable."

Nevertheless that word is the "gateless barrier" dividing without hope of appeal the sheep from the goats. But there are others, and these are mostly those derived from foreign languages. A book, for instance, becomes barely readable if the article "a" instead of "an" is placed before the word "hotel." It is almost as bad as when a baronet's or even a baron's daughter is styled "Lady" Araminta.

Let no one, however, suppose that all words derived from the French are to be pronounced as French words. For although there are some the pronunciation of which is optional and which, indeed, it savours somewhat of affectation to pronounce in the French way, although quite permissible—such words as "programme," "omelette," "corridor," "liqueur"—there are others which it is fatal to Frenchify. For instance, it is as bad, or even worse, to talk about a "valley" for valet or "Callay" for Calais as it is to sound the "h" in "hotel." Mayonaise and "Cayenne" (pepper) are also words for which the French pronunciation is obligatory, and to call a "blouse" "blowse" is equally unpardonable, and almost as bad is it to say "*en*velope" for "enveloppe."

Abbreviations too are often pitfalls to be avoided. For although in all languages "piano" is perfectly permissible, the insistence upon

the "*forte*" as well as the "*piano*" is wearying and pedantic. I cannot say why it is so, but it sounds to some ears very slipshod to call port-wine "port." It is the only wine to which the word itself is tacked on. Nevertheless, from the age of 15, when I was unwillingly forced to swallow doses of it, to the present day, when I occasionally persuade myself that my health requires it (which it does not) I have never heard this wine called anything but "port-wine" by those from whose verdict there is no appeal. But "photo" is worse than "port," and to be "photoed" worse still! And, thank heaven! I have never "biked!" nor would I insult any one by "wiring" to them when I could telegraph.

But even amongst those who would be guiltless of any of the foregoing enormities, a true, clean, clear pronunciation is by no means invariable.

How few, for instance, sound the termination of such words as jewel, towel, panel, enamel, moment, other than as if the "e" were a "u." And how rarely do we catch an unmistakable "i" in such words as possible, evil, devil, animal, beautiful, &c., &c. But even in the matter of giving due weight to syllables and letters a nice distinction is necessary, and the opposite extreme is nearly as bad as a slovenly diction. Nothing, for instance, is more irritating than the sedulous pronunciation of mid-verbal h's, or the sounding of the "t" in "often," so carefully insisted upon by some of the apostles of genteelism. That it is as fatal to over-value syllables as to under-value them is seen in the words "topaz," "marmalade," "Judas," and the name "Seymour," which becomes vulgarised when the final syllable is pronounced "more" and not "mer."

The accentuation of the syllables in words is purely a matter of education, for although it can be reckoned as a general rule that the accent should be thrown as far back as possible, even this is quite arbitrary, and it is not too much to say that almost every single word in the language has to be individually learnt, and that a fine ear, a delicate enunciation, and a refined spirit is necessary to the perfect appreciation of the beauties of so subtle a language.

But apart from actual pronunciation, there are certain phrases and expressions which sound the warning note, and caution the unwary lest they should be betrayed into undue familiarity with those not of their caste.

Perhaps those who "take" sugar are the most unregenerate. It requires a very slight stretch of the imagination to suppose that those who are guilty of inviting you to "take" food or drink would be quite capable of taking your umbrella (um*ber*ella they would pronounce it), so deadly a sin is it. Dr. Johnson, as is natural, was a great stickler for good grammar, as well as for correct pronunciation in speaking English, and when a lady with whom he was unacquainted invited him to "take" tea with her, he replied, "Madam,

I cannot *take* tea, but you can and do take a liberty in addressing me without being acquainted with me."

I am not setting Dr. Johnson up as an authority upon manners in quoting the foregoing anecdote, but he was undoubtedly right when he pointed out that only offence, liberties, bribes, and medicine can legitimately be "taken."

People who "take" sugar are pretty nearly certain to go up "town," or leave "town," as the case may be, the town in question, the existence of which is thus uniquely recognised, not being, as one might at this moment suppose it to be, Birmingham, but London. Those who leave "town" may do so for the purpose of joining a "week-end" party, an expression that offends the fastidious, or while "in town" they will propose a walk "in the Row," and for expressing their intention in this form, hanging is too good. They must expect to be cut, which is a slower process of social extinction.

Those persons, too, who have very little idea what the word means from which the expression is derived will be continually talking about what is "gentlemanly," whereas, if the expression be used at all, "gentlemanlike" is the word to use.

Not only is there an exclusive pronunciation and distinctive expressions, but there are actual possessions which are reserved solely for the use of middleclassdom. Napkin-rings, fish-knives, tea-cosies, and oh! I shudder as I write the word, "tidies" and nightgown-cases. It is true that fish-knives are creeping up, and if it were not for one's prejudice against them they are really more serviceable and cleaner than the quondam piece of bread.

But to use a spoon and fork for your pudding is quite "beyond," as our American friends would call so uncouth an act. Indeed, one is carefully taught as a child, "Never use a spoon when you can use a fork, but never, never, never, on any account, use both." "Don't put the point of your spoon into your mouth when consuming your soup" is a necessary doctrine to inculcate into children, and never pour out a cup of tea for a guest without nearly filling the cup is another unwritten law. Your guest may happen to like a good deal of milk or cream in his tea, but of what importance are the fancies or the comforts of your guests compared to the exigencies of caste?

Miss Cholmondeley objects, if my memory is correct, to "pillow-shams" and "bed-spreads." Upon my word I have never heard of either; but I have heard, and I confess it, ugh! seen nightgown-cases. The people who use them will, if I may be pardoned for mentioning so intimate a portion of a lady's toilette, substitute the French "chemise" for the homely English "shift," call that portion of the outer garment that covers the body a "bodice," talk about a "dress" when they mean "gown," and being "gowned" when they

mean "dressed," and at meals make use of an unnecessary "serviette" instead of an honest napkin. They would also no doubt "ride" in a "trap," a carriage, a train, or a cab. And if the latter were a hansom and one of these were its sole occupant, he or she would possibly betray him or herself by sitting in the middle (or, as they would say, "the centre") of the seat.

You may be sure that their ladies will call upon you with their card-cases held conspicuously in their hand, set your teeth on edge by speaking of evening or afternoon parties as "at homes," or "receptions," probably place their husbands' cards in the hall as they leave the house, and if you go and see them are certain not to be in the room into which you are ushered. They will always "commence" when they ought to begin, and they will also be heard talking of the nuptial chamber as "*our* bedroom," or "*the* bedroom," thus destroying by a word all the delicacy or illusion of married life.

But while there are expressions that are inexpressibly shocking to some of us, there are those of us who think we can afford to take liberties with the English language, and who purposely mispronounce certain words and permit themselves a refined kind of slang that is equally shocking to the genteel.

Needless to say, I do not refer to a silly jargon affected by certain of the "smart," especially the would-be smart; but an instance of the mispronunciation referred to is the word "diamond," where the "a" is purposely ignored, and, as I was once asked, "Why do all you aristocrats say 'ain't'?" by some one who would never have used such a vulgarism, and who is supported in her condemnation by no less an authority than Miss Cholmondeley. And there is no doubt that many "genteel" feelings would be much outraged by the "goings-on" of some of the "aristocracy."

I have seen with my own eyes a Countess of irreproachable breeding eating cheese with her knife and a Marchioness drinking tea out of her saucer. I should much like here to be able to quote an "indiscretion of a Duchess," but those in whose company I happen occasionally to have found myself have always been strictly well-behaved.

Not for one minute would I have it supposed that in any of the foregoing remarks a serious attempt is made to cast ridicule or contempt on the *middle* classes; I have endeavoured to point out how superficial the distinction is between the two uppermost classes, which are becoming so merged as to be scarcely distinguishable except by the above superficialities.

Let any one acquire these superficial finishing touches of diction, phraseology, and habits fundamentally and "by heart," and I defy any one—well, almost any one—in normal circumstances to detect a flaw.

To believe there is a further difference is a magnificent conceit, a superstition which, alas! clings and is hard to shake off. But I have known, and I feel honoured by their acquaintance, men and women who not only have not acquired them, but who were ignorant of the want or existence of these distinctive niceties, and who were as worthy to be called by the fine old name of "gentleman" as any descendant of the unmistakable caste of Vere de Vere.

AGNES GROVE.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

THE modern field naturalist has many advantages which were denied to his predecessors, and although the increase of population has lessened the opportunities for observation, yet, on the whole, there is a great increase in the number of works dealing with natural history. The camera, combined with cheap methods of reproducing photographs, has become a very material aid in cases where verbal description alone cannot suffice. We have just received an interesting work,[1] in which full use has been made of the camera and its accessories, the result being an important contribution to ornithology. Mr. Pike is one of those true naturalists who can observe nature without wishing to destroy the object under observation. He is content to photograph nests and eggs, even of rare species, without rendering them still more rare by appropriating the eggs. We are also glad to see that the localities where some of the rarer birds can still be found are discreetly omitted. Those who wish to follow in Mr. Pike's footsteps will find the hints on the use of the camera for photographing birds of great assistance. It must have been a work of great difficulty to obtain good photographs of some of the more timid birds, especially when sitting on their nests or feeding their young. Some of the photographs are not very clear; it would require an expert eye, for instance, to find the nightingale on her nest, while the wheatear might with advantage have been omitted. On the whole, however, Mr. Pike has produced a book which will be read with pleasure by all who are interested in country life.

It is not for want of reliable information on the subject that Great Britain has lagged behind most other civilised nations with regard to the adoption of the metric system. Not only does the Press refer to the matter at frequent intervals, but there are a number of excellent text-books with the aid of which the whole system can be understood in a few hours. We lose trade by our adhesion to antiquated weights and measures, and at the same time our children are wasting time in our schools in learning a system which must soon be abandoned. Scientific men universally adopt

[1] *In Bird-land with Field-Glass and Camera.* By C. G. Pike. London: T. F. Unwin. 1900.

the metre as a unit of measurement, and the time cannot be far distant when manufacturers and merchants will follow their lead. Those who are in search of a clear and practical description of the metric system cannot do better than consult Mr. S. Jackson's *The Metric System.*[1] In it the author not only explains the decimal system of computation, but also applies it to a number of commercial and professional measurements. The concluding chapter, on foreign coinages, weights and measures, will be found of special interest.

The annually increasing number of periodicals, and, indeed, of all other books, renders it quite impossible for the ordinary reader to keep up to date, even with regard to subjects in which he may be specially interested. Some libraries have good subject indices, but it is not always possible to keep these up to date, nor are they accessible to the general reader. For periodicals alone Poole's *Subject Index* is a valuable work, and for American literature we have also a good index. It has been left to Mr. A. Cotgreave, chief librarian of the West Ham Public Library, to compile a work[2] which, on a small scale, supplies precisely the information required by the general reader. When we say on a small scale, we do not in any way wish to minimise the utility of a book containing 100,000 references and notes; we would only convey the idea that such a task is much too onerous for an individual, and should, as the author himself suggests, be a national one. Most of us remember at times having seen an article on a certain subject in some magazine or periodical, but in many cases the name of the publication has escaped our memory and the date nearly always. Mr. Cotgreave's book will almost certainly be found to contain the required reference, perhaps with many additional ones on the same subject. The arrangement and classification are simple and practical, and the book is a necessary adjunct to every library, either public or private.

The Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1898,[3] which has just reached us, is a record of good scientific work carried out by that excellent institution. Among the more important items we may mention the report on the National Zoological Park, which, although much hampered by want of means, appears to meet what had long been a pressing want. The herd of ten bison seem to thrive in captivity, and it is hoped that they may be indefinitely perpetuated. An announcement of great interest is that the secretary is preparing for publication a review of his investigations in aerodynamics, and in particular of experiments in developing the principles and methods of mechanical flight. Mr. Langley has been the most successful experimentalist in mechanical flight, and we look forward with

[1] *The Metric System.* By S. Jackson. London: Allman & Son, Ltd. 1900.
[2] *A Contents-Subject Index to General and Periodical Literature.* By A. Cotgreave. London: Elliot Stock.
[3] *Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for the year ending June 30, 1898.* Washington, 1899.

impatience to the publication of his results. The general appendix consists of reprints or translations of important scientific papers which have appeared in various scientific periodicals. They have been well selected, and their wide distribution through the agency of the Smithsonian Institution must contribute largely to the diffusion of knowledge among men.

That part of the Smithsonian Report dealing with the United States National Museum consists chiefly of an important treatise on the crocodilians, lizards, and snakes of North America by Dr. E. D. Cope. Well written and profusely illustrated, this is undoubtedly the standard work on the subject. To us, with our limited reptilian fauna, the great number of species inhabiting North America is astonishing, and we can hardly assume that even now all existing species have been described. In the more densely populated districts there is a probability of some kinds of reptiles becoming extinct, and we fear that, even if we concede in theory that other organisms besides ourselves have a right to live, not many helping hands would be held out to save, for instance, the deadly rattlesnake from extermination.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

PROFESSOR PIETRO ELLERO, one of the greatest thinkers of Italy, if not the greatest of all, in a book [1] small in size but full of matter and of deep philosophical and ethical reasoning, most bitterly deplores the eclipse of idealities during the last part of the nineteenth century. In this, his last essay, Professor Ellero—by the way, a lord of the Supreme Court of Justice and a Senator—deals mostly with the Positivist school, which he reproaches for two capital sins. First, for having taken all their alleged modern theories from the ancient philosophers, Greek and Latin alike, without acknowledging the source, and, what is more important, without entering into the spirit of their philosophical conceptions. Secondly, for having divested the ancient thoughts of their spiritual surroundings, and, by the materialisation of the ancient philosophy, killed the spirit of the same, thus sacrificing good principles to superficial learning, whereby they have unconsciously contributed to the eclipse of all idealities. With sincere grief he observes that no one nowadays cares a scrap for idealities, which alone in the past have distinguished man from brute.

His essay is full of classical quotations to prove that what we

[1] *L'Ecclissi dell' Idealità.* Di Pietro Ellero. Bologna: Nicola Zanichelli. 1901.

think to be modern is of the ancient times. Here is one quotation from Virgil: "I do not know whether it is God that compels me to comply with what I think, or whether it is the thought itself which in us becomes a force of God." And here is another from Coriolanus: "All of us love what is helpful, all of us hate what is hurtful. This law was written by no man, and no man can take it away, however much one may wish to see it destroyed. It was nature common to all in all times that gave it to us, mankind received it for all time, and it will remain eternal."

The author reviews in his essay the events of the last years of the nineteenth century, and after having deplored *inter alia* the action of the Christian Powers in China, speaks of the Transvaal war as follows: "While I am writing this essay, a small people of the Aryan race, christened in the new faith, who fled to South Africa to preserve their liberty of conscience, and, having strengthened themselves in the defence of their national integrity, became an obstacle to the expansion of a great people, to whose covetousness the whole world seems not big enough. However, the little nation, in its pastoral roughness and Biblical superstition, is fighting with a heroism equal to any on record. They do not mind the endless power of their rivals who can put in the field a tenfold force, and as nothing is left to them they are prepared to sacrifice themselves to liberty. They can thus at least, die as free men, as all generous souls wish to die. Perhaps, in the course of time, the last banner-bearers of liberty in Europe, who are now determined to crush that small nation, will themselves cease to be free. However, as a just expiation, a great nation has compromised in a small matter its war power, and offered its flank to other rivals. In fact, she has been already compelled to restrict her ancient liberties and to trust herself to the despotism of militarism and to glory in the bloody trophies of war. No protest has come from Europe against such a spectacle, so heroic on one side, so cowardly on the other. On the other hand, many writers have magnified the stability of the British Empire, which will enable it in the end to repair the ignoble defeats suffered there. The two small republics have been, moreover, reproached for having dared to thwart the covetous designs of the British Empire, and for having believed in the justice of God. In the midst of such a downfall, in which Chamberlain triumphs, one can but think of Gladstone, whose ashes are still warm, who had great faith in justice and in God." We have quoted this part of the essay, as it is a fair specimen not only of the whole context, but also of the Italian mind on this particular subject.

MEDICAL.

JUVENILE depravity has now for a long time engaged the attention of social reformers both at home and abroad. In some quarters there is a disposition to plume ourselves on what has been accomplished, and yet a careful analysis of the statistics is calculated to raise doubts. Our industrial schools and reformatories are doing good work, but the numbers sent to them must not be omitted from the statistics of juvenile crime, or a false impression will be produced on the public as to the necessity of further efforts. In France this subject has been discussed by publicists of great ability, and the State has been induced to establish a number of institutions to deal with it. Dr. Thulié has just published an important work[1] of nearly 700 pages, in which he treats of the management of the various forms of juvenile delinquency from a medical and educational point of view. He holds with so many eminent reformers that measures of severe repression are useless, and must be replaced by a long-continued training of a moral and educational kind under medical supervision.

There are many degrees of juvenile depravity among those convicted of offences. Some seem to be so completely brutalised that it is only men of experience and enthusiasm who can find the way to the spark of intellect they still possess; others are merely weak of will, like soft wax, ready to receive impressions, good or bad, according to the circumstances in which they are placed. The gradations between are innumerable. All, however, are regarded by Dr. Thulié as proper subjects for treatment rather than punishment, all as degenerates. Discarding the hybrid phrases "mental orthopedy" and "moral orthopedy," employed by some French writers, M. Voisin proposed "orthophrénie" to designate intellectual deviations; but as that word could be applied to persons of all ages, Dr. Thulié has coined the word "orthophrénopédie" to signify the complete training of young delinquents, or, as he sometimes calls it, "medico-pedagogic treatment."

All the stigmata of degeneration which have of late occupied so much attention are to be found in juvenile delinquents, and it is to be observed that the children of the same parents may exhibit in various degrees these hereditary marks. Moreover, some of the same family may be completely idiotic, imbecile, or epileptic, while others entirely escape the hereditary degeneration. Whence this difference? This leads us to the chief cause of degeneracy—alcoholism. Other intoxications, as ether, opium, morphia, are also potent causes of degeneracy, but the widespread use of alcohol places that poison in the position of evil pre-eminence. Neurologists are agreed that

[1] *Le Dressage des Jeunes Dégénérés, ou Orthophrénopédie.* Par. le Dr. H. Thulié. Paris. 1900.

the worst cases of degeneracy are the victims of the drunkenness of one or both parents at the time of conception. The alarming increase of degeneracy in France is therefore largely due to the increase of alcoholism, especially of spirit-drinking, which is giving cause for uneasiness to French sociologists. France has often been held up to us as an example of moderation through its consumption of light wines. It might as well be argued that these wines have prepared the way for the stronger drinks which are now so much more freely consumed.

This being so, the arrest of the increase of degeneracy must depend on the diminution of drunkenness. The facts adduced by Dr. Thulié and others seem to show that the efforts of sociologists in France should be directed first of all to this great cause of hereditary degeneracy. Parents must be instructed in these facts, and aroused to a sense of their responsibilities. Education is no doubt doing something, but is unable to keep pace with the decadence, showing that some further influence is essential. Our author seems to have no faith in religion, judging from what he says of its power in the education of degenerate children. He extols morality, speaking of it as a science, the principles of which may be compared with those of arithmetic or geometry, and repudiating its dependence on religion or philosophy. He classes all forms of religion together as governed by moral laws, some of which appear to him as criminal. "Even the religion of so-called peace which governs the modern civilised world, has it not said by the mouth of its prophet, 'I am not come to send peace, but war'?" Then he cites "this revolutionist as a despiser of work, one of the chief elements of social morality, on account of His saying about the lilies of the valley neither toiling nor spinning." The inaptness of this quotation would be recognised by many a Sunday-school child in this country, but we can only stay to assure our author that in England we have found religion not only more powerful than morality as a weapon against the excesses he deplores, but, in fact, the only weapon worth wielding.

Perhaps—and some of Dr. Thulié's remarks support the supposition—he is not familiar with the simplest forms of Christianity which have discarded the ceremonial observances of the Roman hierarchy. But we must pass on to say that Dr. Thulié is concerned with the treatment of degeneracy in the progeny rather than the prevention of it through the parents, and his experience is of great value and very encouraging. But it must be understood that success is only to be gained by perseverance in a training extending over long periods, and carried out by teachers with very special qualifications and full of enthusiasm.

In his chapters on the formation of a conscience he advocates the use of a catechism of morality, such as Holbach wrote in 1785, and which several philosophers have imitated. This he would have such

as religious teachers have used, but freed from all "mystagogic doctrine or philosophy," and he puts down forty precepts which he would have included, but as one of them is what is termed sometimes the "golden rule" of Christianity, some of his readers may consider the others, if not superfluous, of minor importance, although the best may be traced to the Bible. Another valuable method of instruction is singing, which is appreciated by the author as much as by Bourneville, whose recent report of clinical researches on epilepsy, idiotcy, and other neuroses was noticed in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW for January of this year. In fact, the methods adopted at the Bicêtre are appreciated by Dr. Thulié, and followed, with such modifications as may be required by the varying ages of the patients.

If we have dwelt on the points which are open to question, we must not omit to say that they occupy but a small portion of Dr. Thulié's volume, which is full of valuable information; not the least important part of this is a record of cases most carefully observed, proving the success which follows institutional treatment by educational methods perseveringly carried out by able and zealous teachers under medical supervision.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE.

Political Theories of the Middle Age,[1] by Dr. Otto Gierke, the well-known German jurist, is only a small fragment of that large and still unfinished work, *Das Deutsche Genossenschaftsrecht*, and has been here done into English by that equally famous English jurist, Professor F. W. Maitland. This fragment is but a section of a chapter dealing with "The Mediæval Doctrine of State and Corporation," itself only a portion of a volume entitled "The Antique and Mediæval Doctrine of State and Corporation and its Reception in Germany." Naturally, therefore, there was need here for some explanation of the relation borne by the fragment to the rest of the work, and of its place in Dr. Gierke's system. Professor Maitland has supplied this need in a brilliant introduction, a work for which no one in this country is more highly qualified. In the study of the past, as Sir Henry Sumner Maine has taught us, we learn the reason of the present.

[1] *Political Theories of the Middle Age.* By Dr. Otto Gierke, Professor of Law in the University of Berlin. Translated, with an Introduction, by Frederic William Maitland, LL.D., D.C.L., Downing Professor of the Laws of England in the University of Cambridge. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1900. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; Stevens & Sons, Ltd. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. New York: The Macmillan Company. Bombay: E. Seymour Hales.

In the fragment before us, "the ideas that are to possess and divide mankind from the sixteenth until the nineteenth century—sovereignty, the sovereign ruler, the sovereign people, the representation of the people, the social contract, the natural rights of man, the divine rights of kings, the positive law that stands below the State, the natural law that stands above the State—these are the ideas whose early history is to be detected, and they are set before us as thoughts which under the influence of classical antiquity necessarily shaped themselves in the course of mediæval debate." These conceptions are not a mere matter of antiquarian interest, nay, they are not even a mere matter of theoretic speculation, but they are to-day still pressing as matters of practical utility. Dr. Gierke places the personality of the State and corporations upon a strictly legal scientific basis, from which we may learn how our own conceptions of trusts and unincorporate bodies are still in the making. Pope Innocent IV. was the father of the fiction theory, which proclaimed that a corporation could commit neither sin nor delict; but although English lawyers have been in the habit of saying that it has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned, this idea has never been fully admitted nor strictly adhered to. Under the concession theory the trust has been pushed still further. By a fictitious fiction, as Professor Maitland terms it, the unincorporate body is no person, or as we say is nobody. And yet by statute the word "person" is to include both corporate and unincorporate bodies, and both are liable to taxation. Thus our ideas of corporations are still in the melting-pot. When a body such, for instance, as a trade union or a club, which has property held for it on trust, escapes liability for its unlawful acts and commands by the technical pleas that in the eyes of the law it has no existence, it is high time we reconsidered the theory of corporations by the light of Dr. Gierke's German fellowship, with its group personality and group will. This theory, or realism, as Professor Maitland calls it, will no doubt be long before it finds a place in the system of English jurisprudence, but in our English so-called practical way we may secure some of its advantages by adopting the American practice of treating such unincorporate bodies, which do business in the guise of a corporation, as *de facto* corporations. In the meantime, however, the jurist is under a deep debt of gratitude to Professor Maitland for introducing him to such a mine of learning as is contained in the text and elaborate notes of this fragment, and for his own invaluable contribution. So far from apologising for "that distorting medium, an English translation," Professor Maitland may rest assured that any further translations such as the present will be eagerly welcomed by that large body of English lawyers unacquainted with the German language and German theories of law.

We are not surprised to learn from the preface that the *New*

Zealand Official Year-Book[1] is becoming more widely known outside the country where it is published. New Zealand more especially is the country of social experiments, and it would be strange indeed if those interested in progressive measures in the old country did not acquaint themselves with the results of these experiments. And yet so conservative is the British public, and so retrograde has been its views of recent years, that in the mass it knows nothing of and cares even less for measures of infinite value to the majority, which have been put to the test in practice by their own countrymen living under similar institutions to their own. Take, for instance, old age pensions. On March 31, 1900, 11,285 persons were in receipt of £193,718, an average pension of £17 3*s.* 4*d.* per annum. The age is sixty-five, and is given subject to stringent provisions. The administration expenses amounted to £2360 8*s.*, the registrar reporting that the Act had worked smoothly and effectively, that the usefulness of the measure is now generally recognised, and that the anticipated difficulties raised by adverse critics were not apparent in its practical working. A work like this is simply invaluable to progressive politicians here.

PAMPHLETS.—Professor Kuyper has been called "The Dutch Gladstone," and he is undoubtedly a distinguished scholar, journalist and statesman, but even a Gladstone is not infallible, and *The South African Crisis*[2] does more credit to Dr. Kuyper's heart than to his judgment. This paper created a very considerable sensation on its appearance in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but it is after all not a calm judicial survey of English and Dutch relations in South Africa, but a partisan appeal to Dutch sentiment. As in most affairs there are two sides, so in this South African imbroglio both have acted wrongly, and this, too, not only as nations but as individuals, and for our part we can see little distinction between the diplomacy of Mr. Chamberlain and the corrupt and ambitious policy of President Kruger. This is the article which M. Yves Guyot answered in his paper *Le Siècle* in a series of letters republished in pamphlet form, and already noticed by us here.

In *The Difficulties of Obtaining Justice*[3] Dr. Oscar Reuter points out the weak spot in judicial administration in the United States of America. As in politics so in law, the best men for the posts of judges and jurors are not obtained. We know that legislators are seldom independent, usually mediocrities, and, especially in the

[1] *The New Zealand Official Year-Book, 1900.* (Ninth year of issue.) Prepared under instructions from the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, P.C., Premier. By E. J. Von Dadalszen, Registrar-General. Wellington, N.Z. (by authority): John Mackay. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1900.

[2] *The South African Crisis.* By Professor A. Kuyper, D.D., LL.D. Reprinted from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for February 1900. Translated and Prefaced by A. S. Fletcher. First English Edition. London: Stop the War Committee.

[3] *The Difficulties of Obtaining Justice.* A Popular Science Lecture, delivered by request before the Denver Philosophical Society, November 22, 1900. By Oscar Reuter, Doctor Juris Utriusque.

Senate, always corrupt. The Supreme Court judges are, we believe, independent, learned and honest, as much so as our own, but the same cannot, unfortunately, be said of the judges of the inferior Courts. We are aware of some instances of corruption in the case of inferior judges, but we sincerely trust these cases are exceptions; and in spite of the present evils Dr. Reuter believes that "the time will come when the difficulties of obtaining justice will fade away."

An excellent little work entitled *Côtes et Ports Français et de l'Ocean*,[1] by M. Charles Lenthérie, on the coasts and ports of France, has much interested us. The author's official duties in the department of *Ponts et Chaussées* insures an accurate and detailed knowledge of the present state of things, but the value of the book in the opinion of most readers will, we think, lie in the historical and antiquarian review of the changes worked on the coast-line by the efforts of man and the effects of the weather from Roman through mediæval down to present times. The book is sure of a considerable success, and its value is enhanced by the inclusion of eleven excellent maps and plans.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

MUCH interesting information with regard to the French expedition to Ireland in 1798 will be found in the *Correspondance Intime du Général Jean Hardy*, which has been collected by his grandson, General Hardy de Perini.[2] Jean Hardy was born at Mouzon, in the Ardennes, on May 19, 1762. He was one of the first to offer his services to his country when Revolutionary France had to defend herself against a combination of the other European Powers. He was present at the battle fought on the hill of Valmy, where he won his epaulettes as Major, September 20, 1792. He commanded the seventh battalion of the Marne at Waltignies on October 17, 1793, and, having imposed on him the duty of defending Philippeville against the Austrians, he succeeded, by means of some daring sorties, in revictualling that place, which he preserved for France. The Committee of Public Safety, at the suggestion of Carnot, appointed him Brigadier-General in command of the vanguard of the army of Ardennes on January 27, 1794. He subsequently took part in the conquest of Belgium and in the taking of Maëstricht. In 1796 he

[1] *Côtes et Ports Français.* By Charles Lentherie, Inspector-General of Ponts et Chaussées. Paris: Librairie Plon.

[2] *Correspondance Intime du Général Jean Hardy, de 1797 à 1802.* Recueillie par son petit fils Le Général Hardy de Perini. Paris: Librairie Plon.

repulsed a desperate sortie of the garrison of Mayence by means of a brilliant movement executed under the enemy's fire. During Jourdan's retreat after Wurtzburg, in the same year, Hardy, with 12,000 men, guarded the left bank of the Rhine. On November 27, 1796, he was seriously wounded at Mont-Tonnerre. He married the beautiful Calixte Hufty de Busnel on January 18, 1797. His part in the expedition to Ireland is simply but lucidly described in his letters to his wife. He was finally sent to San Domingo, where he died at the age of forty. What a great career compressed into a comparatively brief lifetime! And yet it has been sometimes said that the Revolution improvised its soldiers and generals! It is time to show how many really great soldiers were the children of the Revolution. For this reason, if for no other, the correspondence of General Jean Hardy will be of rare historic interest.

The portion of the volume dealing with the expedition to Ireland gives a rather different account of the matter from the view generally accepted by English readers. The French Republic appears to have been animated by a sincere desire to secure political liberty for Ireland, which certainly was terribly oppressed in those days. In Hardy's spirited address to the Irish he uses language which might have conveyed the sentiments of the most uncompromising Irish patriot. He commences by pointing out that the persecution which the Irish people had suffered at the hands of "an atrociously perfidious Government" had excited the horror and indignation of all friends of humanity. The people of Ireland are called upon to second the efforts of the French Directory, and to open their arms to the French soldiers who were coming to break their chains. The expedition was a formidable one, and, but for a series of unexpected misfortunes, might have had at least a temporary success. The high praise bestowed by Hardy on Wolfe Tone will be appreciated by Irishmen. The gallant French general appealed to Lord Cornwallis, the Viceroy of the day, to treat Tone with the respect due to an honourable soldier, and appealed for justice to him on behalf of the French Government. The answer was that French officers who happened to be taken prisoners of war should have no reason to complain of their treatment, but that, in the opinion of the Viceroy, Tone was a traitor, who would receive the punishment due to "his crimes against his king and country." The tragic death of Wolfe Tone soon afterwards must have horrified Hardy. No wonder that English methods in the past have left a legacy of hate in Ireland. General Hardy rarely refers to England save in words of scorn and antipathy. For the great Napoleon he appears to have felt a species of hero-worship. He lauds Bonaparte both as a soldier and as a statesman. In one letter he says: "Ce qu'a fait Bonaparte, depuis qu'il tient de gouvernail, est merveilleux.

Chaque de ses actions porte l'empreinte de son vaste genie." The book is teeming with keen observation of the events of which Jean Hardy was a spectator, and in many of which he took an active part.

To those who think it necessary to look at "the other side of the medal" in estimating the effects of the Revolution and of the work of its marvellous child, Napoleon Bonaparte, on France, a perusal of the *Memoires de Général d'Andigné*[1] may be recommended. General d'Andigné was apparently an honest man, but a reactionary, with almost mediæval ideas about monarchy. He bitterly hated Napoleon, whom he accused of an utter disregard for good faith and with worse offences. He does justice to such men as Fouché and Fourier—at least, in a half-hearted way. His ideal of the right government for France was that of absolute despotism; and he bitterly regretted the restrictions placed on the full exercise of royal authority by Louis XVIII. The account given by General d'Andigné of the Restoration and the Hundred Days is curious, owing to its strong anti-Bonapartist flavour. The impartial student of history will not disdain the task of analysing d'Andigné's *Memoires*. They are the genuine impressions of a military fossil, or anachronism, at least one hundred years behind the age in which he lived.

The *Old Cottages and Farmhouses of Kent and Sussex*[2] forms the subject of a valuable book. Mr. Davie shows great discrimination in his choice of houses—typical of nearly every style of domestic architecture. The work is illustrated by over one hundred full-page plates, specially photographed for the purpose by Mr. Davie, and rendered more interesting by descriptive notes from the pen of E. Guy Dawber. All praise is due to the publisher for this beautiful production, the printing and paper of which are admirable.

Part II. of *Paris de* 1800 *à* 1900[3] has now appeared, and records the events of the Second Republic, 1848–1852, and of the Second Empire, 1852–1854. This work is a perfect encyclopædia of life, thought, art, and caricatures of the past hundred years, profusely illustrated.

Ulrico Hoepli, the well-known Milanese publisher, has lately increased his series of manuals[4] with one of a special importance from Signor Carlo Vanbianchi, which deals with the autographs in Italy, and contains a full alphabetical list of all the collectors and the collections of autographs, besides many facsimiles of well-known historical persons, splendidly reproduced and accompanied in most cases by the photos of the autographers. We will mention but a

[1] *Memoires de Général d'Andigné.* Publie avec Introduction et Notes par Ed. Bire. II. (1765–1857). Paris: Librairie Plon.

[2] *Old Cottages and Farmhouses of Kent and Sussex.* By W. Galsworthy Davie and E. Guy Dawber. London: B. T. Batsford.

[3] *Paris de 1800 à 1900.* Paris: Librairie Plon. Serie ii.

[4] *Raccolte e Raccoglitori d'Autografi in Italia.* By C. Vanbianchi. Milano: Ulrico Hoepli.

few names—Canova, Fascola, Giordani, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Liszt, Malibrand, Napoleon I., Napoleon III., Poer, Pius VII., Verdi, and many of the princes of the House of Savoy.

BELLES LETTRES.

We are disappointed in *La Faute d'Autriu* [1] not to find the charm and freshness which characterised *Mon Cousin Guy* of the same author. Therèse sacrifices her life in nursing the child of the man she loves, because she cannot marry him, as her father was the lover of Philippe Gardanne's mother. A pathetic story, and quite worth reading.

La Fantôme is, perhaps, M. Bourget's finest and clearest work. The study of the three characters, the agony of one until relieved by confession, the suffering of Eveline and the chivalrous and noble d'Andiquier, is admirable. This book shows the author at his best His powers of psychological analysis are great.

The Vicomte de Lovenjoul, whose works on Balzac are so well known, has just published a book which will be welcomed by students of literature.[3] He has collected a certain number of unpublished pages of Sainte-Beuve—his first novel, *Arthur*, and, amongst other papers, a series of touching letters to Sainte-Beuve from Madame Desbordes Valmore.

ART.

A VOLUME on the work of Hans Memling has just been issued by Messrs. George Bell & Sons, in their admirable series of "Great Masters of Painting and Sculpture." No one with any interest in or knowledge of the early Flemish artists can doubt that in entrusting this volume to Mr. W. H. J. Weale, the editor of the series has made a wise choice. Mr. Weale not only brings to his task an

[1] *La Faute d'Autriu.* Par Henri Ardel. Paris : Librairie Plon.
[2] *La Fantôme.* Par Paul Bourget. Paris : Librairie Plon.
[3] *Sainte-Beuve Inconnu.* Par le Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul. Paris : Librairie Plon.

almost encyclopædic knowledge and the fruits of very many years valuable research, but has also devoted attention to the minutest details, with the result that he has produced a model of workmanlike criticism. It begins with an invaluable chronological bibliography, in which such contributions to the subject as the author himself recommends are marked with an asterisk, and ends with a catalogue of Memling's works and an index to the present volume—all most carefully compiled. To the general reader, however, the very depth of Mr. Weale's knowledge constitutes a disadvantage. So many are the facts he is desirous of recording that the book tends to become, in places, a mere descriptive catalogue, and one cannot help wishing that expressions of the author's own opinions were more frequent. In brief, though it almost seems ungracious to admit any restriction in so painstaking and able a piece of work, these pages will be found useful for purposes of reference rather than for consecutive reading from cover to cover.

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historical person
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[1] *Memoires de Général* [illegible]
II. (1765–1857). Paris : [illegible]
[2] *Old Cottages and Far*[illegible]
E. Guy Dawber. London [illegible]
[3] *Paris de 1800 à 1900.* [illegible]
[4] *Raccolte e Raccoglitori d'Au*[illegible]

THE

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A MESSAGE FROM THE CAPE.

I.

WHILST the fate of the Boer Republics is trembling in the balance, a distinguished man has come to London from the Cape Colony, whose earnest wish and whose mission it is, in the name of his party, to help in the endeavour for promoting peace in a war which has already terribly taxed the resources of England. It is the Hon. John Xavier Merriman, until lately the Treasurer, or Finance Minister, in the Cabinet of Mr. Schreiner. He is not an Afrikander, but an Englishman born and bred. Hailing from Somersetshire, he was educated in this country. His father was the Bishop of the Anglican Church in Graham's Town. At first, Commissioner of Crown Lands at the Cape of Good Hope, and then Treasurer, Mr. Merriman has been in the Parliament of the Colony for more than a quarter of a century.

A man of fine presence, highly cultivated, of a serious cast of mind, and moderate in speech, he, like every truly humane observer of the tragic events of the last two years, stands aghast at occurrences which have been reprobated all over the world. It is as an Englishman born that, no doubt, he feels this most deeply. It is as a representative of the Cape people, and as a former Cabinet Minister of the Colony, that he must think it his duty to warn his fatherland against the grave dangers it is incurring.

The wildest Jingo cannot possibly say that this son of England lacks loyalty towards his native country. He was a member of the Ministry which proposed the grant of a man-of-war as a gift for the English fleet, and which carried the vote for the required sum. When the postal service between England and the Cape was discussed, he was one of those who wished to have only English steamers employed for it. It speaks to his honour that at the same

time he clings to ideas and sentiments of Right against Wrong in the present conflict. To those who, on that account, have called him pro-Boer, he has answered that he is rather pro-English—in the sense of the well-understood interests of this country. Or could a man not be pro-English, and yet also be pro-Justice, pro-Maintenance of a Treaty signed by England, and pro-Humanity?

The party as whose spokesman Mr. Merriman has come here—a party which virtually comprises the majority of the Cape population—entertains an ardent desire to see the horrors of this nefarious war ended. The mission with which he is entrusted is, that he should be heard on the subject of a possible arrangement before Parliament at Westminster. There are precedents for such a course from the time of Franklin in last century, down to the appearance of Mr. Roebuck before the House of Commons as an agent in Canadian affairs.

If this former Treasurer of the Cape Ministry were to address a petition to Parliament for the object of being heard at its bar, it is to be hoped that at all events the Liberal party, in its entirety, would support a motion made in that sense. To act otherwise would be a dereliction of duty scarcely to be understood. Whatever decision a Government majority might come to, Liberals are bound, by all principles of fair play, to countenance the claim of an English-born loyal man to express the feelings of a population whose goodwill cannot be offended without serious perils arising therefrom, perils which would saddle England still further with a heavy military burden and a corresponding taxation.

There cannot be any doubt that Lord Salisbury's exclamation: "No shred of independence!" which was recently repeated by Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons, has given deep offence at the Cape to the kinsmen of the people of the South African Republics. The vast majority of the population there is Dutch in blood and speech. It was the Dutch who originally founded the settlement at the Cape of Good Hope. To the Dutch—Mr. Froude wrote, in 1886, in his *Oceana, or England and her Colonies*—all the civilisation in South Africa is originally owing. Those who so glibly talk of the treatment of the black race by the Dutch having been a harsh one, Mr. Froude reminded that, though that treatment was in appearance rougher, the Dutch had fewer wars with the natives, using less bloodshed, less violence, than England herself. No scandals, such as occurred among the West Indian planters, occurred—said Mr. Froude—among the Boers.

To this day the Dutch race constitutes the backbone of Cape Colony. Its voice cannot be lightly suppressed. Or what might happen if one day this country, perhaps simultaneously harassed by Russian and French aggression in various parts of the world; with a disaffected Ireland at her side, and an immense Indian Empire

on her hands, which is garrisoned by an insignificant white force—what might happen, if, in addition to all these troubles, a second Ireland had been created in South Africa?

The accounts from the Cape are to the effect that, among the Dutch majority there, there is an ever-growing grimness of sentiment, not only against what is looked upon as an unjust war, but most particularly so against the farm-burning, and women and children starving inhumanity, with which it has been conducted. Among the younger generation, men can be heard to say that the words: "Unconditional surrender!" with which General Roberts cut short the negotiations between General Buller and the Commandant Botha, may in the end prove to have been to the signal disadvantage of England. For, by this irreconcilable action of Lord Roberts the continuation of the war was absolutely forced upon the defenders of the Republics; nameless horrors were enacted against a people fighting for its independence; the hatred all over South Africa became thereby only more deeply rooted; and this would in future bear bitter fruits for England, from Pretoria and Bloemfontein to Cape Town. An old Cape farmer said: "During all my life I have only known one flag: that of England. I now renounce it for ever!"

The indignation aroused among all right-thinking men in South Africa by the employment of vile instruments of oppression may be gathered from the following authenticated statement: A man, whose name and *alias* are given, was convicted, in the Orange Free State, of the murder of a cart-driver and the theft of his cart. He was tried and sentenced to death. The death sentence was commuted to a term of imprisonment. Some indulgence being shown to him, he committed another crime, for which his term was increased. When the British entered Bloemfontein, he was released, and subsequently employed in the office of the Provost Marshal as a sort of *delator*. One of the first persons who applied to this worthy for a pass, was the judge who had sentenced him to death!

The appointment of this criminal was a scandal acutely felt by the Dutch population. Another similar case is that of a forger. The man was not tried, though his own father accused him. He is now officiating as town commandant about thirty miles from Cape Town. What an illustration of the civilising blessings of the new foreign rule in the benighted Boer Republic!

It is remarkable—so the statement further goes—that the Kaffir race, which is so often asserted to be hostile to the Boers, has in the main shown no ill-will to them, though the Chartered Company, according to the *Daily News*, has done its worst to create trouble across the border by means of a few detachments of black men, who practised cruelties against the whites. The north of the Transvaal Republic is still in the possession of its burghers. In that part of

the country, the black race numbers 275,000. Yet it displays no hostility to the Boers; on the contrary, many Kaffirs offered their services to them, which were, however, not accepted. In fact, the blacks fear that English rule would mean for them forced labour, with diminished wages—in the interest of those "Kaffir circus" men, whose doings at Johannesburg have been described as a "Monte Carlo on the top of a Sodom and Gomorrah."

II.

"Rebels" the patriotic defenders of the South African Republics are called by ignorant men, and by others who know better, but who are ever at work to poke the fire of unjust hatred. The Orange Free State is, in international law, an independent country, as much as Holland or England herself. The South African Republic, an independent country from its foundation, was, by a violation of international law, overrun in 1877 under Disraeli's Government. Having successfully fought for the recovery of its rights in 1881, the Transvaal State had yet, by the Treaty of that year, to submit, under Mr. Gladstone's Government, to the "suzerainty" of the Crown, although Mr. Gladstone shortly before, when in opposition, had branded the wrong done in 1877 in never-to-be-forgotten terms of reproof.

However, by the Treaty of 1884, the South African Republic recovered its title and its independence. The suzerainty clause was struck out by Lord Derby's own hand from the preamble and from every paragraph of the old Treaty, and an entirely "new Treaty" was substituted, as he himself called it. In one of the paragraphs, constituting a separate agreement, the South African Republic yielded one of its diplomatic rights. The same has occurred now and then in history between a weak state and a powerful one. In some cases—as between the older German Empire and Switzerland, and between Piedmont and Switzerland—the larger state has even made a concession to the small one.

The abolition of suzerainty, the restoration of Transvaal independence, has been acknowledged in Parliament by successive Liberal and Conservative members of the English Government. Only ignorance or falsehood can assert the contrary. The South African Republic and the Orange Free State being independent countries, acknowledged as such also by Governments abroad, how can those who defend their own national existence with arms in hand be declared "rebels"?

Could Englishmen be called rebels if they continued resisting the army of some strong foreign military Power, or combination of Powers, which had penetrated into this country—say even as far as from London to Edinburgh and Dublin? Would Englishmen acknow-

ledge the right of the Commander-in-Chief of that foreign invasion to issue, by order of his Government, a proclamation declaring the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to be henceforth called the "Thames, Tweed, and Liffey Colony?"

Let us assume that the French Republic had been overthrown by some ambitious general; that a monarchy had been restored on the other side of the Channel; and that war with England was the result. Let us imagine that a successful French invader did claim "suzerainty" over this country in virtue of the old Norman conquest of England, which has left its traces among us even now in certain Crown and Parliamentary formulas, such as *La Reine le veult*, or *Car tel est notre plaisir*, as well as in various legal terms of courts of justice. Let us think of the possibility of this free country being harried almost to death by a colossal foreign army, but that yet its sons were manfully making a show against the invaders to the last, in spite of all odds: worrying them by regular or by so-called guerilla warfare (which is only another, or rather the same, word, etymologically and practically, for the same thing); tearing up railways, so as to cut the enemy's lines of communication and to deprive him of supplies—a usual and perfectly lawful procedure in war. Well, would that make the patriotic defenders of England "rebels" and "brigands"?

Would they not rather, and rightly so, be praised as heroes, even as Schill and others were, who, in guerilla warfare, still fought against the successful invasion by the Corsican conqueror, or Imperial brigand, when he held Germany under his yoke? It is strange that so many who now talk of "rebels" and "brigands" lack the imagination for such an obvious and not impossible parallel as regards England.

III.

Now let us turn to the idea of annexing a whole country, nearly as large as France, because it has been, or is thought to have been, vanquished in war. Would France, if she had overcome England, be entitled to make a "Thames, Tweed, and Liffey Colony" of the United Kingdom? Or should England, if the fortune of war were with her in such a contest, declare—in virtue of the ancient possessions the English kings once held in France, and in virtue even of the very title of "Kings of France" which they bore until quite recent times—should England declare that the country beyond the Channel is henceforth to be the "Seine and Loire Colony of the British Crown"?

Here I hear it said: "But did not Germany annex Alsace-Lorraine?" Certainly. But how could this be compared at all to the proposal of simply annexing the two South African Republics?

Why, if such an ultra-Napoleonic theory of conquest were to prevail among English Imperialists, does it not stand to reason that Germany, when in 1871, in a war of defence against aggression, she had occupied half of France up to the Loire, might have annexed all that large territory? She could even have pleaded the procedures Napoleon I. had taken against herself. Did he not take all the Rhinelands and even north-western Germany as far as Lübeck on the Baltic; planting, at the same time, satrapies of his in Westphalia and elsewhere, and running up his so-called "Rhine League"—that is, his confederation of vassal German States—up to Saxony on the Russian frontier?

But no! Germany, though having suffered from French aggression for more than four hundred years, only claimed a war indemnity—practically far less than what Napoleon I. had imposed upon her by way of war contributions and requisitions—and a strip of territory once her own. That strip of land had been wrested from her, during a time of division and weakness, by force and fraud. It is inhabited by a people of German race and speech; and its boundary, the Vosges, constitutes a real natural frontier. The resumption of that territory was made in self-defence for the future. It may be said to save to Germany the maintenance of an army of 100,000 men.

Would not Englishmen have done the same, if, for instance, Sussex and Kent had been wrested from their country two centuries ago, and if France, in a new war of aggression, had been worsted? Would the fact of French sympathies having grown up in Sussex and Kent, whilst the people there had retained their English language, have prevented the resumption of those counties by England?

Now look at the territorial extent of Alsace-Lorraine on the one hand, and of the South African Republics on the other. Alsace-Lorraine comprises not more than 5601 square miles. The area of present France is 204,156 square miles. The population of Alsace-Lorraine, even after a considerable growth during the last thirty years, is only 1,640,986. That of France is 38,517,975. The area of the Transvaal Republic and of the Orange Free State combined is 167,526 square miles—that is almost as large as France—and this is to be added to a World Empire already holding one-sixth, or more, of the whole habitable globe!

"We seek no goldfields! We seek no territory!"

IV.

Do those who call for simple annexation of the South African Republics realise what a load of suspicion and hatred England is heaping upon herself by the Salisbury and Chamberlain doctrine of

"no shred of independence"? Where, it is asked abroad, is this annexation craze to stop? Suppose the Government of this country were to pick a quarrel with Holland on account of the race sympathies the Dutch people and Queen have shown towards the South African Republic and its President. Would a victory of England in a war with the Dutch confer the right upon her of annexing the kingdom of the Netherlands with its colonies?

It is a noteworthy fact that the public indignation against the manner in which this war has been craftily brought about, and been cruelly conducted, not only has spread among all the great nations on this and on the other side of the Atlantic, including eminent men who had hitherto been the best friends of England, but that the same feeling of deep aversion exists now among all the small States. "What might become of us," people there say, "if England sets such an example, and if that example were followed?"

In Holland, in Belgium, in the Scandinavian countries, in Switzerland, the mass of the people are dead against the policy of the trio Rhodes, Chamberlain, and Salisbury. The case of Switzerland—a great many of whose inhabitants live, so to say, upon English customers—is the most remarkable. A glance at the German, French, and Italian press in that Republic shows the bitter disappointment of the mass of the Swiss people, who until now had held England in high esteem. The Swiss are generally considered to be far from neglectful of their personal interest. But so strong is the "prick of conscience" among them in regard to this unholy war that they condemn it, in their press, in terms of severest reproach. Surely it cannot be said of them that they are actuated against England by any feelings of rivalry. They simply go by the principle that every nation has the right of living its own life, and that Republics should not be murdered by a nation which boasts of its own freedom, but which, in its new-fangled Imperialism, repeats the deeds of Napoleon III. He first murdered the Roman Republic, then the French Republic, and later on tried his hand upon the Mexican Republic, after which last experiment he soon came to grief.

Speaking of utterances among the smaller nations, a notable work may here be mentioned, by a Dutch writer, Mr. C. K. Elout, the editor of the Amsterdam *Algemeen Handelsblad*. It is entitled, in a German version: *Der Kultur-Kampf in Süd-Afrika* (Leipzig, 1901). A more telling impeachment it would be difficult to draw up against a policy of aggression, which has cost England already so much in blood and money, and which I am afraid will some day bring upon her all those frightful dangers Mr. Chamberlain himself, in his better days, once foretold.

In this connection, some recent words of the Bishop of Durham may be quoted—one of the few white ravens, it is true, among a flock of clergy, who, as he said, had used the pulpits of the land in

favour of the war. He brought to mind the struggle so nobly maintained by the Netherlands against the Spaniards, and he added: "The Dutch in South Africa are fighting for their liberties. Therefore, do not let us talk about pushing matters to the end. Let us rather ask one another if there is a better way of dealing with our opponents than by 'seeing it through' . . . England has always been the friend of small nations, and there is no reason why it should not be in this case. In these days of Imperialism it is important to keep these small States going. We had helped such in the past, and there is not one of the smaller States of Europe that is not sorry that we are on the side we are at this time."

Yes; the universal indignation of the civilised world cannot be better illustrated than by the verdict given by the people of the small free States of Europe. No wonder the originators of the war —a ring of financial speculators and of Jingo Imperialists—have set their face, from the beginning, against any question pending between England and the South African Republic being settled by arbitration, although that Republic was three times declared by Mr. Chamberlain himself, in an official despatch written at the time of the Jameson Raid, to be a "foreign State," a "foreign Power"—therefore certainly entitled to a claim of arbitration.

Can England afford thus to brave the public opinion and the conscience of the whole civilised world: in other words, to continue offending whatever friends she had until now, and so to facilitate the insidious operations of her sworn enemies? Only look at the losses she has had already during this exhausting war, which has morally injured her most deeply, and tied her hands in various parts of the world, in the East and in the West. The doings of Russia in Persia and in Manchuria; the increasing difficulties with France, where revengeful Anglophobe politicians only bide their time; the practical tearing up of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty by the United States of America, on whose "alliance" Mr. Chamberlain so absurdly reckoned; the indignation aroused by the events in South Africa among the German nation (another "ally" of Mr. Chamberlain!), combined with the necessity for this country to take a back seat in Chinese affairs, and to rely, in that complicated matter, on the good will and the military forces of an Emperor who is at issue with his own people—are not these most threatening signs for the position of England in the future?

A distinguished American statesman, according to a correspondent of the London *Morning Leader*, recently said that, great as the loss of all that flower of youth and of officers is, which England has already experienced, and heavy as the expenses of the war are, all this blood, as well as the hundred million pounds sterling, "make only an item." Her enormous diplomatic losses all over the world have to be added. "This business," the cool American observer

remarked, "has been extremely costly to England, but the actual cost, as measured by the credits voted in Parliament, is only a small part of what must eventually be placed on the debit side of the account. The war has brought to light, amongst so many important matters, that the whole English army system is bad." Of this military state of things full note has been taken abroad. The consequence was, that England has been successfully bearded by foreign Powers in a way which formerly would never have been tolerated or even attempted. "The complete rout of English diplomacy," the American statesman concluded, "could not be better signified than by its tone of tame acquiescence."

Is this, then, we may ask, a situation in which England can afford—leaving aside even all considerations of right and justice—to create for herself, by the policy of "Not a shred of independence," a second Ireland in South Africa, so that her hands should be fully tied at home and abroad? Are the people of the Cape Colony, too, who resent the wrong done to their kinsmen over the border, to be converted into "rebels," whom it would require another, non-existent, army to keep down?

Let Englishmen reflect as long as there is still time!

VINDEX JUSTITIÆ.

POLITICAL PRINCIPLES.

THE present unfavourable position of the Liberal party in this country seems to lend colour to the frequently expressed belief that the principles which divide, and the different attitudes of mind which give form to, parties and policies have been, and are still, undergoing radical alteration.

It has been said, not without reason, that if the Conservative party is still its old self, bent upon conserving the existing state of society more or less intact, it is because the present state in which it finds society is what the Liberal party has made it; but there are those who claim to have discerned in recent Conservative legislation a new effort, a distinct departure from the old Conservative attitude of masterly inaction, more or less openly and aggressively striving to counteract the changes which Liberalism has brought about, in favour of those ancient privileges which it has been the chief glory and aim of Conservatism to foster and protect.

But if the Conservative has not in the main abandoned what was once the guiding principle, if such it can be called, of his political action, if he is still satisfied with things as he finds them, then we are forced to one or other of two conclusions, namely, either he finds it impossible to act up to his Conservatism and is willing to accept such changes as are forced upon him and which he feels to be inevitable—either he finds it a condition of his continued political existence that he shall at any rate profess a desire to ameliorate the condition of others less completely satisfied with existing institutions than himself—or else the existence of Conservative voters among the humbler ranks of society, those who have least reason to be satisfied with things as they are, is due to ignorance—first, of the meaning of the Conservatism they profess, and secondly, of the principles underlying the policy of the opposite party.

In fact, it is probable that both these conditions exist, both conclusions are true; and unfortunately the latter—ignorance of the guiding principles of political action—is not confined to any one class of voters, it is common among all classes.

Herein may possibly be found the true explanation of a phenomenon forcibly presented during recent years and puzzling to observers of all shades of opinion; I mean the great tide of change from Liberalism to Conservatism which has been flowing among

the electorate of these islands, which few care to attribute solely to even such powerful factors as Home Rule, Local Veto, or Imperialism.

For lack of any clear exposition of the meaning and trend of Liberalism and its consequent future in the work of government, the growing body of comfortably-off working men, freed somewhat from the pressure of social inequality which characterised the earlier part of the nineteenth century are conscious only of the feeling of satisfaction with their own lot in life which makes the unthinking man a natural Conservative.

Recognising that he has less to gain and often something to lose by possible changes of which he knows nothing and understands less, he feels more and more drawn towards that party which is pledged to preserve what it already enjoys, and whose only other policy consists in obtaining for its members new privileges at the national expense.

It is probable that nothing contributes more to this lamentable state of things than the too common belief that politics are a simple matter upon which every man is competent to give judgment, and that all that is needed to make a politician, or even a statesman, is a practical acquaintance with current affairs.

We are careful to prepare by a most elaborate training those upon whom the duty is imposed of administering the law, but we hand over the far more important duty of lawmaking to persons in many cases quite unsuited by private interest or mental training for the work they are called upon to perform.

Far be it from me to suggest that our method of representation, imperfect though it undoubtedly is, should be abandoned, but is it not time for us to recognise that the proper government of peoples, like any department of terrestrial phenomena, is a fit subject for scientific study, say on the lines of Economics, Ethics, and Sociology?

The present habit of total disregard for all the teachings of history and science leads by a very natural sequence to rough and ready remedies being applied to social diseases which can only be stamped out by seeking for and removing their causes. It likewise naturally leads to unsystematic attempts to deal with political problems as they arise—on their merits, as it is called, without any definite principle or aim being kept constantly in view.

To this error the Conservatives are peculiarly liable since, their principle of action being a purely negative one, their aim in legislation is merely to satisfy current demands with as little change as the voter can be persuaded to accept, and therefore they have little need of other guiding principle.

With Liberalism, however, it is different, and in a general way principles have been laid down from time to time as guides to

Liberal political action. Unfortunately the necessity of having any such principles, applicable alike to all political problems, is as yet far from being appreciated by politicians, much less by voters.

Such principles as have been laid down at all have generally taken the form of political war cries, such as "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," or "Liberty and Equality through Progress," and have suffered in utility from having been but little developed, explained, or digested as true principles of action must necessarily be if they are to be made the basis of the art of government.

Thus the equality which, in a vague sort of way, is supposed to be one of the chief objects of Liberal policy seldom receives the careful definition it requires. To distinguish Liberals from certain schools of Socialists alone it is needful to make clear that this equality is not an equality of condition, but only of opportunity.

Stated in this form—that every man has a natural right to equality of opportunity—we have a principle which, though apparently simple, affords a basis of governmental action fraught with magnificent possibilities, and which is at the same time coincident with probably every system of morals and every theory of right as opposed to wrong which is advanced by philosophy or religion.

In it is involved the freedom of each, limited only by the equal liberty of all, which embodies at once the cardinal precept of Christianity and the first object of all government.

These statements of right will be found to imply the sacred right of private property in everything which is man's own handiwork, which, again, it is one of the most important functions of government to preserve.

These principles, though of extreme generality, conform not only, as already stated, to the highest standard of morality, but adherence to them will be found to be a primary condition of the evolutionary progress of human societies.

Can it be possible that, if these facts are clearly realised and logical conclusions from them applied to all political problems, there would remain, as at present, two parties in the State, unless, indeed, the second avowed open antagonism to science, religion, and morality?

Would not the clear enunciation of such principles of political action sweep away at once the Conservative fear of that change, which we at present know to be often experimental and unscientific, and at once narrow the sphere of political controversy to logical proof or disproof of the conformity or otherwise of proposed legislation to the principles of government laid down?

And yet there is nothing new in these principles. They are already the key to the actions of the best minds in the Liberal party; but for want of clear enunciation they yet fail to unite in one invincible party all conscientious men on both sides. And if by hurting the susceptibilities of Conservatives the retention of the

name Liberal for its adherents would be likely to hinder the formation of such a desirable union of forces for the common good, surely there would be no difficulty in finding a new name for a party which should endeavour to elevate government to its rightful position among the sciences.

Without the conscious recognition and application of some such principles it seems to the writer obvious that the existing chaos of political ideas must grow greater and more confused, and that strength will be given to that growing and dangerous belief common among the unthinking of both parties, that the method and duty of government lie in following out the sweet will of majorities regardless of all rights whatever.

The existence of the theory or principle of government by majority is a not unnatural outcome of the method by which Liberalism has proceeded in the past—namely, the enfranchisement of the masses, but it is essentially illiberal in its action, and coincides in a truly remarkable manner with Conservatism as defined by Lord George Hamilton—legislation in the interest of our friends.

That the belief in blind government by majority already possesses a vast hold upon the voting population, and is at the same time fraught with gravest danger to the welfare and happiness of the people, nay, to the whole fabric of social progress itself, no disinterested observer can doubt.

That it can be combated only by the substitution of carefully reasoned principles of government based on a logical and scientific foundation of natural laws persistently taught and always consulted, seems to the writer a conclusion from which there is no alternative.

FRANKLIN THOMASSON.

THE HOPE OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THE hope of the Liberal party is at once the despair of every student of things as they are. The hope of Liberalism was, is, and must be the youth of the empire, the young manhood to whom life is yet an oyster to be opened by the clasp-knife of self-confidence. The young man, launched upon life, sees everything with fresh eyes; he comes with a mission to set the world aright. It matters not that in later years he learns the vastness and impossibility of the task he set himself in the hot days of youth. All the world is still before him, a vast field to be conquered, a great battle to be won. Rich in the wisdom of the inexperienced, he sees the cure for every disease and would cure them all at once.

It is but the natural order of things that he should attach himself to the Liberal party and often to the most extreme wing. Decayed though that party may be, temporarily, it still stands for the forces of change, and only in change, the uprooting of ancient institutions, does the young man see hope for the future. Veneration is the growth of time, and he has not yet had experience enough of life to learn temporal reverence. Even spiritually his views are often heterodox. He avoids sheer atheism only by ingrained training and often maternal influence, but he is living out the Baconian theory, "a little knowledge leads a man to atheism, a greater knowledge leads him back to God." Some internal force shrinks from utter denial of the Creator, but he treats the dogmas of the church with scorn and its representatives with scant reverence. It is not an attitude to be deprecated. It is the rational evolution of the liberty-loving, free-thinking Briton. He has thrown off the leading-strings of childhood, and for a while plunges wildly in his unshackled freedom, till its very exuberance outruns itself and he finally settles down into the sober middle-class Briton, who goes to his office or shop at a regular time every day, swears by the Thirty-Nine Articles or the Westminster Confession, and each year leans more and more to the Conservative party and those who wish to preserve the hallowed order of the past. The political libertine dissolves into the staid householder with fixed ideas that were mayhap revolutionary in his youth, but that years have toned and mellowed, and which are now behind the always advancing times. Take the nation as a whole, and up to ten years ago it would have been found that Liberalism

was constantly shedding its old supporters and always recruiting from the ranks of youth.

This has been the secret of the marvellous recuperative power of the Liberal party. Again and again it has been apparently shattered beyond hope of revival, only to rise, within a short space of years, to greater power than ever. And so the process might have gone on, and the great *débacle* of 1886 would but have paved the way for greater deeds. The gradual change from Liberal to Conservative in the average Briton comes from the stagnation of the elder's ideas, which forced him into the party whose prime motto is the conservation of existing principles and externals. For only the active politician can keep abreast of political thought. The merchant, the shopkeeper, the workman, have their daily business engrossing their thoughts more and more every year; they have not time to study abstruse political problems; they look at them in the light of fixed ideas, and one day they decide to vote Conservative. That is the end. They never return to the Liberal party again.

The Liberal party is wasting its energy in endeavouring to secure the return of these relics of its ranks. They will not return. An experience of the Conservatives has proved them to be not such bad bedfellows after all; they find, perhaps to their astonishment, that there are kindred minds and kindred ideas, and every year they grow to be stronger pillars of Conservatism. It is to the youth of the country that the Liberal party must look for its recruits.

The loss of its great recruiting ground to the Liberal party began many years ago, but until the retirement of the late Mr. Gladstone the loss had not been keenly felt. The reason for this is not difficult to find. It was clearly illustrated to me by the attitude of a sturdy Scottish voter whom I canvassed in the Liberal interest, at the General Election of 1892. "I've aye voted for Wully," he said (Mr. Gladstone was always "Wully" to these grand old men of the North, who had followed him through most of his long career). "I've aye voted for Wully, an' I maun just dae sae again, but, eh! mon! I wish he wad drop that Home Rule!" The Liberal leader's great personality held thousands of voters who opposed the great scheme of his later days. They had "aye voted for Wully," and their trust and faith in him was such that they would have followed him across the Styx if need be, but directly his mighty influence was withdrawn they felt that all the vows of youth were absolved, and they were free to vote as they wished. Even yet the Liberal party hardly seems to realise what it lost, first by the retirement and then by the death of its grand old leader. He was no mere politician or political leader: he was the idol of tens of thousands of hard-headed, hard-thinking voters. Even those who could not bring themselves to follow him would not oppose him.

With that great influence lost there came an enormous effluxion from the Liberal ranks, and we had the catastrophe of 1895 repeated in 1900. Yet it should not have been so repeated. In the natural order of events the Liberal party should have recovered itself sufficiently to have at least materially reduced the Government majority if it did not overcome it. In five years the Liberal party has made no advance, because it has for the time lost its grip upon the youth of Great Britain, its constant hope for the future.

The young man of to-day differs in no respect from those of a hundred years ago, of the Georgian, Stuart, or Elizabethan period in the fundamental points of character. He is still a hard-fisted, pushful, strenuous attrition of bone and sinew, brimming over with rampant virility. Experience and trial have not steadied him yet into a sober citizen; indeed it would be bad for the Empire were it so. He is proud of his race and his traditions and abounds in vanity. He is enthusiastic in everything, whether it be in "Mafficking" or teaching in a Sunday-school. The direction of his enthusiasm only is different, the initiative force is the same. His fathers have fought from the days of the Vikings, and he, too, must let loose the internal fires till they have spent their force. He must do it or explode. The natural trend of the young man's ideas drives him towards the party of change, why is he found to-day mainly on the other side?

I am not here stating a hypothetical case. I have noticed it everywhere. I write as a young man mixing with young men, and I know that what I say is true. The young men have been drawn away from the party to which they naturally belong.

The first great cause has been the lack of continuous policy in the official Liberal party. It matters not what that policy may be, but it must be a hard-hitting, hard-fighting policy. The young Briton will go wherever he scents battle. It is in the blood. But he has seen on the one hand a strong, united party, on the other a party with half a dozen leaders, some of them sulking in their tents, and few with a definite clear-headed policy, except, perhaps, to attack one man. That man is a hard-hitter, a born fighter. That man may be neither a statesman nor a genius, he may be a modern Machiavelli, but he hits hard and often, he is a man of action. Yes, essentially in all things a MAN. And he has won the admiration of the youth of Britain. They see a man surrounded by enemies, holding his own, fighting often single-handed, and they rally to him. He is a man after their own heart. He never shirks the fight. The youth of England follow Mr. Chamberlain to-day as their elders followed Mr. Gladstone.

Who is there amongst the Liberal leaders that can compare with him? There is only one man in a prominent position in the Liberal

party who commands the regard of the young man to any extent, and he is far removed from the official ring. But he is a strong man and vigorous, ever eager for the fray, the one man who understands the spirit of youth, one who may yet live to lead the Liberals to victory again. The sturdy manhood of Mr. John Burns has won the admiration of his greatest enemies. He can wield a bat or ride a bicycle with the best, and, like every sportsman, he can take and give hard knocks.

Careful dialecticians and profound thinkers may not see the drift, but the Liberal party has always been led by ideals, something of fancy and something of fact in them perhaps, but ideals nevertheless. These two men represent the ideals of youth; the men who never shirk a battle, who are not afraid to say what they think, and be they right or wrong, only men of this class can lead the youth of the kingdom. Mr. Gladstone constantly appealed to the heart, and therein lay his strength. Hot-headed youth will not stop to reason; he wants but a brave leader, and he will follow him anywhere. That brave leader he has not found of late years in the Liberal ranks, and so he has gone where he will find him. Lord Rosebery had his chance and lost it. As a sportsman he held the key, but youth will not endure the man who sulks. Whatever causes Lord Rosebery had for retirement, he lost his grip on the young man when he gave up the fight. The Briton does not like the man who admits defeat.

There are other causes, less potent, but not without effect, which have contributed to the drafting of young England into the Conservative camp. The chief Conservative agent saw what could be done, and did it. All over the country Conservative clubs have sprung up. Thoughtless Liberals have laughed at them, and only here and there has any attempt been made to counteract them. It is true that the average Conservative club is anything but a political organisation. Therein lies its strength. Though politics receive but slight attention within the walls of these institutions, a constant permeation of ideas is going on. Such tendency as exists is towards Conservatism. The young man will not join a purely political club. He will, however, join a social body, even though its name be political, if he knows that a certain political creed be not enforced. He enters the club, and gradually, slowly, but still surely, assimilates Conservative ideas. Remember that his mind is plastic. He is at an age when impressions are easily made, and subsequently difficult of eradication. It is idle folly to laugh at the non-political Conservative clubs. They are recruiting grounds for the party. It is a waste of time to cater for the "stalwarts." They can look after themselves. It is the perpetual inflow of unformed ideas that require to be cultivated to the party advantage.

These are the two principal points, but far paramount is the

necessity for a leader who will lead; a man is needed, a man who will fight, a hard-hitting, stern-fisted, strong man whom the youth of England can follow, and in whose redoubtable struggles they can trace a kindred ideal. By him can the crude, unfettered thought of young England be diverted to the channels through which it once freely flowed, but till he comes to the front we must wait for the realisation of the only hope of the Liberal party—the young man.

R. T. LANG.

THE "POLISH DANGER" IN PRUSSIA.

An acrimonious discussion in the Prussian Diet, awakening concordant echoes in the country, has reminded the world, unpleasantly and probably to its surprise, that, more than a full century after the last partition of Poland, there is still a Polish question left to reckon with, which, oddly enough, appears to have become most acute in that one of the three partitioning countries in which Polonism is numerically weakest. Prussian Government organs write in all seriousness about a "Polish danger," which will, as they contend, have to be met by forcible repression. Now it is quite true that official talk of "danger" cannot, in Prussia, always be taken quite literally. Refusal to obey a *landrath* or a gendarme may very well appear to Prussian bureaucrats to involve serious political "danger"; and above all things "danger" is likely to be freely hinted at whenever some drastic measure is contemplated, which has to be justified in advance. There was said to be serious "danger" of a war with France in 1875.

In the present case, however, in a qualified sense, unquestionably there *is* danger, and danger which may become troublesome. That does not, of course, mean that a revolutionary rising is to be apprehended, such as occurred in 1848. The taste for such things has been, as Prince Radziwill explained the other day in the Chamber, very effectually taken away from the Poles by the vigorous measures adopted, merely by way of precaution, in 1863. But there are other complications dimly looming in the future, which may become acute and make the loyalty or disaffection of the not quite three million Poles who are under Prussian rule an important factor in the problems of the day. Across the eastern border of the Prussian State there lies that large main piece of the whilom Polish kingdom now under the sway of an empire which, becoming more and more overgrown, may have internal troubles of its own to grapple with, or else may, as most Germans apprehend that some day it will, find itself engaged in war with Germany. Then will come the opportunity of the Poles. Once more, to the south, there is Austria with a considerable population of Poles, petted and deliberately made much of, for political purposes, as a weapon to be used against other, more refractory, nationalities—enjoying the use of their own language, their own customs, everything, in fact, that can make

them comfortable and remind them of what they once were, except political independence. Austria is often held to be moribund as an empire, and about to fall to pieces. In that case the Poles will have an important part to play on the political stage.

From whichever point the impetus for an attempt to resuscitate the Polish kingdom be given, the Prussian Poles, few as they are in number, will have a particular interest in supporting it. For, if, in one sense, they are the most oppressed, they are also, on the other hand—thanks to a policy at any rate practically enlightened and well intended, pursued by their Government—by far the best educated, the most economically and politically advanced of the various sections of the divided Polish nation, and may look to playing a dominant part in a reconstituted Poland. It is not, therefore, surprising, that the Prussian Poles should have taken advantage of the provocation offered to them, to join hands with kindred branches of the Slav family, and to organise, in common with these, by secret but very effective action, a nationalist movement, which is now found to have spread much beyond what was suspected, so as to include the Protestant Measures in the north, and the Poles of Silesia in the south—both of them septs or tribes of the Slav race which have never previously had much touch with the Poles proper, or any community of feeling. That means, that the whole stretch of border-land in which, in the event of a war with Russia, the first hostile meeting of forces will take place, and on the attitude of whose population much of the issue of the anticipated war will depend, is becoming unitedly disaffected to Prussia and correspondingly open to influences from the other side. And Russia, so it is painfully remembered, has never shown herself slow to benefit by opportunities offering for pushing her own interest. Prussians complain to the present day that their unasked, and more than friendly, neutrality in 1863, so distinctly useful to Russia—when England, France and Austria were urging that the insurgents should be recognised as a belligerent power—has been repaid on the part of Russia by a stiff customs barrier, designedly excluding the trade upon which Prussian Poland was in a large measure dependent for its material well-being, and again, that late in the sixties "tons" of inflammatory panslavist literature printed in Russia were carried into Prussia, even among the inoffensive Wends of Lusatia, a poor remnant of the once powerful Polabian race, which had long resigned itself to absolute loyalty and abandoned every shadow of political ambition.

The peculiar bitterness of the discontent at present manifesting itself in Prussian Poland is apt to surprise foreigners. And it no less astonishes the Government at Berlin. For the Prussian Government has never been intentionally unkind or cruel to the Poles. It has not, it is true, ever humoured national sentiment among its

Polish subjects as the Austrian has done among its own. Nor did it like Austria, hold aloof to the last moment when partition was proposed, or suggest in 1863 that the Polish insurgents should be recognised as belligerents. Quite the reverse. It has always acted in Polish affairs hand and glove with the Russian. But it has honestly striven and laboured to make its Polish subjects better off in material matters, developing the natural resources of the country, educating, training, building railways and waterways, so as in point of fact to change the face of the province very much for the better. On the other hand, though it has been harsh and exacting, it has never proceeded to the lengths of really inhuman cruelty which have made, in Campbell's words "Freedom shriek," and rendered Russia detestable in the eyes of Europe. Nevertheless there is to-day less common feeling between Poles and Prussians than there is between Poles and Russians. The reason is, that whenever the Russians have oppressed the Poles, they have oppressed them as a branch of the same race, in a manner that Slavs could understand and ultimately forgive, however vehemently they might for the moment resent it. And in the intervals of cruelty Russia has had some fits of kindness. Moreover, all the time that the persecution lasted, the Poles have had the satisfaction of feeling that, like Cavaliers under Roundheads, or Royalists under Jacobins, they were the superior race, the more cultivated of the two, really a people of a higher grade. Prussia has made them feel less of hostility, but more of contempt. It has never shown even the slightest regard for their national feelings, any consideration for the soreness naturally provoked by subjection to a foreign nation—in a case in which subjection had nothing but an egotistical object to justify it. For Prussia had in 1772 no complaint whatever to make against Poland. All the aggressiveness that there had been between the two nations had come from Berlin. Those very provinces of Prussia, which to-day give the kingdom its name and its crown, had been wrested from Poland, with no object but that of aggrandisement. Frederick the Great, for military reasons, coveted that big wedge of Polish territory which projected into his own country to within about eighty miles of his capital. And as the fox was to be killed, he would be in at the death. No other plea has ever been advanced.

But, if Frederick coveted the Polish territory, neither he nor any of his successors ever desired to be cruel or severe with the Poles. There have been times—as for instance some decades before 1848—when, under the discouragement of failure to propitiate the Poles, as was desired, the province was wantonly neglected. But generally speaking—just as more recently in conquered Alsace—German rulers have shown remarkable zeal in promoting material welfare, education and civilisation. Only one thing they would unpityingly insist upon. The Poles must willingly accept Prussian methods of government

and become Prussians, heart and soul—not only Prussians in a political sense, but ethnically Germans. To the Prussian mind that appeared perfectly easy and no more than reasonable. It holds German civilisation and administration to be manifestly so very much superior to Polish that to become German must for a Pole necessarily mean desirable promotion. And since the Poles had become politically Prussians and were not to be let off their allegiance, why should they not bow to the inevitable with a good grace and become Germans also in character and in goodwill? If they would not, the reason must be, that they were perverse and wrong-headed.

The Poles very naturally saw things in a different light. They were ready to yield obedience to their superiors. And they have done so, and have fought German battles as manfully as any other Prussians. But like the Germans of the Baltic Provinces, and the Alsatians under French rule—whose action Prussians have particularly commended—in character, in language, in tradition, in their own way of thinking, they would remain what they were. Hence that not really excessive, but persistent, deliberate, grinding and wearing tyranny, the withholding of equal rights with other Prussians—as in the matter of local government—the perpetual, and generally very brusque, treatment of the Poles, as an inferior race, which exasperates a subdued nation more than anything else, and has made the iron enter very deep indeed into their soul.

Here is the explanation of Polish discontent. That discontent manifests itself in ways which are really touching in their very feebleness and which probably no German fails to regret, while experiencing just a twinge of self-reproach. The Poles are far too weak to think of resistance, at any rate beyond the limits which the law, only nominally constitutional, permits. But they can keep aloof. There are in Prussian Poland in effect two distinct worlds—really three, for the Jews form one more—all by themselves, separated by a deep gulf, without any intercourse whatever between one another, or any prospect ot such, whose adherents eye one another with well-understood distrust and suspicion. The Poles have no dealings with the Germans, who in consequence feel supremely uncomfortable in the province and never permanently settle there. Their little world is a world only of public officers, a foreign garrison. The Poles decline to take part in anything which recognises German rule. They do not enter the civil service, nor ask for commissions in the Prussian army, though they must of course serve their time. Those numerous gentlemen whose names end in "ki," who figure in the German bureaucracy, and seem to give it a Polish colouring, are one and all thoroughly denationalised Poles, who have become to all intents and purposes Germans, and are accordingly repudiated by the Poles. Not to obscure their "noble" descent, they have not cast their "ki," as Count Radolinski

did, and could do with impunity, when he was raised to princely rank and called himself from thenceforth "Radolin." But the Posadowskys, Podbielskis, Malachowskis, &c., have all long since become thorough Germans, as the turncoat Josephus became a Roman. On the other hand, it may be noticed that on the Polish side German names are not infrequent. But that is only because Germans settling in Poland and intermarrying, as a matter of course, become fathers of Polish families. It is the mother who determines the nationality of the offspring. You may see this process of Polonisation in progress at the present day on the fringes of the new German colonies. The clannishness of the Poles makes it almost impossible for any German to rise to professional or commercial distinction in the province. The leading lawyers, medical men, &c., are all Poles, simply because there is no sufficiently remunerative practice for Germans of eminence. Trade and commerce used to be almost altogether in German hands. But wherever a Pole sets up in business all custom now goes to him as a matter of course.

The estrangement prevailing between Poles and Prussians has been aggravated by the difference of religious faiths. Prussia, after all, is a Protestant power and periodically at war with the Roman Catholics. The Polish nation is the very bodyguard of the Holy See, unquestioningly obedient, and considering its White Eagle and amaranth ribbon to be placed under the special protection of the Holy Virgin. It has always—except for a very brief period in the sixteenth century—shown marked reverence for "the Church." Its prelates are everywhere venerated. Quite a peculiar degree of sanctity is held to attach to its primate—whilom the primate of *all* Poland—the Archbishop of Gnesen (Gniezno), In olden time he was the *interrex*, that is, the deputy king for the time being, between the death of one king and the election of another. The king himself was constitutionally bound to stand up before him in token of respect, and he had the right of remonstrating with the king—in case of necessity, even publicly. Now, this high dignitary the Prussian Government has more than once treated with marked indignity. Its police roughly ordered one primate, Dunin, out of his diocese; and, under Bismarck, in the time of the *Culturkampf*—of which no Prussian province was made to feel the hardship more than Posen—its law courts formally deposed Cardinal Ledochowski. The blow struck at this august personage has appeared to the Poles, not as a lowering of his dignity—quite the reverse—but as a peculiarly grave outrage offered to the Church, which has seemed to them to be not inaptly typified by the crucifix publicly and demonstratively exhibited, slashed in two with a military sabre. And so the confusion has become worse confounded and the feud more embittered. The priests, having all the advantages of their own peculiar language, which is hard for Germans to

understand, of privileged private intercourse, and the confessional in their favour, have not been slow to turn them to account. It would be odd, indeed, if they were to fail to encourage the Poles in their passive resistance, urge them to cherish and hold fast by their national traditions and customs, remind them that to the Holy See Poland is still *one* country only, an unpartitioned ecclesiastical province. The Prussians make wry faces on hearing Polish spoken. But let go the Polish language, the most powerful hold that the clergy have on the people, the Roman Catholic priests will rule as little, come what may, as would, for the same reason, the Alsatians under France rule the German. The Prussians used to applaud Alsatian obstinacy in this matter. They judge differently in the case of the Poles. In such way it has come about that the Poles and "the Church" have become permanent allies, and the former can always securely count upon the support of the ultramontane party.

How to mend this troublesome and, beyond that, politically very prejudicial, state of things, has long been the peculiar study of Prussian rulers. Unfortunately, the one method that has proved so singularly successful in other similar instances, more particularly in our own—that of conquering ill-will by kindness, leaving to the subdued nation the use of its own language, its own customs, its own way of thinking, its self-respect, and being satisfied with its political loyalty (which was offered and given)—the Prussian Government has never shown itself willing to accept. That method would no doubt settle the difficulty. But it would also be utterly un-Prussian. For on the Prussian Government the lesson which Charles V. learned in San Yuste, when he tried to make a roomful of watches and clocks keep common time, has been utterly thrown away. As the Brandenburg electors had subdued their refractory nobles, and welded detached and heterogeneous pieces of empire into one, by sheer force of will and rigid police rule, so it was held that by the same rigorous method must the Poles be converted into a German part of a German nation.

There seemed, nevertheless, one point of the economic system affording an opening for a milder, though not less effective procedure. Poland ever was, and still is in the main, a distinctly agricultural country. At the time of the first partition it was entirely so. But its methods of agriculture, as described by Frederick the Great in his letters to Prince Henry, were backward in the extreme. And backward to a great extent they still are and must be, while landowning remains, in a sense, a monopoly of the "nobles." It would be difficult to make people in this country understand how utterly hopeless is much of Polish husbandry, in what wretched state buildings are kept, how King Couch and other weeds reign supreme in undrained and unmanured fields, which are nevertheless of great natural fertility, and to what lamentable extent estates are allowed

to run into what in the West Indies people expressively call "ruinate," by owners who at one time used to pride themselves upon cutting a fine figure in Paris and in fashionable watering-places, but who now are, for the most part, content to stay at home with empty pockets. Much of their impoverishment is undoubtedly due to a noble devotion to their national cause manifested during the Revolutionary era by heavy pecuniary sacrifices.

As long ago as 1773 King Frederick resolved that this state of things must be put a stop to, and he honestly did what he could to remedy it. He gave to Prussian Poland that excellent system of land credit which he had introduced only some twenty years before into Silesia, and which has since become famous. But he held that what was wanted above all things was German immigration. German settlers were consequently invited to occupy land in what was then euphemistically styled "Southern Prussia." The experiment failed. Fresh attempts were made, more particularly in the thirties, under President Flottwell. Again and again they proved unsuccessful. The Germans were socially boycotted and felt unhappy. And somehow the right sort of German occupiers would not come forward. Early in the sixties a better era seemed to be dawning. The value of land had gone up rapidly elsewhere, while in Posen it was rising only slowly. Not a few Germans saw and seized their opportunity, and a moderate influx of agriculturalists, this time of the right sort, took place, the new comers purchasing estates which they found to be cheap and remunerative, and in not a few cases they did really good work in improving inter-racial relations by identifying themselves with their new homes. However, the golden opportunity so revealed was not long left to settlers of this description. Large capitalists rushed on the ground with their millions, acquiring vast tracts of land for investment, which tracts they turned into purely German enclaves, officered and worked exclusively by Germans, and eyed askance accordingly by the Poles. Immigration once more came to a standstill.

To cut the Gordian knot, which had puzzled so many of its predecessors, the Prussian Government in 1886 decided to employ the wealth of the State for effective Germanisation. Millions were asked for and voted by the Chambers, to be used in buying out large Polish landowners, who might be assumed to be disaffected, and planting German peasantry, who no doubt would be loyal, in their places. There was unquestionably very much to recommend this scheme. In the first place, there was a very great deal of economic and social good to be done, by bringing neglected and worn-out land under modern methods of tillage, and by substituting small cultivation for large. Secondly, in attacking the "noble" landlord class the Government might expect, not only to grasp and disarm the nettle of national disaffection at its most prickly point—

for it was the "nobles" chiefly who fomented sedition—but also to secure the goodwill specifically of the useful and loyal peasant class, who were in perpetual antagonism with those who still considered themselves their feudal lords. A truly admirable amount of good of this kind has, as a matter of fact, been done subseqently by Government boards since called into existence, endowed with no public funds, dealing with land values only by means of a well organised system of credit, and entrusted with a purely economic form of land reform. Those new boards, the General Commissions—there is one, roughly speaking, for every two provinces[1]—have accomplished an amount of good work which no one can fail to admire, and which, in point of quantity, casts altogether into the shade the more or less similar work done by the more political Germanising body, the Colonising Commission, besides being considerably more remunerative. And, so far as it goes, it has made friends of the Poles, and not enemies.

However, the Colonising Commission appointed had no latitude left it in the choice of its methods. Its instructions bound it to proceed absolutely on political lines. It was to get rid of Polish landlords, and to put into their places, not the best peasant cultivators that it could find, but loyal Germans, and, if possible—this was only *understood*—Protestants. That is where the shoe has been found to pinch, and to pinch so severely that much of the relief given by the non-political Commissions has been forgotten over the pain caused on this spot. The political Commission came into the province, not like its sister-boards, as a friend and patron, but as a declared enemy. Whatever its members might individually think, it must obey instructions. Now, for settling purposes in Poland, there are, as high German authorities in the province have assured me, really no better persons than Poles—under modern instruction. For at this particular work they are fully as intelligent as the Germans, as thrifty, probably even more painstaking, and, in addition, they are certainly more easily contented and better prepared to rough it in the early stages of their career. Officers of the General Commissions have shown me their Polish settlements with an evident feeling of pride. And officers of the Colonising Commission have, as I understand, expressed regret at not being allowed, under their instructions, to accept Polish cultivators. To the best of their power they have taken care to select only the fittest among numerous applicants asking for holdings. And in the exercise of their discretion it must be admitted that they have made remarkably few mistakes. But they were handicapped from the outset by being limited to Germans. And they were handicapped quite as much by their peculiar financial advantages. Having millions at their disposal, acting on behalf of

[1] I have explained all this and the other work done in an article entitled "Repeopling the Land," which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* of May 1895.

the State, they could not stoop to higgle. They must pay handsome prices. Therefore, in the end, though they have undoubtedly raised the local status of agriculture not a little, and improved the social aspect of the population, they have only a very small return to show for their large outlay. Economically their work is a failure.

Politically, it is even more. For they have not succeeded in Germanising Poland. Quite the reverse. They have formed sundry German settlements, which remain isolated and severely let alone, with German schools and Lutheran churches in them, but regarded with an evil eye by the surrounding population, which has become only the more intensely Polish. They have not reduced the influence of the nobles. Any embarrassed noble need only offer his estate to the Commission to obtain a good price for it, if it is worth anything, thereby ridding himself of all encumbrances, and enabled to start afresh on new ground with a full purse. And the Polish peasantry, directly challenged and defied by this overt act of race hostlity, carried on with public funds, have not unnaturally put themselves in a posture of defence. And, notwithstanding the slenderness of their means, they have succeeded in effectually stemming the tide and even turning it back. There is one thing which, however oppressed and persecuted, Poles have shown they can do, and that is, hold loyally to one another, without, it may be, any outward show, but effectively by a recognised common understanding, so powerful as to make personal feuds and family quarrels forgotten. Attacked on their own ground, the Poles have clubbed their small funds together, have put their shoulder to the wheel, formed their own little colonising society, attracted—to pit against the German immigrants—Poles from Silesia—fifth or sixth cousins so to speak, of whom they had never before taken any notice, but who have now become ardent patriots, and pan-Poles to boot, and so succeeded in forming some well-organised and flourishing Polish settlements. The German authorities could tell me nothing about these, much as they desired to learn what was going on in them. The two nationalities keep too distinctly apart. And, being officially accredited to the Germans, I had the gauntlet to run of a severe scrutiny before I was permitted to see the new Polish villages for myself. My *bonâ fides* once established, however, I could not have desired greater readiness to show me what there was to be seen. Once the General Commissions were set to work, the money troubles of the Poles were practically over. For the General Commissions, being purely economic bodies, bent upon doing as much and as good economic work as possible, have befriended them from the first as they befriend others, dealing with applications strictly according to their economic merits.

Thus in its supposed master move, over which it has indulged in some premature pæans, the Prussian Government once more found

itself foiled. Polish nationalism has not only withstood the powerful attack, made at heavy public expense, but has indeed risen strengthened from the trial to which it was put, having attracted other Slav races, previously strangers to its cause, and nerved the peasantry to fight for nationalism side by side with its hereditary enemies, the nobles. And, accordingly, the nationalist movement has spread, as a German writer in the *Grenzboten* complains, along the whole eastern frontier, nobody quite knows with how much inherent force, with how thoroughly perfected organisation, with what support, or what immediate or ulterior aim. Nay, more. Without any fuss or to-do, any flourish of trumpets or declaration of policy, a pan-Polish movement has very quietly been set on foot, once more as a direct answer to the unprovoked and unnecessary challenge of the Prussian Government. That movement bears outwardly, and it may be internally, a very inoffensive character. The first pan-Polish congress "of lawyers and political economists," was held at Posen when I was there in 1893, and I was admitted to such gatherings as I could attend. Nothing could have been more "correct," more harmless and in strict accordance with the law, than its transactions. Not a word was said about nationalist aspirations. But here were for the first time, since I do not know when, Poles from all parts of the whilom kingdom—Russians, Austrians, Prussians—gathered together, talking the same language, animated by the same sentiment, visiting together sights sacred to all of them by historical associations, recalling the past grandeur of their race, and no doubt thinking, in their heart of hearts, quite as much of the White Eagle and the amaranthine streamers as of jurisprudence and political economy.

That is the result, the result which was to have been foreseen, the result foretold by Professor Delbrück and others, Germans all, and zealous for the German cause, of the Prussian policy of forcible Germanisation.

The Government of Berlin has not seen fit to alter its course. Balked at one point it has supplied its own rough method all the more vigorously at others. Polish politics, so it thought, could easily be mastered, if the Polish language could only be got rid of. Accordingly it was decided to forbid the use of Polish, not only as an official language, but also in schools, and latterly even on the envelopes of letters. The latest Polish grievance, bitterly complained of in the Diet, is, that letters are not delivered, not if addressed in Polish (which after all, should be permissible in Poland as addressing them in Dutch is permitted in Cape Colony), but if there be so much as some little prefix or suffix added, usual in Poland, such as X to denote that the addressee is a priest, or the Polish equivalent for esquire. ("The Right Hon.," having been substituted, in English, has been allowed.)

Now at first glance this seems childish. But it is also exceedingly provocative and irritating. The excuse offered by ministers, that the Poles have really begun the quarrel by being provocatively demonstrative in the use of Polish titles and appendages, in order to annoy the postal authorities, is felt to be a mere transparent pretext. What would happen among ourselves if parliament were to forbid the use of the Welsh language in Wales? Or in Canada if the Dominion Government were to taboo French? "Where would England be with her magnificent colonial empire," so pertinently asked—in effect; for I am summarising—the very German writer in the *Grenzboten* already alluded to, long before this extreme point of provocation had been reached, "if her administrators were to act in the colonies as ours do in Poland?" Where indeed?

Professor Delbrück has put the point even more strongly. "It is distinctly to our interest," so he says in effect, "that we should cultivate good relations with the Poles and propitiate them. A war with Russia some day or other is very possible. Then this detachable piece of the two State systems will become invaluable as a make-weight to throw into one scale or another. Why should we give Russia the benefit of being alone in a position to use it?"

And what if Austria were to fall to pieces, and Germany were to be placed under the inconvenient necessity of burdening herself with more Roman Catholic provinces? But even on grounds of pure economy and internal well-being this persistent application of a misplaced policy of coercion seems a mistake which only political blindness can account for. Germans are sometimes good enough to lecture us on what we ought to do in Ireland, or in South Africa. But how can Prussians have a say in the matter after they have accomplished the absolutely surprising and almost miraculous feat of keeping disaffection and seditious sentiment carefully alive among a conquered people 130 years after annexation, wantonly adding to the strength of the disaffected body—for Poles are growing more numerous—by means of harsh and arbitrary methods which must leave Poland a chronically sore point in the body of their kingdom, a ready weapon to be used by enemies abroad or at home, more particularly by the powerful church which is ever latently at war with Protestant rulers, and which has taken this aggrieved people under its particular protection? It can occasion no wonder if Poles feel as if, in spite of the present hopelessness of rebellion, thanks to this perverse policy, their star were once more rising and the White Eagle promised a new lease of life.

HENRY W. WOLFF.

ROME AND HER DUTCH REBELS.

THE year A.D. 69 was destined to be an eventful one in the history of Rome. The rule of the Julian Cæsars had closed amid universal execration with the suicide of Nero, and the all-important question was where the next Cæsar was to come from. The Roman Senate elected an old and wealthy noble, Galba, as emperor, and three months later he was ruthlessly butchered by the disgusted Prætorians, who set up instead their own favourite Otho. They had no use for a stingy emperor, and spendthrift Otho had poured money into their laps while miser Galba had drawn his purse-strings tight. But far away on the other side of the Alps, cantoned along the German frontier, in that chilly, inhospitable northland, so little loved by the natives of sunny Italy, there stood a great body of fighting men, the very flower of the Roman legions; and to them it appeared that if this was the style in which emperors were to be made and unmade, then the legions guarding the frontier had as good a right to make their own choice as any pampered Prætorians at Rome. Accordingly they proclaimed as emperor their own general, Vitellius, and backed by seventy thousand of them he set out for Italy. It was a long and trying march, nor did Otho yield without a struggle. He had some hard-hitting backers too, and there was wild work before the Vitellianists got there; but the legions from the Rhine had a very prevailing way with them. Otho found a bloody grave, and Vitellius was the new master of Rome.

But the frontiers of Rome were wide, and the army of the Rhine was not the only one that took the field. There were yet other legions in the sun-scorched countries of the East and South, in Syria, and Egypt, and Africa, who were as devoted to their particular general, Vespasian, as ever were the legions of the Rhine to Vitellius. Vespasian in his turn made his preparations carefully, set his forces in motion, and sent his best lieutenants forward to march on Italy.

These desperate civil wars, in which the invincible arms of Rome were turned upon herself, afforded a golden opportunity to a certain discontented subject of Rome, to whom Galba, and Otho, and Vitellius, and Vespasian were alike but the abhorred wielders of an alien sceptre.

The Roman Empire has frequently been compared to the British Raj, and the situation on the Rhine frontier at this period may be

not inaptly illustrated by that existing at present in India. Within the previous century and a half, Gaul had come under the Roman sway, just as India has accepted British rule. As in India, the inhabitants still retained their own garb, their own languages, their religions, their rites, and their native chieftains; nevertheless, Rome held them all in the hollow of her hand.

Far otherwise was it across the Rhine in Germany. Germany was to the Romans much what the Pathan border is to us, a perfect hornet's nest of untamable tribes. Those Pathans of the first century A.D., the fierce and hungry German robbers, looked upon poor Rome-ruled Gaul as their favourite raiding ground. Free Germany was a tough nut to crack, and Rome could get no firm foothold beyond the Rhine, though she chose to flatter her own pride by calling two of her subject provinces by the names of Germania Prima and Germania Secunda. The names, no doubt, sounded very well in a dispatch or a debate; only, as it happened, both these Roman Germanias were actually situated in Gaul. They were on the left bank of the Rhine, and there was much more of the Gaul about the subject populations that inhabited them than there was of the German pure and simple.

So much for prologue; now begins the drama.

At the very remotest part of the borderland between Germany and Gaul, in the almost inaccessible delta where the Rhine and the Maas flow by many mouths into the sea, there lived in this eventful year of the civil wars, A D. 69, a people whose condition was decidedly remarkable. One might almost say of them that at one and the same time they were and they were not a part of the Roman Empire. The folk who were occupying this curiously anomalous position were known by the name of the Batavians. They were the very earliest Dutchmen on record, the original Dutch who had taken Holland. For that which is to us but a stale jest was once a genuine piece of news. The Dutch once upon a time really and truly did take Holland. Holland was not their native home. Before that time these Batavians had been a part of the Chatti, the "wild cats," as some learned men interpret the name, who from immemorial ages had inhabited the great Hercynian Forest which then clothed all the rough mountain ranges of Southern Germany, and had earned for themselves the reputation of being the very fiercest of the German tribes. Untamably ferocious was what they seemed to the Romans to be. "Every youth amongst the Chatti," says Tacitus, "upon reaching manhood allows his hair and beard to grow, and vows that in this guise he will boldly court danger until he shall have slain an enemy. Then, in triumph, over the blood and the spoils, he shears his matted locks and proclaims that now at last he has justified his existence and proved himself worthy of his parents and his country."

"Chatti," "the wild cats"; one wonders did they choose the name themselves, or did their neighbours, who seem to have been used to supply the necessary corpse for the initiation of these young warriors, give it to them? Whatever way it came to them, it sounds appropriate.

But at the period of which we are now speaking the Batavians had parted company with the rest of the Chatti, and were no longer dwellers with them in the deep recesses of the great Hercynian Forest. The very first thing recorded of these early Dutchmen is that they had trekked. What was the exact cause of this ancient "Great Trek" of theirs we are not told, beyond the general statement that it was on account of some family quarrel, some prehistoric inability to agree with brother men of their own race. We are not told even whether they actually fought with their brothers before they trekked; all that we know is that they started off as a band of emigrant Dutchmen of decidedly independent character, and trekked north as far as they could go, looking for an empty land to settle in. Through the great German plains they passed, but the German plains were already pre-empted, and there they found no abiding place for the sole of their foot. On they pushed, northwards ever, till they came at last to a real No Man's Land. This was the island or islands lying between the channels of the Rhine, the Maas, and the Waal, and here they stopped. The land was marshy, but it afforded splendid pasture, and the Batavians were great horsemen. They adapted themselves to their new conditions, and the former children of the Hercynian Forest became the amphibious occupants of a half-drowned fenland.

Here, however, they came into what I have called already an anomalous sort of relationship to the Roman Empire. The Romans claimed the whole left bank of the Rhine, and these emigrant Batavians from Germany by occupying not only the great island Delta, the "Insula Batavorum" as it came to be called, but also a strip on the left bank of the Rhine, had thus brought themselves within the Roman limit. They accepted the situation, but only upon special terms. They had an invincible repugnance to anything like the payment of taxes. "No tribute," says Tacitus, "brands them as inferiors; no tax-farmer spoils their substance; excused from all tax or contribution they form a reserve of brave men, to be used only on the field of battle, like a magazine of arms kept in store for use in war." And an invaluable magazine the Romans found them. The Batavian cavalry could go anywhere and do anything. If the Parthian bowmen had become proverbially formidable for their ability to shoot on horseback, the Batavian horsemen could, to speak colloquially, go them one better. They trained themselves and their horses to be at home in the water, and the Batavian squadrons could swim a river or an arm of the sea, keeping perfect

line, and could even wield their weapons as they swam. Talk of the Horse Marines!

Whenever there was a difficult job on hand, were it to swim the Menai Straits in the teeth of the Druids and their frantic followers, or to charge up the steep sides of the Grampians in the face of the Highlanders with their claymores, "Bring on the Batavians" was a sort of standard order with the Roman commanders. Their courage and their devotion had been proved on a hundred battlefields, and won for them the praise of their generals, as their beautiful golden locks won the praises of the Roman poets. The Batavians fought for Rome both because they loved fighting for its own sake, and because by express agreement they held their lands under the tenure of military service. But they did not love the Romans. And the Romans, while delighting in the prowess of their Batavian auxiliaries, none the less exhibited a rooted distrust of the native Batavian chiefs.

This distrust was soon to be more than amply justified. Prominent among the members of the royal house of the Batavians was a man whose name, in its Latin shape, has come to us as Civilis. Five and twenty years of hard service had Civilis given to Rome, and wherever swords were crossed, and the heart's blood of men was poured forth upon the stricken field in the defence of the wide Roman frontier, Civilis, and his brother, Paullus, had fought under the Roman eagles. The reward that he received for it from Nero was that he and Paullus were falsely accused of treason, and sent in chains to Rome, where upon this false accusation Civilis saw his beloved brother put to an ignominious death; he himself after suffering a rigorous imprisonment was released, doubtless with an injunction not to do it again, and sent back to his native spot. On arriving at the Island of the Batavians he was arrested for the second time, and the legionaries clamoured for his blood. Acquitted by Cæsar he was none the less, in their eyes, a rebel at heart. But the Roman general dared not put to death the man whom Cæsar had released, and, in spite of the legionaries, Civilis went scatheless to his home, his heart thirsting for revenge. When the march of the legions on Rome, under Vitellius, left the German frontier almost denuded for the time being of effective soldiers, he recognised that his long-sought opportunity had come at last, and he prepared to strike the Romans when they were least able to resist him.

But this early Dutchman had a strong native bent towards "slimness." He was a singularly crafty man for a barbarian, says Tacitus; and he began by a private invitation to some of the leaders together with the most discontented folk of his own tribe to come to a midnight banquet at one of the sacred groves, where he made them a rousing patriotic speech, and held what was the then equivalent of a prayer meeting—a barbarous rite, so Tacitus calls it,

at which they all swore, by the gods of their fathers, to throw off the suzerainty of Rome. It is extraordinary how both in piety and in policy the Batavians of the first century resembled the Boers of the nineteenth.

To heighten the resemblance, there was a tribe living on a part of the island of the Batavians called the Canninefates—I had almost written the Orange Free Staters—who were practically exactly the same as their neighbours in race, and speech, and habits, save only that they were much fewer in number, and quite independent of them. Civilis decided to put the Canninefates in the forefront of the rising, and to have Brinno, one of their nobles, the son of a former famous rebel against Rome, celebrated for his bull-dog courage, strike the first blow. Just so has Kruger made use of Steyn and De Wet and the burghers of the Free State.

The rising took place as planned, and things went marvellously well from the outset for Civilis. Brinno was hoisted on a shield in the regular old Teutonic fashion and elected general. One of the Roman camps on the island where two cohorts were kept was suddenly attacked, taken, and plundered, and the Roman sutlers and traders scattered about the island were pounced upon at the same time. So sudden and so overpoweringly general was the rebellion that the commanders of the various Roman posts actually thought it necessary to burn and abandon their forts, and to concentrate for mutual succour at the upper end of the island, where they had the support of their fleet. But, once concentrated, the Roman garrison put on a bold front and stood firm; and Civilis under these circumstances thought it just as well for the present to go on being slim; in short, he tried the confidence trick. He explained that this war was nothing but a most unfortunate mistake, and that the disastrous turn it had taken was all due to the stupidity of the Roman commanders themselves in having quite needlessly deserted their posts. If the Romans would simply show confidence in him by quitting their entrenchments and allowing him to escort them peacefully back to their winter quarters, he, Civilis, as their true friend, would see that these wicked Canninefates (who were the guilty parties) were most properly punished.

Aquilius, the Roman general, was in sore strait. His soldiers consisted of the men whose age had caused them to be left behind when the Vitellian legions started for Rome, supplemented by a scratch lot of ne'er-do-wells who had been picked up among the neighbouring tribes. Still he had the fleet to support him, which was something, though there was a considerable Batavian leaven there amongst the rowers that gave him anxiety. But on the whole he thought he might manage to make a fight of it, and he was perfectly alive to the Dutch leader's slimness; his reply was "No surrender."

The Dutchman, however, had not exactly wasted his time. During the course of this negotiation, by secret methods (over which he seems to have had considerable command), he had succeeded in corrupting a cohort of the Tungrians, German levies in the service of Rome, and probably about the best fighting men Aquilius had left; finding that Aquilius would not yield, he now threw off the mask and delivered the long prepared assault. The Tungrians, as agreed, came over to his side in the middle of the attack, and when Aquilius in despair looked for help to his fleet, behold the Batavian rowers had backed it away from his shore and carried the ships across to the enemy's side of the river. The whole Roman force, including the fleet, fell into the hands of the Dutch rebels. Exit Aquilius not dishonourably. He died, but did not surrender.

Nothing succeeds like success. Liberal offers of German help now began to pour in wholesale on Civilis, while for his part he set free the Gallic chiefs whom he had captured in Aquilius' army, and sent them back to their tribes to rouse them and the rest of the Gauls to join him. The Gallic soldiers he enlisted, such of them at least as were willing, in his own ranks, after giving them a lecture on liberty, and explaining at the end his own designs. "Liberty," said he, when he had told them that they really ought to be ashamed to submit to be slaves to Rome any longer, "liberty is the gift of nature to the dumb brutes. True courage is a specially human quality, and the gods favour the brave. We have no divisions among us; the Romans are distracted; we are fresh; they are exhausted. Now is our time to go in at them. Half of them are shouting for Vespasian, and half for Vitellius. Here is our chance to break them both."

His scheme, in short, was a United Gaul and Germany (united of course, under strictly Dutch leadership) against a divided Rome; and it really began to look as if there was something in it.

But the surprise and destruction of one ill-placed, ill-supported force, did not mean that Rome, the mistress of the world, was beaten yet. Before long gallant Lupercus was marching in hot haste from higher up the Rhine to do that most effective and admirable thing (admirable, that is to say, if it comes off), namely, to stamp on the match. He had with him the discarded men from the depôts of the Fifth and Fifteenth Legions, which had gone with Vitellius to Rome, some Ubian troops that happened to be handy, and some cavalry from the Treveri, as well as a capital body of Batavian horse who had hitherto remained true to their colours. Yes, they certainly were a scratch lot, but Lupercus hoped for the best, and trusted to the Standing Luck of the Roman army. (They had a special temple to "The Luck" at Rome.) Unfortunately, The Luck had something else to think about just then, with civil wars going on in Rome itself, and Lupercus was not destined to see very much of Fortune's

favours. He encountered the rebels in a pitched battle, and at the critical moment his faithless Batavian horse went over to Civilis, and exposed his left flank. The Ubians and the Treveri cavalry ran like hares, and all that The Luck of Rome could do for Lupercus was to send the victorious Dutchmen racing off in a headlong pursuit of the runaways, instead of remaining on the field to rush the Roman square. Lupercus thus had a chance to withdraw his staunch legionaries unbroken, and to find shelter for them in a place known as Vetera Castra, or Old Camp, which stood on the Rhine bank a little above the island. Here he fortified himself as well as he could and was straightly besieged by the Dutch and their allies.

Meanwhile things were moving fast elsewhere. Before the rebellion of Civilis began eight cohorts of Batavian horse, the very flower of the nation, had set off on the march to Rome to reinforce the army of Vitellius. On the way they were overtaken by the emissaries of Civilis, and heard the news of his rising. They immmediately turned right round and started to go back to join their revolting countrymen. This was flat mutiny, and Hordeonius Flaccus, the general in command of the German frontier, felt it his duty to stop them; the temper of his troops, however, was doubtful, and he hesitated whether to strike at the mutineers or not. He called a council of war; his officers said their men were not to be depended on, and so he let the Batavians go unmolested. As soon as they had gone he changed his mind—for of course these same officers now said it was all his fault—and he wrote to Herennius Gallus, the general of the First Legion, who held Bonn, to stop them there, and he, Flaccus, would come and take them in rear. Presently, however, he changed his mind again, and did not come, and wrote to Gallus to let them be and thank heaven he was rid of a pack of knaves. Tacitus says, in another place, of the Chatti that they alone are like the Romans, in that they rely more on their general than on their army. In this instance if the Romans had relied much on their general they must have been sorry for themselves.

When the Batavian mutineers reached Bonn they sent a highly civil message to Gallus to say that they had no quarrel with the Romans for whom they had so often fought. "But we feel tired," they said, "very tired; we want to go home; and we may be allowed to mention that if any one tries to stop us, then the sword will open a way."

Gallus hesitated; but he had three thousand regulars of the legions as well as a crowd of pugnacious auxiliaries and camp followers, all of them together largely outnumbering the Batavians. The camp followers shouted for a fight, and the general was weak enough to yield. Accompanied by the mob the army sallied out of their camp, and proposed to surround these most impertinent Batavians. The

Batavians were old hands at the game; they promptly smashed the auxiliaries and the rabble, and then hustled back the Roman legion in confusion to the camp with such a terrific slaughter that the very gateways and the ditch that surrounded it were choked with the corpses. The sword had opened a way.

The victors left Bonn to pick up the pieces as best it might, and, feeling considerably rested, they marched on to join their countrymen at home. Nobody tried to interfere with them again, and they got there in perfect safety; but no sooner had they done so, than, probably very much to their surprise, no less a person than Civilis himself invited them to take the oath to Vespasian.

For Civilis had not spent twenty-five years of his life in the service of Rome for nothing, and he had been thinking things over. This rival would-be emperor, Vespasian, of whom he had heard as moving around in Syria, or some other outlandish part, was a long way off. It seemed pretty safe to use his name. These Romans here, whom he wanted to destroy, were all of them Vitellianists. How "slim" it would be to play off one name against the other. He, Civilis, would be a Vespasianist, of course, and as such would be unquestionably the principal, not to say the only one, anywhere north of the Alps; in this character he would invite these two weak Vitellian legions, who thus obstinately persisted in holding out against him in Old Camp, to go through what they really might see was only a mere form. Let them simply swear allegiance to Vespasian, and throw open their gates to him, Civilis, as his representative, and all should be well. He would take such excellent good care of them.

But how he must have chuckled in the depths of his heart! Confidence, that was all he asked for. Give him that and—well, they should see what they should see!

The position of the two legions, or rather the remains of the two legions, which between them could muster scarce five thousand men, hemmed in as they were, at Old Camp, by myriads of hungry enemies, was sufficiently unpromising. Aquilius, under similar circumstances, had declined to show "confidence" in the Dutch leader; he had preferred to make a fight of it, and had (as the legions very well knew) been annihilated in consequence. Nevertheless, they were not yet brought so low as to be attracted by the tempting proposition of the wily Civilis. The answer Lupercus sent to him was brief, and ended with a highly unflattering anticipation of what his ultimate fate was likely to be. "Romans," said he, "do not take their orders from a Dutch deserter, whose proper reward is waiting for him."

And here the curtain is rung down upon Act I., and the second act of the drama begins with the entry of the Germans. "Dutch deserter" was the sort of remark that rankles—a remark that

Civilis was not going to endure from men whose rotten walls he could walk over in a week! "Come on!" he cried, to all the robbers in Germany. "Loot! Loo-loo-loot!" and the tribes of Germany answered with a joyful cry and swarmed down upon the prey.

The defence of Old Camp was no easy matter. In the first place, the enceinte was too large to be properly manned by the troops shut up in it; secondly, Lupercus had failed to prevent his scanty supplies from being wasted at the outset; and last and worst of all, the site had not been originally selected with a view to its standing a siege. "We had never expected," says Tacitus, naïvely, "to fall so low that the tribes would take the offensive and come to assault the legions. Our valour and our arms were considered protection enough." The ground on which the Old Camp stood did not properly command the approaches to it, and it had not occurred to any one to make the defect good by entrenchments. This was in A.D. 69. Might not exactly the same thing have been said about Ladysmith in 1899? If the Batavians were like the Boers, the Roman generals in some things were curiously like the British of to-day. Or was it all the fault of the Roman War-Office?

However, Old Camp, if under-manned, ill-supplied, and ill-fortified, was not taken yet. Stout-hearted Lupercus now did all he knew to redeem his own errors and those of his predecessors. In all haste the weak places were strengthened, provisions got in, and the Roman engines of war set up. They were as proud of their fine war-machines as we are of our artillery, although catapults and balistæ had a range of probably two or three hundred yards at most, while, nowadays, rival "Long Toms" and "Long Cecils" shell one another at five miles. But the Roman engines were very effective as far as they went; moreover, they meant scientific warfare, thus clearly demonstrating the vast superiority of Romans to mere German barbarians.

Civilis allowed his German robber friends, who were all in a mighty hurry and simply ravenous for loot, to try if they could storm Old Camp. Finding that their arrows and javelins made no impression on the Roman walls, they rushed to the assault with scaling ladders, and even climbed to the battlements over each other's shields used as a platform. But when they got there they were met by the good Roman sword and the spiked shield, and were hurled headlong back into the ditch to fall under a shower of darts and sharpened stakes. The first attempt to storm Old Camp had failed, and the garrison breathed again.

But not for nothing had Civilis been joined by eight cohorts of trained Batavians, and with good reason had he enlisted in his ranks so many of the Gallic prisoners captured under Aquilius. These people had learned the art of war from the Romans, and knew all about the working of war-engines. Supercilious Roman officers

might call him a Dutch barbarian. He would show them that he could go in for scientific warfare too, and he had a little surprise already prepared for them. He had built a great timber bridge mounted on wheels, and this was now run forward against the ramparts, warriors on top of it fighting as though from a mound, and sappers down below undermining the walls. Scientific warfare for ever! and now let the pride of Rome tremble!

Alas for the Dutchman's hopes. The Roman catapults rained huge stones on his rude machine and smashed it; the Roman fire-tipped spears stuck in it and set it in flames; the walls remained unbreached; the engine on which so many hopes had been built was destroyed, and Civilis' cherished "Long Tom" was put out of action by the superior artillery of his enemies.

Well, well! starvation should do the business, anyway. It certainly looked as if starvation was going to get the chance to do it. The relief of Old Camp was delayed. As Civilis had truly told his people from the start, the Romans were distracted. By this time Flaccus and the rest of the officers of the Rhine army of the frontier knew pretty well that the cool and wary Vespasian was the coming man, and that debauchee Vitellius was likely to go the same road as spendthrift Otho and miser Galba. But the common soldiers did not know it, and they loved Vitellius, and swore that their officers were betraying him and them. Consequently they were insubordinate to an incredible degree, and their mutinies baffled every attempt that Flaccus made to raise the siege. They actually degraded Flaccus, replacing him by another general, Vocula, and cared less that their comrades, in Old Camp, should be relieved, than that the cause of Vitellius should be triumphant in Italy. In this, however, they were doomed to disappointment, although the first news that reached them was that the Vitellian legions had swooped down upon Rome, and the most sacred temple of Capitolian Jove himself had been sacked and burned. That triumph was brief. Vespasian was proclaimed emperor at Alexandria, and his lieutenants, marching on Italy round the head of the Adriatic struck the Vitellianists an absolutely crushing blow at Cremona. Rome was taken once more, and Vitellius followed Otho and Galba to a bloody grave.

When the news of Cremona, accompanied by a demand for immediate submission to the new emperor reached the army of the Rhine, the officers there, from Vocula downwards, took the oath to Vespasian without much ado. That oath stuck at first in the men's throats; but they swallowed it at last under pressure, though it nearly choked them; and no sooner had they done so than Vocula sent word to Civilis; "If you are a genuine Vespasianist you can show it by raising the siege of Old Camp. We are all Vespasianists now."

The cunning Dutch leader sent a temporising answer, and then

like the "wild cat" that he was, sprang fiercely at Vocula's throat. Matched with so active and wily a foe, Vocula had most strangely failed to realise the importance of scouting, and before he knew it, the Dutchman was upon him, scattered his Gallic auxiliaries, broke the legions, captured half the standards, and entered the Roman camp itself; one short hour more, and Civilis would have been absolute master of the whole Rhine frontier.

But this time The Luck of the Roman Army did not fail them. Just at the critical moment, a small body of Roman troops who were marching from the south country, happened to arrive, and unexpectedly attacked Civilis in the rear. The Dutchmen were always peculiarly sensitive about attacks on their rear; word went round that a whole fresh Roman army had dropped from the clouds and was upon them; a panic ensued; they turned tail, and Civilis left the flower of his forces dead upon that bloody field.

Nevertheless, though defeated, he had carried off the prisoners and the eagles he had captured to his leaguer before Old Camp. It was a sad sight that greeted the eyes of Lupercus and his wan, hunger-bitten men as they looked out from the battered walls which they had defended so stoutly. They beheld, instead of the longed-for relief, which they knew should now not be far off, a melancholy procession of downcast Roman prisoners, and, worst sign of all, the proud Roman eagles in the hands of the triumphant barbarians. All round the ramparts did Civilis parade his trophies, plain proof to the besieged that their comrades had been overpowered, and that their own case was hopeless. But in that long line of downcast prisoners there was one hero. One prisoner suddenly raised his voice and shouted to the despairing men upon the wall: "Don't you believe it. The Romans are coming." The next instant he was cut down, dead of a hundred wounds; but the scheme of the wily barbarian was ruined; the men on the wall had heard the tidings, and the blood of the hero proved the truth of his words.

The Romans were coming. The Romans came. Vocula hurled his army against the besiegers; Lupercus and his starving legionaries sallied out and fell upon them with the fury begotten of their sufferings. In the fighting Civilis himself was unhorsed, and a report went abroad among his men that he was killed. Panic seized them; the Dutchmen fled; and the siege was raised at last. The relief of Old Camp had been accomplished. What a meeting must that have been between Lupercus and Vocula, and how the Fifth and Fifteenth must have cheered their deliverers!

But even now they were not yet out of the wood. The successful commander found himself far from his base, and in the presence of an enemy not only vastly superior in numbers, but with all the country secretly supporting him. The unwearied Civilis attacked Vocula's communications, and Vocula was compelled to fall back

on Neuss; but he decided not to evacuate Old Camp, and giving Lupercus and his brave men such provisions as he could spare he left them to garrison it still; and thereupon down came Civilis and blockaded them again.

To crown all, Vocula's army hated the very name of Vespasian, and rose against him. The revolted legionaries murdered Flaccus, they murdered Vocula, they murdered every general they could catch, and finally they took an oath of allegiance to a bastard Empire of Gaul, set up by one Classicus, a Gallic ally of Civilis. The Roman legions swore fealty to a barbarian.

Now might Lupercus and the unhappy men beleaguered in Old Camp abandon hope indeed. For the second time they were perishing of hunger, and their own comrades had gone over to the enemy. Poor starving wretches, they had eaten their horses long ago, and were driven to gnaw bark and roots and grass like hungry rats. Civilis had foretold that famine would do the business for him, and so it proved. Desperate with hunger, the Romans bowed at last and sent to beg their lives. The answer was: "Let them take the oath to the Empire of Gaul and they may have their lives." They took it, but they might as well have died sword in hand. Civilis kept his word. He did not touch a hair of their heads. But he had made no promise for his allies, who drove them helplessly off four or five miles and butchered them to a man. Lupercus was alone allowed to live, reserved possibly as a hostage.

And so the Dutchman was master of Old Camp at last. The Romans had sued for mercy to "the Dutch deserter," and it was he, and not they who had meted out the "proper reward" they had talked of so haughtily. His vow was accomplished. Like a true scion of the old "wild cat" breed, he had vowed when he first took up arms against the legions that his locks should go unshorn till the legions were destroyed. Now, his vow paid, in the good old style, over the blood and the spoils, he shore his hair away. We are told that Civilis, like a good Dutchman, was a family man. He had a little son, a "wild kitten" in fact: it is said that he kept a few prisoners to set up as targets for the small boy's arrows and darts; he would blood his promising "kitten" young.

And yet he was not happy. His Gallic allies made him a little anxious. He did not care about swearing an oath to his Gallic friend Classicus, as the Emperor of Gaul, neither did his faithful Dutchmen feel inclined to take it; when they wanted an emperor they knew already where to find one, and he should be no Gaul. Hoary Gallic bards were singing wild prophecies of an Empire of Gaul to fire the Gallic heart; Civilis came of a German race, and cared for no doting white-haired druids. He had a German prophetess, Veleda, one of the Alruna maidens, to whom, in all ages, the gods had taught wise sayings. She had already foretold the fall

of the legions, and the Teutonic victory. Now he would send her his captured Roman general as a proof of the truth of her prophecy; and Lupercus was despatched as an offering to Veleda. She lived in a lonely tower on the Lippe, where she held converse with the gods alone, and remained unseen of men. Her own kinsfolk only might have access to her, and through them were transmitted her messages to the world throughout. But it was not fated that a Roman general should live to be the captive of the German prophetess. His treacherous escort murdered him on the road.

Naturally the success at Old Camp brought Civilis hosts of friends; yet to effect a working combination of Gauls and Germans was a task beyond the powers of any man. Classicus' Empire of Gaul proved but an empty show, for the other revolted Gauls found it impossible to agree upon him or any one else as a real leader; and while Civilis was far away in the North, where he wasted invaluable time in the vain pursuit of a certain Labeo, who was a personal enemy of his own, there was no man to hold the Alpine passes against the Roman legions who were too surely coming. For with Vespasian, the strong man, in power, there began at once the steady unresting, unhasting march of those terrible Roman legions towards the Rhine. In the lead came the far-famed Twenty-First, familiarly known as the "Rapax," or the "Harriers." They went straight for the Treveri, the strongest of the revolted tribes in Gaul, and smashed them up in short order. There were more legions to follow in the wake of the "Harriers." Tramp, tramp, tramp, over those solid Roman roads, from Italy and the Danube, from Spain and far-off Britain, they were closing in. Did Alruna-maiden, Veleda, in her lonely tower by the distant Lippe, hear the echo of their feet? Did any vision of what was preparing come to Civilis, still chasing his evanescent well-hated brother-Dutchman, Labeo, somewhere in the northern fens?

Cerealis, a relative of Vespasian, was the new Roman Commander-in-Chief, and he was merciful to the conquered Treveri. There was a strange scene when he recaptured amongst them the survivors of the legions who had taken the oath "to the Empire of Gaul." With hanging heads the disgraced legionaries crept to their tents and hid their eyes. For shame they could not look their rescuers in the face. Of course their lives were forfeit; but after allowing them to feel the humiliation of their position, Cerealis pardoned them. "It was fated to happen," he said: "It is now a thing of the past. Bygones shall be bygones. Consider that this day you enlist and take the soldiers' oath for the first time." He received them into his camp and sent round an order of the day to be read before every company in the army, to the effect that in the event of any quarrel or dispute these men were never to be taunted either with their former mutinies or their former defeats.

The Treveri humbled and the deserters reinstated, on pushed Cerealis again, eager to strike at the heart of the revolt. The lately rebellious Gauls everywhere were submitting to the authority of Rome. But Civilis was no Gaul to submit thus tamely. He was willing to offer terms, but as an equal. The question of suzerainty might be waved, and if only Cerealis would stop the advance of the legions there should be peace.

"You take the Empire of Gaul for yourself if you like," he said in effect, "and leave us Dutchmen to our fens. We shall be content." Cerealis disdained to reply.

Step by step he worked his way northwards to Old Camp, where the undaunted Dutchman had prepared a last resource against him. Like William the Silent, fifteen centuries later, the Dutchman was ready to drown his country if thereby he could baffle the invaders. Civilis dammed the Rhine and swamped the whole district.

"The Roman soldier," says Tacitus, "is loaded with armour and afraid to go beyond his own depth. The great stature of the Germans and the lightness of their arms give them confidence."

Animated by this confidence, Civilis brought on a struggle in the flooded lands and the Romans found themselves ignominously worsted. The fight was resumed the next day; a Batavian deserter showed the Romans a line of firm ground by which their cavalry could take his countrymen in the rear, and Cerealis was once more the victor.

And now the Roman forces advanced into the island of the Batavians itself, the very heart of the revolt. If Civilis could flood one part of the country as a protection, Cerealis could drain another for his own convenience; and he actually diverted the channel of the Rhine and made the road to the island dry land. But the war was not over yet. The stubborn Dutchman would fight to the bitter end. On a single day Civilis' troops attacked the Romans at four different points, at one of which they scored a very decided success. Yet of what value were isolated successes? The Romans, superior now both in numbers and discipline, were able to fill up the gaps in their ranks and press on again.

But the consciousness of their superiority made them as over-confident as of old, and once again did Civilis make them pay dear for their rashness. Cerealis was on board his fleet, for the inexhaustible resources of Rome had provided a new fleet to take the place of the one that Aquilius had lost. The fleet was snugly moored beside the bank; the camp was pitched on shore; and "all's well along the Rhine" seemed the Roman order of the day, or rather of the night; for it was a dark and cloudy night which exactly suited the Dutchman's tactics. They slipped silently past the sentries in their boats, and before the Romans were well awake, the tent-ropes were everywhere being cut and the Dutch spears

were pinning the inmates to the ground as they struggled under the canvas. Meanwhile other detachments of the Dutch army had hooked grappling irons on to the sterns of the ships and were dragging them out into the current, and in the first hurry of success they believed that they were carrying off the Roman general along with his fleet, for their spies had very carefully marked down the flagship. But when morning broke, the disappointed Dutchmen found that the flagship was empty—Cerealis was not there. Scandal had it that he was, luckily for himself, on another ship in the company of a Ubian lady whom he admired.

However, that may be, the Dutchmen had to content themselves with the empty ship, which they towed up the river as a present to the Alruna maiden.

And yet, as ever, the victory was vain. The Romans might be often surprised, often out-manœuvred—ay, it may be said, often out-fought, but still they kept on. It was easier to dam back the great North Sea than to withstand the Roman flood. Inch by inch Cerealis occupied the whole of the half-drowned island. Civilis and his desperate and disheartened followers were driven to take to their ships, and in the great sea-like expanse where through the mouth of the Maas, the mighty Rhine pours its broad flood into the ocean, they thought to make their last stand.

But the Roman fleet, though inferior in numbers, was of heavier tonnage and manned by more experienced seamen; the Batavians suffered a final defeat upon the water, and Civilis fled beyond the Rhine. He had played his last stake and lost.

Cerealis was now master of the situation; he offered peace to the Batavians on the old terms "as before the war"; that is to say, he demanded no taxes and no indemnity, only (in modern phrase) the simple acceptance of the flag and of military service to be performed under the standards of Rome; he advised Veleda and her kinsmen to yield to fate and come over to the winning side; and he even held out hopes of a pardon for the arch-rebel Civilis himself.

Civilis was a broken man. The forces which he believed that he had united for the struggle with Rome had crumbled like a rope of sand. He had challenged the mistress of the world to a life and death combat, and behold! the task had proved too great. He asked for a conference.

Neither the Roman nor the Dutchman could trust the other; but they found a way. Over the river Nabalia was a broken bridge, on which they agreed to meet. They came; on either side of the water stood their men; here, the stubborn Roman legionaries; there the fewer but not less stubborn warriors of the northern fens. Cerealis advanced to the edge of the gap in the broken bridge; and opposite to him stood the Dutchman, a figure to move the world's pity, pity for the defeated brave, the man who had staked all and lost. Between

them, physically, a few feet of thin air; below them the rolling stream; between their souls the unbridged gap that divided then, as it divides to-day, the Roman and the Teuton.

It was Civilis who spoke. "I never was a Vitellianist," he said (to paraphrase him briefly); "if those were your colours, you never could forgive me. But you are a Vespasianist. So am I. So have I ever been. It was for Vespasian that I struck the legions of Vitellius in the rear. His other lieutenants fought for him in the East and on the Danube. I am the man who fought his battle in Germany."

. . . . . .

And here history drops her curtain on the scene. The rest is silence. Tacitus is the sole author who tells us the story of Civilis, and here the MS. of Tacitus stops short. The books are lost, and lost for ever. Not one faintest whisper has reached us across the ages of the issue of that strange meeting, and the story breaks off abruptly just at the climax.

Did it end as a comedy? Did Cerealis gracefully pardon the man who had so often defeated Rome, and did Civilis retire into private life on a modest pension, and tell interminable stories to his admiring grandchildren of the days when the great world empire reeled under his blows? Or were the words of murdered Lupercus and his doomed legions in the Old Camp prophetic? Did what was by the ruthless Roman law "his proper reward" await the "Dutch deserter," and did the Roman general watch with calm eyes the soldiers nail the conquered rebel to the cross?

And when he beheld him lifted on high, a spectacle to gods and men, did he, like Browning's legate, smile quietly, as he turned away, saying, "I have known four-and-twenty leaders of revolts!"

Either end is possible; the latter is the more probable. We shall never know.

But Rome was once more the mistress of the Northern Fens. The old order returned unchanged. The Batavians, still untaxed, continued to furnish her legions with their very choicest fighting men; and history tells us of a scene just half a century after the day on which Cerealis and Civilis faced each other distrustfully across the broken span of the Nabalia bridge, when a loyal Batavian cohort, in full harness, swam their horses across the mighty stream of the Danube to welcome their emperor, Hadrian.

There was no five-and-twentieth Batavian leader of revolts. Rome knew how to crush the proud and to spare the conquered. Whatever else she did or did not do (and her sins were many), she knew how to govern.

R. B. TOWNSHEND.

THE ROMAN QUARREL.

UP to September 20, 1870, there was a Roman question, Italy settled it once for ever on that day, by establishing in Rome the capital of the new kingdom. Since then we have had a Roman quarrel, which was much embittered during the last five months of the nineteenth century, and the new century was but eight days old when an English nobleman offended in Rome the Italian people and their king. I allude to the address read to the Pope by the Duke of Norfolk, in which he expresses the "hope" of seeing the "temporal independence of the Roman Pontiff" restored. This address was made known to the world by the *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican. The English Press, I am pleased to state, have done justice to Italy and severely condemned that unseemly address. Ten days after, the Duke of Norfolk sent to the London Press a lengthy letter of explanation, which only made confusion more confounded. The Duke writes therein as follows: "I am convinced the Pope is a true lover of Italy. I believe he does not desire its disruption. No such a thought is suggested by our address. For myself I have not the remotest desire of such a catastrophe . . . . Having carefully considered the matter for some days, I own I am still wholly at a loss to know why any surprise was excited by the reiteration of a 'hope' which is repeatedly expressed in every part of Christendom."

As a tree is judged by the fruit it bears I will try to show herein that the Vatican's action towards Italy was and is, that of an implacable enemy. That the restoration of the temporal power would be fatal to the unity of Italy and to the cause of liberty and justice need not be proved, because it is self-evident. That the disruption of Italy would be a catastrophe of the greatest magnitude, the Duke of Norfolk was intelligent enough to see and manly enough to admit.

The Duke of Norfolk said he was wholly at a loss to understand the cause of the English and Italian indignation which followed "his" address to the Pope. To show how hurtful it was to the Italians to hear from the lips of an English statesman—officially connected with the Court—that the temporal power should be restored to the Pope, I will narrate a few incidents of this quarrel which happened during the last few months of 1900.

To be better understood I have first of all to state the gist of this quarrel. A French potentate, at the dawn of the ninth century, giving away the thing that was not his, presented Rome to the Pope. In 1870, after eleven centuries of struggle, the Italians recovered their own. The Church, however, has not renounced her claims to temporal power, to wit, the possession of Rome. Unable to do more, she has limited her action to diplomatic protests, and to foment, at home and abroad, bad feeling against the Monarchy. It is said, by those who speak for the Vatican, that Rome is absolutely necessary to the Papacy, though they themselves admit that the Pope never was so free as after he lost the temporal power.

Rome belongs to the people of the land, and the people are fully determined that Rome shall remain the capital of the kingdom of Italy. There is strong determination on both sides. Many times conciliation has been attempted between the Vatican and the Quirinal, but a power stronger than the Pope compelled the latter to terminate the negotiations before conciliation was effected. Pius IX. excommunicated the first King of Italy, Leo XIII. forgot to excommunicate the second king—so was said in a Vatican paper—and one may now speculate as to the probability of the new King being some day excommunicated by the next Pope. During the last few months this quarrel passed through one of its periodical fits. The old Pope and the young King are already at war. All the national party is with the King on this point, more than on any other subject. It is reported that the King spoke with strong determation about this hostility of the Church and has said to his ministers, assembled in council: "Well, those of the Vatican can act as they like, they can say what they like, but Italy exists, and it will remain in spite of them. The lament for my father will remain deep in the hearts of the people, and my mother's prayer will be recited both in the Churches and at home by the Italian people."

To future students of history the conduct of the Vatican towards Italy during the month of August 1900 will no doubt appear as a great puzzle. First we had a change for the better; then things changed, suddenly and abruptly, for the worse. Many have judged this second change fatal for the Vatican. Certainly it has cemented all the nation against the Vatican, and the apostrophe of Garibaldi, "the Vatican is the cancer of Italy," came instantaneously, as a reminder to many.

King Humbert was assassinated on July 30, and up to August 18, the Church had done nothing to show that she was animated by any other kind of feeling than that by which all Italians were moved. The papers had reported many pleasant items of news. The Pope had said mass for the repose of the soul of the King; had sent an

affectionate letter to the widowed Queen; had sent Cardinal Ferrari to Monza to offer to the Royal family the Pope's condolence, and had written to the new King to invite him to a conciliation. All these statements and many others of the same kind, were accepted as true by all. Now we know they were one and all invented by those who had interest to mislead public opinion. The strongest evidence that the Vatican was changing its policy towards the Quirinal was thought to be the message of condolence of the town council of Rome, which was voted unanimously. This message was considered of great importance, because it spoke of Umberto as "our beloved King," because it asked that he should be buried in Rome which he loved so much, and because all the clerical councillors voted for it, amongst whom were Count Carpegna, *guardia nobile* of the Pope; Prince Chigi, Marshal of the Conclave; Signor Pacelli, consistorial advocate; and Signor Persichetti, president of the Young Catholic Federation.

Moreover all the clerical papers had put aside their usual vocabulary in speaking of Italy and were most respectful to the dynasty, though the new King had hastened to declare the right of Italians to Rome. Of course, the Monarchical papers were very pleased with this supposed change and spoke of conciliation as certain.

This beautiful dream was abruptly destroyed by the following *communiqué* which appeared in the *Osservatore Romano* of August 18:

"Not a few persons in Italy, and many more abroad, have complained of the religious honours paid to the deceased King Humbert, and have complained also about a *certain* prayer, as if the ecclesiastical authorities had on this occasion receded from the most holy laws of the Church. It is therefore necessary to state that the ecclesiastical authorities have *tolerated* the religious service for the deceased King, not only as a kind of protest against the execrable crime, but also, and much more so, for some personal consideration for the deceased King, who lately had shown a strong religious feeling to the extent that he had manifested a desire for reconciliation with God, by means of Holy Communion, before the present holy year was over. Now it is the declared law of the Church that in such cases the burial service according to the ritual may take place. As to a *certain* prayer, composed in a moment of supreme grief, as it is not in conformity with the law of the Church, it cannot be, and never was, approved by the ecclesiastical authorities."

Before I proceed with my statement, I think it proper to add, to the extraordinary language of the political leaders of the Vatican, words of a different kind, uttered by a priest, a bishop, and an archbishop. I have chosen them from amongst many of the same sort.

The Archpriest of Conegliano, six days after the Vatican declaration, from the altar of his church said:

"We are reverent to the throne and to the altar; as dutiful children of the deceased monarch, we approach in spirit his dead body. Let us bathe it with our tears, and let us us cover it with our kisses. Let us invoke, with our fervid prayer, a seat to the Throne of Glory for the most noble soul of our late sovereign."

In his peroration he said:

"Before the dead body of our beloved King let us promise that, united to our valiant and faithful army—the glory and the pride of Italy—we will make of our breasts a bulwark to the throne and to the altar. Nobles and plebeians, soldiers and priests, we will join hands, and without any distinction whatever of class or of party, as children of a great family, we will fight the good battle, and we will crush the sectarian hydras, and our reward will be our devotion to the Monarchy, the triumph of religion, and the greatness of Italy."

Monsignor Bonomelli, the patriotic Bishop of Cremona, issued a Pastoral to his clergy and people in which he said:

"Calamity and crime, grief and shame, now weigh on the mind of the Italians. The King, good and valiant, has fallen. Death did not strike at him when he was most gallantly fighting the battle of liberty, nor when he went to carry consolation to his people struck by earthquakes or afflicted by flood and cholera. It has reached him now in the midst of a *fête* of his people, in his beloved town of Monza, a few yards from his royal palace, where his august consort was waiting for him and received him a corpse, brought to her in the arms of his officers, while outside the people were raging with grief and indignation. . . . Meantime I exhort and beseech you all, my dear brethren and children, to rally more closely around the flag of authority. The King is dead, but the Monarchy does not die. King Victor Emmanuel III. has inherited it. He must likewise inherit the devotion and the affection of his people. And here I beg to address you, reverend clergy. Your example and your words, in private and in public, are of great effect. Endeavour, therefore, to uphold the prestige of authority. The Gospel, in accordance with the principles of reason, commands you to do so. Our ancestors, by respecting even the Emperors who persecuted the Church, and by praying for them, taught us that no pretext whatever is sufficient to justify rebellion or disaffection from those in whom is incarnated a power that comes from God. Often calamities have extinguished hatred, settled long-standing quarrels, and created a sincere and lasting peace. May this be now granted to Italy. To the young sovereign we send our good wishes, and with them the homage of our loyalty."

And now a few extracts from the Pastoral of Monsignor Reggi, the Archbishop of Genoa:

"The dastardly crime can but suggest to us words of execration and lament, trust and faith. Shame, execration, opprobium for the hand that struck our good and kind sovereign, and for those that guided that hand. Weep, Italy, weep, for having given birth to beings who wish only the subversion of all religious and social order. Let us pray for our assassinated King, for he who has succeeded him to the throne, for the dynasty, for the Royal Family, and in special manner for the afflicted widow. God save Italy! May He spare us days of troubles and affliction by blessing him who is now called to be our ruler."

I wish to call the attention of any Catholic writer to the above utterances in the hope—will it be vain?—that in their future writings they may reflect upon the same. These utterances clearly proved that the Vatican does not represent the sentiments and feelings of the clergy, and that its political aspirations are wholly and emphatically condemned by many good Catholic priests, even from the pulpit and the altar. It is very curious, indeed, after having read in the official organ of the Vatican that the burial service was only tolerated, to come across this telegram of the Archbishop of Genoa to his Majesty Victor Emmanuel: "I have just rendered the last tribute of the Church to the King, over whose death all Italy grieves, and I hasten to send the tribute of allegiance of myself, my clergy, and of the people of Genoa to the King, who is now the comfort and hope of all Italy."

Even Cardinal Ferrari, the Archbishop of Milan, issued a Pastoral, much shorter and much less emphatic than the others, yet in it he ordered that all the Church bells should toll during the evening, and that a *Messa da Requiem* should be said in all churches, as soon as it was possible, for "our King." I must say a few words about Cardinal Ferrari, than whom there is no more intolerant servant of papacy. Hitherto he has played a very doubtful *rôle*, and it seems he has played a double game on this sad occasion. This, at least, is suggested by the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, the most authoritative paper of Turin, which published the following information: "Cardinal Ferrari went to Monza apparently to condole Queen Margherita, but in reality to induce the Royal Family to have the burial service for the King performed entirely at Monza, in which case the Vatican would have given full sanction to it." If the Royal Family had consented to this proposal, the body of the King would have been afterwards smuggled into Rome. This proposal was refused at once. Hence the change in the policy of the Church, and to hide the political motive it was said that King Humbert, though he intended to reconcile himself with God, died before he had done so.

This information was not only wicked and cruel, but groundless as well. The late King never betrayed any feeling of the kind. On the Roman quarrel he was entirely with the nation. He never sent for any father confessor. A few months before his tragic death he said: "When my time has come I hope to die without being bothered by would-be confessors!"

But what offended the Italians most was the way in which the Vatican spoke of Queen Margherita's prayer.

Soon after the assassination of her beloved consort Queen Margherita wrote a most pathetic prayer for the repose of the soul of the King, and she sent it to Monsignor Bonomelli, asking him to give to it his approval. Monsignor Bonomelli went to see Cardinal Ferrari about it; the latter did not wish to put his *imprimatur* to it,

but told Monsignor Bonomelli he could do so if he liked. This prayer, therefore, was issued by and with the authority of Monsignor Bonomelli. Thousands of copies were sold as memorial post-cards, and it was recited in thousands of churches, yet the Vatican spoke sneeringly of the same as a *certain* prayer. This phrase was vile, and pierced the Italians to the quick. This ostentation of contempt in not mentioning the name of the sorrowful Queen was judged by all as a cruel and brutal act. A clerical paper stated that the Queen had dutifully acknowledged the rights of the Church to condemn the prayer. I doubt very much the veracity of this statement, because the prayer, as I said, was issued by the Bishop of Cremona, and he is the one to withdraw it, and he has not done so. But this is immaterial. Even if that prayer was not quite orthodox, decency would have commanded a more reverent form of condemnation. Queen Margherita is simply adored by Italians, and because she is so much beloved the insult to her feelings was even more felt than that to the memory of the King and to the nation. Queen Margherita, in her bereavement, appealed to the Church for consolation. If ever there was a person worthy of this undoubtedly it was Queen Margherita, who, besides being most devout and charitable, had on many occasions given personal tokens of her devotion to the present Pope. The Church, through its political government, gave forth instead a word of condemnation, by saying her prayer was heretical, and the funeral had only been tolerated. An Italian writer has passed upon this the following comment:

"The same Church which not long ago granted a solemn religious service to President Faure, a Freemason, a Protestant whose conversion to catholicism was never published, and who died under quite different circumstances from those which attended the death of the King, has now told the world that King Humbert, the most generous and charitable of rulers, a son of a dynasty of heroes and saints, did not quite deserve the honour of a catholic burial."

It was an insult to his beloved memory to say that he intended to be reconciled with God. Though in a state of enmity with the political authorities of the Church, King Humbert was never at war with God. He had been a God-fearing ruler. In 1887, while I was in Rome, I had the privilege of seeing a telegram sent by King Humbert to the Patriarch of Venice. The latter, as a friend of the King, had wired him not to sanction a certain law (already passed by Parliament) in order to avoid the condemnation of history, the remorse of his conscience and the wrath of God. King Humbert without consulting any of his ministers, wired back as follows: "As to the judgment of history I have nothing to fear, as to my conscience this is a matter between me and my God. I have to-day performed my duty by signing the law."

It is almost impossible to represent in words the feeling of indignation and dismay with which the whole nation read the baleful publication in the *Osservatore Romano.* The anti-clerical party, of course, was very pleased at this great blunder of the Vatican. It produced, however, a much deeper and more telling impression amongst the moderate party, which, notwithstanding the disappointments of the past, still cherished in their hearts the hope of a conciliation. It may be said that never did the Church stand so low in the estimation of the Italians as on the day after that baneful *communiqué.* All Italian papers spoke freely their mind against it. I will give here a few extracts from *L'Opinione* of Rome and *Il Corriere di Napoli;* I have chosen these two papers for specialr easons. The *Opinione* was the oldest constitutional paper in Italy, it had always been an advocate of conciliation. To this end it has, since 1870, had an anti-clerical policy and it was one of the few Liberal papers read by or to the Pope.

The *Corriere* belongs to the same class of papers, and in its issue of August 4, commenting on information it had received from Rome, as to a forthcoming conciliation, spoke highly of the same, and in the same breath blessed the Pope and the King. I think the judgment of such papers is worth serious consideration.

Here are a few excerpts from the *Opinione:*

"No one can deny that the language used by the Vatican was indecent and brutal when it states that the funeral of King Humbert has been tolerated because his name was not included in the list of those excommunicated. On the mind of the Pope, Queen Margherita's bitter tears have made no impression whatever. Her prayer to the God of Mercy was not listened to by the *intransigenti,* who have raised their heads, emboldened by the past weakness of the Government towards them. They have but one object in view, that of overthrowing the Monarchy, and thereby destroying the union of Italy. Shall we complain of this? All good Italian catholics felt the greatest indignation possible for the rudeness of the Church towards Queen Margherita. This publication was vulgar; it has hurt the feelings of the people who, notwithstanding this condemnation, will continue to recite the forbidden prayer. We cannot enter into the merit of the same. For us laymen it is sufficient to notice that the prayer was issued by the Bishop of Cremona; it was solemnly recited in the Cathedral of Turin by that Cardinal Archbishop, and that the Archbishop of Genoa recited it in Rome, during the service in the Pantheon. The Pope has clearly stated that Rome belongs to him. In this way the relationship between the State and the Church becomes more acute than ever it was before. King Victor Emmanuel acceding to the throne, fearless and trustful, stated that Rome was 'the intangible capital of Italy.' We may rest satisfied with this, and reckon on the energy of our King. We have to make a great effort, however, to limit the expression of our disgust. Many patriotic souls had hoped for a conciliation, but this conciliation the Vatican does not wish for. The Papacy intends to perpetuate its conflict with the State, and we are afraid it will last till another Gregory XIV. (who suppressed the Jesuits) will be the Pope."

From the *Corriere* I culled the following paragraphs:

"The *communiqué* has produced such a bad impression that the *intransigenti* party ought to be astounded. Vatican diplomacy enjoyed a reputation for carefulness and slimness, but we think that if its present diplomates had wished to destroy that reputation with one single blow, they could not have done better than giving out that *communiqué*. What was the object of it? Evidently to undeceive those who were in favour of conciliation. But how many other things it has put in evidence which it would have been better to leave alone; how many judgments it has caused which it would have been better not to provoke, and in what dreadful state of perplexity it has put many souls who, after the anarchist plot, expected different language from the Vatican. Unfortunately, upon the diplomates of the Vatican the material interests are stronger than Christian sentiments and common sense. In the Vatican they overlooked the insult they were hurling at the Italian nation. We do not pretend to know what will be the future policy of the Government; but certainly the action of the Vatican has offered the Government the opportunity of defending itself against the enemies of the State. While anarchism is threatening, the Vatican ought, by its example and its councils, to have recalled the people to their ancient faith. Instead of this, it took advantage of this sad moment to commit an act of scurrilous provocation, and thereby it put the danger of anarchism side by side with the danger of Vaticanism. It is as if to say to the horrified Italians, that if from Paterson, New Jersey, came the murderer of the King, here in Italy we have the most violent and the most merciless offenders against the Monarchy. Enemies of the Church are to be found in the schools, in Parliament, and in certain parties; but the worst enemies are inside the Vatican, concealed behind the chair of Peter, and are more dangerous to us than anarchism and apathy put together."

The *Unitá Cattolica*, the daily organ of the Jesuit party commented of course favourably upon the Vatican's *communiqué*, and led by passion stated, "It is high time the sound of the Royal March and the sight of the Royal Flag should not any longer desecrate the Churches of God." At Gragliano Castelferrato, a small place in Sicily, a probable reader of this paper, certainly a follower of its teaching, during the religious service for the King, dashed against the banners, shouting, "Out of our house with these dirty rags." The service was broken up, and the Church cleared by the police. As a pleasant contrast to this unseemly conduct of the Jesuit organ and of its Sicilian follower, can be quoted a few sentences of the speech uttered by Monsignor Monti in the Cathedral of Cremona during the memorial service. "Once more we are gathered together by a common bereavement. Once more the national flag and the representatives of civic and military authorities are resplendent under our cathedral roof. Near to our altars once more we hear the sound of the trumpets of our soldiers intermingling with our chants and with the prayers of the people. O Lord, how beautiful is this concord of thought and feeling. How beautiful it is to see the national flag beside the banner of Christ. Alas; why can bereavement only bring together our two supreme loves: Religion and Fatherland? These two loves, bound together by ties of sincere friendship, without doubt could make Italy the first amongst

civilised nations. Never, as in this solemn moment, before the awful spectacle of my king assassinated, I felt a stronger thrill in my soul, while I shouted with you: Long live the King."

After having read these noble words of a true bishop, one has to record what happened at Bologna. The Archbishop of that place is Cardinal Svampa, who hopes to be the next Pope. He forbade the admittance of the national flag inside the cathedral, and therefore the civic authorities decided to have the memorial service performed outside the cathedral, and a temporary altar was erected for the occasion. Monsignor Zoccoli was at the head of the clergy, but Cardinal Svampa was conspicuous by his absence. After the service the people went *en masse* to the archbishopric, and loudly protested against the intolerance manifested by the Cardinal. In a few other places something similar happened, with the result that the bishop of the place remained outside the pale of God and His people.

The condemnation of Queen Margherita's prayer has given occasion for many strong demonstrations. A small dramatic scene took place in Tuscany. The priest forbade the congregation to recite the prayer. The faithful left the Church at once, and reassembled in an open field, where there was a cross, and solemnly recited the forbidden prayer. Afterwards they sent a telegram to the afflicted Queen, to inform her of what had happened.

As further proof of great discrepancies in the Church, and of how little the political authorities of the Vatican represent the feeling of Italian Catholics, I have to mention that three days after the insane publication in the *Osservatore Romano*, in hundreds of churches and cathedrals of Italy a solemn service took place for the late King, which services were not tolerated but either ordered or willingly granted by the ecclesiastical authorities.

Within a few days of the Vatican's *communiqué* the *Osservatore* published a leading article, the object of which was to show that the previous declaration was entirely due to Leo XIII. personally. Notwithstanding this official statement some Italians still believe Leo was not, and could not have been, the author of that anti-patriotic, anti-Christian declaration of policy. I think a few sentences from this article may be usefully quoted here:

> "The Vatican, it says, possesses a great genius: Leo XIII. He does not shrink from the duty of refusing any compromise whatever with the Italian Revolution—*i.e.*, the Monarchy. The successor of Peter does not give the Catholics reason to fear that he might act contrarily to his ministry—*i.e.*, renounce the temporal power. The Pope, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, knows very well that even the most simple allegiance to any human authority will be fatal to the Church, and will make her lose the necessary prestige for the rule of the whole Catholic world."

It will be well to ponder a little on this drastic statement. The Vatican declares that the hostility towards the Monarchy will go on

unmitigated by recent events; that no Catholic has a right even to desire a conciliation; that whatever the State may propose its proposal will be refused unless it contains a renunciation of the Italian right in Rome, which is an historical and national impossibility. As to the Holy Ghost inspiring the Pope to rebel against the King, readers of the Gospels know better than the writer of the *Osservatore Romano.* As to Leo XIII. being a great genius and the author of the Vatican policy, we had a different tale from a great authority, Commendatore Raffaele de Cesare, a deputy, the best known Italian writer on Vatican affairs, who for twenty years has worked hard to bring about a conciliation, has come now to the conclusion—for him bitter and disappointing—that it is useless to speak any longer of conciliation. He writes:

"The official *communiqué*, rude in its form and anti-Christian in its substance, has destroyed the last illusions of the hopeful ones who had thought to discover in a part of the Episcopate and of the clergy a sure sign of repentance and the beginning of a better understanding between the State and the Church. Unfortunately the Government of the Church is exclusively political; it is a power that agitates for the restoration of Rome; it does not acknowledge in Italy any national claim; it does not know resignation or forgiveness. The contrast between the patriotic action of many bishops and of the clergy, and the rude insolence of the Vatican—which, even before the body of a virtuous Catholic prince, cruelly assassinated, cannot find a word of piety and of evangelical charity—warns us all as to the necessity of changing our ecclesiastical policy. We must convince the world that the conflict is not between the State and the Church, but between modern Italy and the Government of the Church."

And the great genius, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, and so on, deputy de Cesare, who at other times wrote admiringly of him, now says:

"Leo XIII. is not any longer *sui compos.* He is very old, and he is at the mercy of a gang of fanatics, at the head of whom is Cardinal Rampolla. Nay, one may say the Cardinal is the true Pope. Rampolla has all the bad qualities of his race—Sicilian—and none of the good ones. Full of grudges and ambitions, sanctimonious in appearance, he hates everybody who is something. He is the wretched minister of this last period of the papacy. As to Leo, he hates the Italian Monarchy, not because of principles, but with purely human hatred—a hatred strong and implacable. Above everything he detests the dynasty because he thinks it darkens his glory. He has a mediæval nature without, however, the faith of the Popes of those times. Place this Pope—old and very decrepit—at the mercy of three or four wirepullers, wicked and wretched, and you can easily explain everything that has happened; his oppositions and his submissions, his indifference to the Armenian massacres, his Republicanism in France, his Muscovism in Poland, and his anti-dynastic policy in Italy."

I have quoted at length from the writings of deputy de Cesare, because no one knows better than he the ins and outs of the Vatican and because this is the first time he has spoken in such a strain. I

heard from an authoritative source that Cardinal Rampolla was somewhat alarmed at the outcry of indignation against his anti-national policy, but much more so, at seeing the great number of the clergy, bishops and archbishops included, who have disregarded the instructions of the Vatican both as to the service for the King and as to the prayer of the Queen.

It was as a kind of reprisal against the action of the patriotic clergy, that Cardinal Rampolla provoked the English address—England being Italy's best friend—but the indignation it aroused, both from the people and the clergy of Italy, seems to have more clearly shown how his anti-national policy is loathed in Italy, the would-be victims of the papal claim. Cardinal Rampolla has abruptly awakened the sleeping dog; it is barking now and it may bite hard to-morrow. The people of Italy have begun to take the matter in their hands. During the memorial services for the late King several disorders took place. On September 5, at Andria, the bishop of that locality put many difficulties in the way, but the local civic authorities insisted on having the memorial, and the bishop was compelled to yield, because, even a reactionary bishop sometimes cannot go against the declared will of the people, but Monsignore Staiti yielded with ill grace, both as to the admission of the national banners and as to the prayer of Queen Margherita. He himself conducted the service; but when the time for the absolution of the body came, the bishop, instead of going according to the ritual of the Church around the *catafalco*, stood behind the chancel so as to deny his blessing to it. The congregation noticed this, and as a body rose up and shouted: "Down with the Bishop!" "Long live the King of Italy!" Many persons dashed towards the altar, and the bishop ran away and shut himself in the vestry, where he was rescued by the police. Were it not for the intervention of the police, the populace would have done an act of summary justice. The bishop left the town the same day, and the police had his coat-of-arms taken away from the archway of his palace in order to avoid further disorder. The popular demonstration, however, was so strong and persevering, that it only calmed down when the news arrived that the Government had seized the bishop's ecclesiastical income and ordered the same to be distributed among the poor clergy. To better understand this, I must add, that a bishop is not fully invested in his office till he receives the *exequatur* from the Government. Without an *exequatur* no bishop can enter into possession of his income.

At the outset it was thought that the Bishop of Andria had acted thus to please the Vatican, but the *Osservatore Romano* of September 10 stated that Monsignor Staiti is the son of a faithful servant of the late King Bomba, and that he himself receives an emolument from the successor of that worthy king. Though I

pretend to know something of the subject I am now writing upon, I must confess that I did not know that there were among the bishops of Italy some who are still on the side of the Bourbons of Naples, and at the salary of the dethroned successor of the infamous King Bomba. Thus the question widens and deepens. The war of the Church is against the achievement of the glorious revolution of the middle of the nineteenth century. However, the prompt answer of the faithfuls to the reactionary and Bourbonic Bishop of Andria, will be a warning to many who would fain follow his footsteps. So far, no farther; thus can be synthetised the present state of the mind of the people, and they come to the conclusion they have gone far enough in their weak tolerance towards the reactionary clergy and the hostile wire-pullers of the Vatican.

In consequence of the events above commented upon the relationship between the Pope and the King is now anything but friendly, but the people is entirely with the State in upholding the rights of Italy against the pretensions of the Vatican and against foreign interference.

GIOVANNI DALLA VECCHIA.

THE NEW HUMANITARIANISM.

THE New Humanitarianism is not really new. It is as old as Christianity—nay older; but identity of principle does not exclude some changes in form and aspect. The greatest happiness principle, which lies at the basis of Humanitarianism, assumed its present form not very long ago, though when Moses laid down the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," he anticipated the essence of it: or if he only regarded the Israelites as "neighbours," the principle was at least involved in the subsequent command, "Do good unto all men." The principles which the New Humanitarianism inculcates have, in fact, been recognised by the highest authorities as fundamental principles in morals and religion for thousands of years past.

The greatest happiness principle—the religion of love—embraces the promotion of positive happiness as well as the prevention of misery. But the great English moralist, Bishop Butler, has called attention to the fact that we are in general much more able to prevent and to relieve misery than to promote positive happiness, and that we shall therefore probably effect more good by labouring chiefly in this latter direction. Humanitarians usually follow the path thus traced out for them by this great ecclesiastic. Their object is mainly to prevent and to relieve misery.

But are we to confine this office to the prevention of misery—pain—in human beings? Human beings are not the only animals susceptible of pleasure and pain. The lower animals often seem to feel acute pain, and it is often in the power of mankind to prevent or to relieve it. The legislature of this country has stepped in long since to protect domestic animals against wanton cruelty. Men who would indignantly repudiate the name of humanitarian have recognised the duty of putting animals hopelessly sick or injured "out of pain"; and Englishmen whose usual bias is anti-humanitarian have denounced the tortures of the Spanish bull-fight. There is nothing new in including all animals under the humanitarian system, and as the advance of science daily brings out more and more analogies between man and other animals, consistency requires this extension of the principle. Humanity towards other men is never, I think, to be found in a mind totally callous with regard to the sufferings of the lower animals, and if the combination occurred it would be an unnatural one—a real instance of morbid sentiment.

But what of the punishment of criminals? What of killing

animals in order to supply food or clothing or to prevent them from consuming the vegetable food on which we subsist? What of killing in self-defence? What of war? What, in short, of the numerous instances in which we intentionally cause pain or misery and are held blameless—nay, in which we are actually driven to cause it? It is in relation to such questions as these that the New Humanitarianism is supposed to come into conflict with the common sense of mankind, and that its advocates are denounced as morbid (or maudlin) sentimentalists.

Now it seems to me that the answer which Humanitarianism gives to these questions is very simple, though its application to the individual case may often be a matter of dispute, owing to the complexity of human or, indeed, of terrestrial affairs. The answer which an intelligent advocate of Humanitarianism would give is, *We should not cause pain or misery to any sentient creature without having some good object in view; and we ought to take care not to inflict more pain or misery than is necessary for the attainment of this good object.*

Take, for example, the simple case of a surgical operation. It usually causes pain and weakness, but it may restore health or prolong life, or give a respite from other pains from which the patient is suffering. It may also enable the operator to demonstrate something to his pupils.* The doctor should carefully weigh all these reasons, decide whether the benefits to be derived from the operation are more than sufficient to compensate the suffering, and if so to perform the operation in the least painful manner that is consistent with its success.

Then take the killing of an animal for food. The necessity of animal food can hardly be proved, since millions of men have lived many years in health and strength without it. But if we gave up animal food we should probably have to kill a great number of animals for a different purpose—viz., to protect our crops; while persons who have been meat-eaters for a number of years could not probably give up meat without injury to health. A humanitarian may come to the conclusion that the end to be gained by killing animals for food does not justify the pain involved in killing them (except when no other food is available), or he may come to the contrary conclusion. He may or may not become a vegetarian; but in both cases he will strongly oppose the infliction of any unnecessary pain in killing the animals or in preparing them for killing. This pain is not necessary for the attainment of the end in view; or if this end is not the production of wholesome and nutritious food, but the gratification of the palate of certain epicures, he will deny that this latter is a good end at all.

Take war. Few persons will deny that if we were invaded by a horde of savages, who sought to exterminate us, we would be justified

* Whether this last element should be considered is however open to question.

in repelling them by force. But between such a war of self-defence, and a war of unjustifiable aggression, there are a great number of intermediates. The only principle universally applicable seems to be that war should never be undertaken without a view to a good end, and that no more pain or suffering should be caused than is necessary in order to attain that end. Nearly all civilised nations have now adopted rules for the prevention of unnecessary suffering in war. How generally these rules are approved of is evidenced by the mutual accusations of violating them which are made by the opposite parties in almost every war; while the neglect of them by the Spaniards in Cuba may be regarded as the immediate cause of the loss of that island to Spain. It cannot of course be contended that both belligerents are really fighting for good objects, but they are often fighting for objects that seem to them to be good. To one party, for instance, it might well appear that the prevalence of the English race in South Africa was a good object, while to another the prevalence of the Dutch race seemed equally desirable; and a third party, overlooking these issues might form its opinion on the ground of treaties and diplomatic documents, the sanctity of which was regarded as of paramount importance. The danger of a Court of Arbitration taking this latter view is indeed one of the greatest difficulties in the way of substituting arbitration for the sword. If, for example, Russia was compelled to accept a humiliating treaty by a combination of forces since dissolved, was she to be bound by the terms of that treaty for all time? But though opinions will always differ as to whether a particular war was or was not justifiable, the principle that all unnecessary suffering should be avoided, even in the prosecution of the most just and necessary war, is becoming more firmly rooted every day, and will, ere long, be recognised universally.

But what perhaps raises the loudest outcry is the application of the same principle to criminals. Those who are supposed to pray every day "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," regard it as sickly sentimentalism to insist that no criminal should be punished without having a good object in view, and that no more pain or suffering should be inflicted on him than is necessary for the attainment of that object. The old maxim, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy," obtains far greater currency among professing Christians than the New Humanitarianism by which Christ superseded it. "Thou shalt not love the criminal," says the Christian of the present day, "thou shalt hate him. He is a scoundrel. He deserves all the punishment that can be inflicted on him. Flog him; lock him up for life; hang him; let him feel what he has caused others to feel! Mercy to him is morbid sentimentality. Let him have justice." I need not now pause to point out the utter inapplicability of these observations to cases in which the guilt of the prisoner is the point in dispute. Every

reasonable man will admit that efforts on behalf of an innocent man who has been wrongfully convicted, or of a person whose guilt is too gravely doubtful to justify the infliction of punishment, afford no evidence of maudlin sentimentality, or even of Humanitarianism in its full meaning—for in truth almost every one is more or less of a humanitarian, and the few who are not so are anything but popular characters. But when the guilt of the prisoner is in dispute, it is very convenient for certain reasoners (?) to *assume* that it has been established beyond doubt, and then to revile their opponents as maudlin sentimentalists, and almost as accessories to the alleged crime. I do not think, for example, that any one who advocated the cause of Mrs. Maybrick ever admitted that she murdered her husband, and doubts on that subject existed in the highest legal quarters, and even in the Home Office iself; yet the charges of morbid sentimentalism, of sympathising with a hardened murderess, &c., are still commonly made against those who take up her cause. These sweeping charges embrace the late Chief Justice of England, and the President and whole Cabinet of the United States. Probably if the unfortunate woman had been old and ugly she would have been released long ago; but even a Home Secretary dreads the charge of sentimentalism.

Suppose that I am a judge, and a prisoner is convicted before me of a crime for which I can impose either a sentence of seven years' penal servitude or one of three months' imprisonment, and I come to the conclusion that the man richly deserves the heavier sentence. But the imposition of that sentence would create an outcry and place popular feeling in antagonism to the administration of justice, and I am not satisfied that it would produce any better effect either on the prisoner or on any one else than would be produced by the lighter sentence. Am I under these circumstances to impose it merely because I think the prisoner deserves it? What object have I in treating everybody as he deserves? Many men deserve a good deal, but do not violate the law. Others violate the law but are almost driven to it by the circumstances. So far as ill-desert goes, the man in the witness-box may be worse than the man in the dock. My object should only be to carry out the law. The law forbids the doing of a certain act, and enables me to punish the doing of it in a manner which is left largely to my discretion. It says nothing about ill-desert. It only seeks to prevent the doing of certain acts. If I can effect that object better by adopting the milder punishment I am carrying out the law more effectually by adopting it, and it is therefore my duty to adopt it. This reasoning is quite independent of Humanitarianism. All that Humanitarianism adds to it is, Prefer the milder punishment if both are equally effectual, or if the increased efficacy of the heavier sentence is insufficient to balance the increased suffering which would be inflicted on the prisoner. Is there anything morbid, unreasonable, or

extravagant in this? Some people seem to take a delight in the sufferings of others—at least of those who, in their opinion, deserve them. Such a delight is, I think, a really morbid sentiment. It is not consonant either with reason or with Christianity. With others, again, the old *lex talionis* is still the great rule of justice. It is equally irrational and equally unchristian. Supposing that a person has committed a violent assault on two Christians, A and B. Both are bound to forgive the offence so far as relates to himself: and what could be more inconsistent than A forgiving the accused, but insisting that he should be punished for assaulting B; while B also forgives him, but insists that he shall be punished for assaulting A? The only consistent ground that either could take is, "I forgive him, but I think he ought to be punished for the protection of society." This is a valid ground, but requires the qualification, "And only so far as the protection of society requires." When this qualification is added, the principle of Humanitarianism is stated in its concrete form. But if you desire to punish any man further, or otherwise than the protection of society requires, you are not telling the truth when you allege that you are acting in the interests of society only. Society has no interest in the matter beyond its own protection.

Human affections are of two kinds, often described as benevolent and malevolent, though exception has been taken, not without reason, to the latter appellation. The former class of affections, as a rule, require to be cultivated and developed; the latter require to be curbed and disciplined. This has been maintained by great religious and moral teachers, and is the leading doctrine of the New Humanitarianism. But there are many persons—far too numerous at the present day—who seem to be of the contrary opinion, though they usually confine their expression of it to concrete cases; who regard it as the main duty of mankind to cultivate our malevolent and to suppress our benevolent affections, even the normal development of which they regard as morbid. And without bestowing any serious attention on the objects of penal legislation, they seem to assume that both the Legislature and the administrators of the law should aim at the gratification of their own exaggerated feelings of retaliation and revenge. The sooner this notion of retaliation and revenge is excluded from our criminal law, the better it will be for every one. In truth the State is bound to protect all its subjects. The criminal is a subject of the State as well as the man whom he has injured—indeed, the latter is sometimes a criminal, too. The State is as much bound to protect the criminal against excessive and vindictive punishment, as it is bound to protect other persons against the wrongful acts of the criminal. There have been instances in which, owing to the neglect of this consideration, the criminal has suffered a greater wrong than the man whom he injured. Protection for all—vindictiveness towards none—should be the watchword of the

State. Even if the pleasure which some people feel in retributive justice (as it is called) irrespective of any benefit to be derived from it, were an innocent pleasure, there is no reason why it should be provided for these people at the public expense—taxes being levied for the purpose on persons who strongly object to any punishment which is not necessary for the protection of society. The sole legitimate object of the criminal law is the prevention of crime. The punishment of criminals is only admissible as a means of effecting this object.

But if the principles of Humanitarianism are thus simple and reasonable—moral and religious—why is it that so much remains to be done, and that humanitarian leagues and other associations are required to urge forward and carry out the necessary reforms? Because there are so many antagonistic forces at work. With the exception of the malevolent affections, the abnormal development of which some people glory in instead of feeling ashamed of, these causes only conflict with Humanitarianism indirectly. If the sportsman on the one hand, and the cattle-drover and butcher on the other, sometimes treat animals with great cruelty, this is not the aim of either. If we could discover a race of foxes entirely insensible to pain, they would no doubt be preferred by huntsmen, and if the most painless mode of killing cattle and sheep were the cheapest (preliminaries included) they would almost always be killed in the most painless way. But in the former example greater humanity towards animals would interfere with the pleasures of sport, and in the latter with the gains of the butcher or the farmer; and when humanitarian considerations interfere with a man's pleasures or his profits, they are apt to be neglected notwithstanding his acknowledgment of them in other cases. He consoles himself with such reflections as "Well, if fox-hunting is cruel, I can't stop it. The Hunt Club will go on notwithstanding my withdrawal. Then why should I withdraw?" or, "Well, even if the cattle suffer unnecessary pain, my giving up the profession will not stop it, and I cannot afford to adopt a more humane course, which might reduce my profits to vanishing point." In all this there is much truth. Individual effort will seldom effect much. Hence the necessity of organisation and sometimes of legislation.

But perhaps the greatest difficulty that Humanitarianism has to contend with is settled habit, or what is the same thing in official departments—precedent and routine. It is difficult to convince men that what has gone on for a long time without any serious objection is cruel, immoral, and unchristian. "My father," the reasoner will say, "was an excellent man. He hunted and shot and fished, and nobody ever quarrelled with him for doing so. He would not have done it if he thought it cruel. There were hounds at the school where I was educated. The headmaster was a clergyman, and more pious than I am afraid I will ever be." Or a female objector will say, "My

mother was an excellent woman. She wore a sealskin cloak and birds' feathers in her hat as I do. She never troubled herself as to how the sealskin or the feathers were procured. Why should I? If I made myself singular by refusing to wear them, I might not thereby save the life of a single bird or a single seal." The official argues in the same way (though he may be more cautious in expressing his opinion): "True, there are grave doubts as to this man's guilt; but there were still graver doubts in the case of John Smith when Sir Gallio Dolittle, the then Home Secretary, refused to release him. Our practice now and then involves the infliction of suffering on the innocent. But it has worked well on the whole, and the public is satisfied with it. Why, after following it for more than a century without being accused of cruelty, should we change it now?" If the maxim "Whatever is, is right" is not openly avowed, it is often acted on—at least when it applies, not to a single fact but to a common practice. Men who profess to be ardent Christians, which faith implies that all Europe was wrong in its religious creed until less than two thousand years ago—who, moreover, fully accept the Reformation of the sixteenth century, which equally implies that all Europe was going astray when that movement originated—cannot be brought to admit that what the cultivated classes are doing every day without being rebuked by their moral and religious teachers can be wrong and cruel. Less than a century ago excellent men and women saw nothing wrong in slavery or even in the slave trade, or in hanging persons convicted of theft or forgery. Why? Because what was going on every day before their eyes, helped forward by many good men and women, could not be cruel, unchristian, or immoral. This slavery of custom and precedent has had more to do with keeping up cruel practices in civilised countries than perhaps all other causes put together. We are cruel in this or that respect because our ancestors were so—because we do not believe that our ancestors were cruel men, and because we have never looked into these practices and considered them on their own merits independent of precedent and authority. An active and extended organisation is always required to break through the tyranny of custom. "Everybody does it" is considered a sufficient defence of any course of action. There is more pleasure in scoring a hundred runs in a cricket match than in shooting a hundred pheasants or partridges; but as long as it is considered the proper thing for a large landowner to keep game and kill them, published arguments on the other side will receive little attention. It is necessary for humanitarians to challenge cruel customs—to band together to oppose them—and to endeavour to create a contrary custom by acting together in unison, and creating a public opinion on the opposite side.

One of the subjects which has been most fully discussed of late is that of flogging as a punishment for juvenile offenders. What is

most of the great public schools in England. But why does it prevail in these schools? Simply because it has done so from time immemorial. It cannot be described as the deliberate choice of the present race of schoolmasters, arrived at after a full consideration of the reasons on both sides. Schoolmasters are not indeed exempt from the tyranny of custom; but supposing that the headmaster of Eton proposed to abolish the birch, there would probably be an outcry among the parents and a withdrawal of many boys from the school. Flogging has been such a regular institution that a proposal to abolish it would be regarded in many quarters as revolutionary. The wrong thing could not have gone on so long unchecked. It cannot be cruel, because the masters who inflicted it were not cruel men, nor were the parents who assented to the infliction, and so on. We seldom see anything cruel, unjust, or degrading in what we are accustomed to and take part in, until the objections to it are forced upon our attention, and even then we are often disposed to defer the consideration of these objections to a more convenient season. Hence the importance of an organisation whose main function is to point out every case of cruelty that is involved in our present institutions, and to appeal to the public conscience for a remedy.

The malevolent affections of mankind were no doubt more strongly developed in the past than in the present. Mankind was almost in a state of habitual warfare, and these affections were sharpened by constant exercise—the development being increased by what is called the survival of the fittest, meaning the survival of those who in that state of society were most likely to survive. And still reversion to type exhibits itself in many quarters where we should not expect to meet it. The late Sir J. F. Stephen laid down as the principle underlying the Criminal Law that it is right to hate criminals, and he treated the punishments inflicted on them as modes of expressing this hatred. As a sarcasm on the English Criminal Law this statement, though too severe, would not have been entirely devoid of force, but the writer seemed to imagine that it was a true description of what the Criminal Law ought to be. This principle of vindictiveness, when combined with modern Utilitarianism, as has sometimes been done, lands us in very strange conclusions. It was the same writer, I think, who pointed out that the utility of punishment in any particular case did not depend on the actual guilt of the convict, but on the public belief in it. Whom then is it our duty to hate? The actual criminal, of whose guilt we cannot convince the public, or an innocent man, of whose guilt we have reasonable hopes of convincing them? And I do not know what the public would have thought if the judge had concluded a death sentence with the words, "I hate you; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul." But "men of light and leading" should take counsel, not of the past but of the future. Instead of reverting to an obsolete type, they should

endeavour to present all the leading features of a type that is still in the process of formation. It is one thing to admit moral and religious principles when stated in general terms. It is another thing to put them in practice in every day life. This is universally admitted in matters of a strictly personal character; but when we do not refer to individual conduct, but to some established practice, it requires line upon line, and precept upon precept, to bring home these principles to the public mind. "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of," was Christ's answer to those who desired an infliction of vindictive punishment. To how many persons might the same words be still applied!

To treat adequately of the subject would require a volume, and doubtless what I have written might have been better arranged. But in conclusion let me point out that general benevolence towards the human race involves neither hero worship nor favouritism, and that universal benevolence, extending to all animals, does not in the least imply the keeping of a certain number of pampered animal pets. No rational man would describe the Emperor Caligula as a humanitarian on account of his treatment of his horse Incitatus. Why then should a lady who feeds her favourite pug-dog with mutton-chops be treated as an exponent of humanitarianism? Was the Great Rameses a humane man because his favourite tame lion fought by his side in the battle-field? Murderers have, I believe, tamed rats and mice in their prison cells and been strongly attached to them. I should be sorry indeed to think that any humanitarian should be debarred from having special friends or special animal pets; but it is in the universality or, at least, the wide generality of the benevolent sentiment that his true characteristic is to be sought for. A misanthrope may be as fond of his dog as I am. Is that any reason why I should not be fond of my dog?

May I especially commend to the attention of my readers Bishop Butler's two sermons on Resentment and on The Forgiveness of Injuries? There never was a preacher who addressed himself more to the reason and less to the passions than the famous Bishop of Durham; and for this reason, joined with his carefulness not to overstate anything, his discourses are usually considered "dry" and have failed to command the attention from the general reader which they deserve. But there is hardly a line of them to which the (so-called) New Humanitarian could not give his unqualified approval. He could only regret that the worthy Bishop had for the most part left to others the concrete application of the principles which he laid down so ably. And for those who have not read these sermons I may add that he does not base his conclusions on Scriptural authority. He rather seeks to prove that the teachings of Christ on the subject are also the teachings of man's reason and his moral faculty. The man who, after reading these sermons, accuses the author of morbid

sentimentalism might bring the same charge against the compiler of a volume of mathematical tables. Over-indulgence in the malevolent affections is indeed one great source of crime. Banish vindictiveness from the world and crimes of violence would at once be reduced by at least one half—the remainder being chiefly committed for the sake of gain; and a legislator who encourages vindictiveness probably does more harm than any single criminal. He sows crime broadcast all over the country.

THOMAS STANLEY.

ON THE ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

IN order to judge of the merits or demerits of the infliction of the death penalty it will be necessary to examine it in all its aspects, to find out what may be said against it as well as what may be said in its favour. Capital punishment has now been in existence for centuries, and in England is generally supposed to conduce to the welfare of society. It may have served its purpose in the past; yet, as civilisation advances and our ideas of retribution change, it seems only just that the death penalty, in common with others now obsolete, should be replaced by more humane legislation. In favour of the change it may be instanced that men and women are not hanged for petty thefts in the present day; yet our property is far more secure than it was in the eighteenth century, when this practice commonly obtained in England.

Laws are made by man for his own security and convenience. When they cease to operate favourably they are no longer deterrent; in fact, their influence is often positively obstructive. True, it is said that without the gallows our lives would no longer be our own. That, however, is a mistaken idea, for the lowest type of criminal has no imagination and little sense of feeling; upon such a person, therefore, the fear of being hanged has no appreciable effect. Besides, a murderer trusts to luck; he does not expect to be found out, and, even if detected, he will invariably look for an acquittal. A judge once declared that a murderer had the best chance of a reprieve "if his crime were peculiarly atrocious; otherwise no one noticed it!"—an assertion which has been frequently verified.

Crime has not increased in those countries which have abolished the death penalty. On the contrary, it has considerably diminished. In order to prove this, we will examine the latest return of executions as reported by Mr. Tallack, of the Howard Association, who says that capital punishment was abolished in Switzerland in 1874. Five years later permission was given to the Cantons by the Federal Constitution to restore it. Nevertheless, the Chancellor of the Confederation informed Mr. Tallack in 1890 that, *in spite of* this permission, no execution had taken place since 1879.

Holland practically abolished the gallows in 1860, legally in 1870.

Her subsequent experience has been as favourable as in those countries which retain the death penalty, while, according to the latest statistics, murder, in proportion to the population, is diminishing.

In Portugal capital punishment has ceased *de facto* since 1843, *de jure* since 1867. Twenty years' imprisonment, not solitary, for murder has been substituted, thus holding out to the accused a hope of ultimate release. Under this system homicides are officially stated to have materially decreased. *Before* the abolition they were never less than 140 a year; they had even been as high as 220! In 1880 they were just *half* the number.

In Finland no execution has taken place since 1826, yet murders have not increased. In Belgium, too, executions are practically in disuse, although they are not actually abolished.

In the United States, in three or four of which the death penalty has been repealed, competent authorities state that conditions are better than elsewhere, most of the lynching taking place in those States which still retain the gallows. (*Official Statistics and Reports*, 1890.)

Italy is the only country in which the consequences following the abolition of capital punishment (in 1889) are not altogether satisfactory. Here there are said to be some thousands of convicts undergoing life imprisonment for murder—sentences which are never commuted. We must, however, remember that Italy is not as far advanced in the path of progress as the nations above mentioned. It would, therefore, be unfair to compare her with them.

Experience proves that the death penalty is not an important factor in the repression of crime. A brief review of its past history in England will enable us to realise this fact, and to congratulate ourselves upon the superiority of our present legislation as compared with that of our ancestors.

Criminal law was probably first introduced into this country by the Romans, whose dispensation was remarkable for justice tempered with mercy. During their rule legislation was at a higher level of humanity and good order than it has ever been in England, if we exclude the latter half of the nineteenth century. A prisoner under Roman law might have his case tried within a month, and postponement, if desired, could on no account extend beyond a year. By the laws of the twelve tables it appears that Roman punishments consisted mainly of death, fines, or money compensation, besides flogging and outlawry.

With the appearance of the northern barbarians and departure of the Romans, however, an entire change came. Sir James Stephen gives a realistic account of the penalties in vogue at that time. Besides death, fines, and flogging, mutilation was quite a common punishment, and men were branded on the forehead, whilst their hands, feet, and tongues were cut off. After the establishment of

the Danes still more horrible mutilations were enjoined by Canute, in order that "Christian men might not for too little be put to death, but rather to some gentle punishment" (Sir J. Stephen, *History of Criminal Law*). Eyes were now plucked out, nose, ears and the upper lip cut off, the scalp was often torn off, and men were even flayed alive! Such were the "gentle" punishments which were then in repute. Moreover, as Sir J. Stephen points out, in the early period of English history crimes were regarded as private wrongs, rather to be revenged than punished. Slaves incurred the penalty of death or mutilation for the most trifling offences, and all felonies, except petty larceny, were punished by the gallows. Under William the Conqueror capital punishment seems to have been abolished. It was, nevertheless, resumed shortly afterwards. The rich, however, might commute their punishment by the payment of a fine; for the Romish Church, by means of "Benefit of Clergy," claimed the sole right of judging its priests, which led to the exemption of a large class of persons from the operation of the law. Bracton, who wrote one of our earliest and best works on legislation, referring to Privilege of Clergy, says: "A clerk taken for the death of a man is, if claimed, to be delivered up to the ecclesiastical authorities to be kept in safe custody, either in the king's or bishop's prison, to make purgation." If degraded from his orders, he suffered no other punishment, as degradation was considered sufficient. This held good in the thirteenth century. Benefit of Clergy was afterwards extended to all who could read, in consequence of which, fearful abuses crept in. For the only sentence required from a prisoner was, "Miserere mei Deus," which any one could learn by heart (See Foster, p. 306). There were, however, two exceptions. Women, unless nuns, were excluded, as incapable of ordination, and also "bigami," or men who had married two wives or one widow. Thus, until 1487, when a few restrictions were placed upon Benefit of Clergy, any man who could read three words, and had neither married two wives nor one widow, might commit murder, theft, and other crimes as often as he pleased without punishment, save the chance of being committed to the bishop's prison!

Hence we see that legislation, when too severe, defeats its own ends, and prisoners who are often the most guilty escape punishment altogether. A few restrictions were put upon Benefit of Clergy in Henry VII.'s reign. These were gradually increased, but the abuse was not finally abolished until the reign of George IV.—some say later.

In the meantime the death penalty was carried out by means of hanging, burning, or the axe. During the reign of Henry VIII. boiling to death was made lawful for poisoning, while burning was the punishment for heresy and petty treason. In 1790, however,

hanging seems to have been substituted as the penalty for the latter offences.

It is almost impossible for us to realise the free use made of the scaffold until a very recent date, although murderers frequently escaped conviction, and the administration of justice was as capricious as it was cruel and arbitrary. Large numbers of persons were hanged in the time of Elizabeth, and, as Coke remarks, "Many offended on hope of pardon!" Sir J. Stephen quotes from the records of the assizes and quarter sessions at Exeter, in 1598, and points out that in the Calendar of that year seventy-four persons were sentenced to be hanged out of 387 who were tried in that town! "If," he says, "we allow for each of the forty counties an average of only twenty, this would give 800 persons hanged in the year in England" (See *History of Criminal Law*). Such numbers speak for themselves, when we remember, too, that the population of the whole country was then under 5,000,000! In 1761 no less than sixty-three people met their death upon the scaffold in London alone—the small London of those days! The celebrated Bow Street runner, Townsend, in evidence given in 1816 before a Parliamentary Committee, said that between 1781 and 1787, he had seen as many as twenty persons hanged at one execution, while on two occasions he saw forty hanged at once! John Howard published a table of executions for *murder only* which had taken place at the Old Bailey during the twenty-three years preceding 1771. This clearly shows that, in proportion to the population, there were then *sevenfold* more deaths by hanging than during the corresponding period in the following century! Such a terrible state of affairs could not last, and shortly afterwards we find the number of executions beginning to decline. For example, in 1805 only sixty-eight out of 350 persons were hanged, while in 1831 fifty-two (twelve being for murder) out of 160, met their death in this way. In 1837 capital punishment was abolished in most cases. The next point is to do away with it altogether and to substitute a term of imprisonment in its place. This is by no means a new idea, for the subject has been mooted again and again, only to be laid aside until a more convenient period. It is impossible to ignore the evil, yet nothing is accomplished, while recent executions prove more and more clearly the necessity for some change in the law.

The arguments in favour of the abolition of capital punishment are doubtless well known to our readers. Nevertheless, for the benefit of those who still cleave to the present system, we will sum up the conclusions on both sides.

First, in favour of the penalty, there is the old Biblical doctrine of "A life for a life." Why however should this Mosaic law be retained, when other laws of the old dispensation are recognised as inapplicable to modern needs?

Then, many imagine that if the death penalty were annulled, murders would increase and become rife in the land. "Do away with capital punishment," they say, "and our lives would at once be endangered." Yet, as we have already pointed out, murders have *not* increased in those countries in which a repeal has already taken place; on the contrary, they have rather diminished!

Our lives and property were remarkably insecure a century ago, when many petty crimes were punished by the gibbet. When we remember too the dangers which beset our forefathers from highwaymen alone, we cannot fail to realise the security we now enjoy, although robbers no longer perish upon the scaffold!

Finally, there is the disgrace incurred by execution—not only to the prisoner—but to the surviving relatives. To be led from one's cell and forcibly pinioned; to be suffocated by a cord and then left hanging; to be cut down and buried in a prison grave—form, it is declared, sufficient obstacles to the commission of many a foul crime. Compare these, however, with the arguments in favour of abolition. We shall find that the latter are both numerous and powerful, and that their advantages far outweigh those of the present system.

First, there is the *forcible* destruction of life, which by many is considered absolutely unjustifiable.

Then, the death penalty is *irrevocable*, and in several cases, victims have been afterwards proved innocent, *e.g.*, that of Wiggins, in 1867; those of Hayes and Stone in 1873, &c. &c. An ancestor of Lord Rosebery was once executed by mistake—Sir Archibald Primrose, of Dunipace, in 1746, when a reprieve arrived just half an hour too late. His pathetic last words are still preserved by the family. Such an instance is too horrible to contemplate; for it is better to err upon the side of mercy than to take the life of one innocent person. On the other hand, we must make allowance for the natural humanity of juries, who will frequently hesitate to convict, when the prisoner is guilty. Mistakes of this kind are a real danger to the State, for the offender is then set at liberty, and is consequently encouraged to commit fresh crimes of an equally atrocious character.

Murders are frequently perpetrated during a sudden fit of passion, jealousy, or drunkenness. Such crimes, although bad enough, do not deserve to be as severely punished as those which have been premeditated, or planned in cold blood. Besides, there is the difficulty of determining the exact degree of responsibility or sanity of the prisoner at the time when the offence was perpetrated. For we scarcely realise how many criminal acts are caused by weakness, nervous hysteria, and inherited tendencies. Féré declares that "vice, crime, and madness, are only distinguished from one another by social prejudices," while Lombroso says that "born criminals are

nothing but a subdivision of degenerates." The question of insanity is a most difficult and complicated one. Judge and jury may never have investigated the subject; yet, in order to be perfectly just, they, as well as the doctors, should be thoroughly conversant with it. It is hard enough for a physician to draw the line between vice and mental disease. How then can a judge and jury—totally ignorant in this respect—decide upon such an important matter? "It would be a good thing," says Dr. Forbes Winslow, "for courts of justice to direct their attention to the proof generally of diseased manifestations of the intellect and feelings. For monomaniacs may be rational on all matters, yet be subject to momentary delusions on one point." Partial insanity has been defined in a variety of ways by Lords Hale and Coke, but the law does not recognise insanity as long as the intellectual faculties are sound. Yet there are many moral maniacs, in whom a sudden impulse to destroy often exists. Under favourable circumstances this tendency may remain dormant. Therefore, until a person exhibits some slight mental incoherence or hallucination, the law will regard him as perfectly sane.

Dr. Winslow gives examples of people who have committed crimes while in a state of somnambulism, and also between sleeping and waking.

The capability of distinguishing between right and wrong is no test of sanity, for a person may be able to do this, and yet labour under some form of madness. Insanity may be simulated, although people who are undoubtedly deranged deny their insanity. "In a real criminal," says Dr. Winslow, "there is always some motive of *personal* interest by which the moral cause of his crime may be known." In his little pamphlet, "Eccentricities of Youth Leading to Crime," the doctor insists upon the importance, in training children, of avoiding every stimulus to cruelty. Training in vice was nevertheless systematic at the beginning of the nineteenth century, children of twelve years old and upwards being hanged for petty crimes. In 1816, when the population of London was under one and a half millions, there were in the London prisons *alone* 3000 inmates under twenty years of age—half of these being under seventeen—some only *nine or ten;* and 1000 of these children were convicted of felony! Owing to the establishment of reformatories and industrial schools for juvenile offenders, these figures have been greatly diminished. More schools and reformatories are, however, needed, and above all, more efficient training for the young. Mental disorder is frequently present in childhood, yet often escapes notice.

Monsieur Pierre de Boismont—a French authority—states, that out of forty-two persons in whom mental disease had begun between the ages of fourteen and sixteen years, eighteen had inherited it from their parents! The symptoms were sadness, added to an ungovernable temper, with inability to apply themselves; some would not submit to rule, while

talent—if existing—would flare up brilliantly for a moment, and then die out. The incapacity for action, extreme emotionalism, and semi-lucid thought of the mental degenerate, are referred to again and again by Nordau in his famous work upon the subject. Such persons—from no fault of their own—eccentric, uncontrolled, half-crazed, and half-educated, often commit crimes for the mere love of notoriety. If they become homicides they must pay the penalty—but only in England! Other countries have long since ignored such a cruel and illogical interpretation, when the plea of insanity in criminals has been questioned. Cases of that kind may be legally received in asylums, in France, Belgium and Luxemburg. Here, there is too much tendency to discharge patients as harmless who are in fact dangerously mad. Murder and other offences frequently follow such errors in judgment.

The publicity given to crime in the Press has much to answer for in this country. For criminals work in bands, and imitation is one of the most noticeable traits in the weak-minded. Add to this, the insufficiency and uncertainty of punishments: for there is no doubt whatever that that punishment will deter best which is most certain of execution. Possibly if the death penalty were *as certain* as prolonged imprisonment, its effect might be more salutary. We know, however, that the execution of this penalty varies in a most marvellous manner. In Great Britain alone, recent statistics showed that only 25 per cent. of convictions for capital punishment resulted from trial; and further, that nearly half of these were finally followed by commutation. Consequently it seems only reasonable that the death sentence should be abolished once and for all. For, whatever may be affirmed to the contrary, there is practically an unwritten law, which sometimes spares and sometimes kills. Hitherto the plea of sex has almost invariably been sufficient to save women who have destroyed their illegitimate children from the gallows. Hundreds of such crimes were committed during the nineteenth century; yet, as a correspondent in one of our papers recently pointed out, only three women suffered the extreme penalty of the law! The rest were sent to penal servitude for life.

Could there be a clearer demonstration as to the futility of capital punishment? Surely a term of imprisonment might be substituted which would then be *certain*, yet *not* irrevocable. For, however terrible the crime, a criminal who is imprisoned for life can no longer harm his, or her, fellow creatures. Moreover, as long as there is any doubt of his guilt, the error, if error it be, would at least lie on the side of mercy. And, when all is said, would there be *no* gain in releasing our nation from the awful responsibility of shedding innocent blood?

We pride ourselves upon our civilisation—yet the more civilised a race becomes, the more curative should be its ideas of punishment.

We have no desire to revenge ourselves upon the criminal; our object is to prevent a repetition of the crime. But that we shall never effect until our measures tend to prevention rather than cure. Reform of our prison system, more active exercise, and technical instruction are required. A good precedent was started by Miss Honor Morton, whose lectures upon health and hygiene to the female inmates of Wormwood Scrubbs, have already proved of great benefit.

The latest theory as to the reformation of criminals, as our readers may imagine, comes from America. The head of the House of Correction in Chicago is reported to have expressed his belief in the civilising influence of rose-culture for prisoners. He is confident "that the occupation of tending the flowers will soften the spirit of even the most hardened of women." The upper classes of Chicago have promised to patronise prison-grown roses. The flowers may also be sent to market.

Trades should be more generally taught in our gaols, in order that prisoners, when released from confinement, may not be without a means of livelihood. Such efforts might be largely extended, and could not fail to produce some diminution in crime. And, finally, premeditated and unpremeditated offences should have different degrees of punishment. Sir E. Du Cane says that after six years the deterrent effects of penal servitude diminish, the prisoner having become used to his position. We might have two years' imprisonment as the minimum and twenty-five as the maximum for all but the most heinous crimes. There ought, however, to be less solitary confinement, for habits of unhealthy self-brooding thrive in solitude and gradually enfeeble a man's mind.

MARK DRAYTON.

THE MYTHS OF GREECE.[1]

THE present generation has little or no knowledge of a curious book published many years ago (in 1857), "The Two Babylons," by the Rev. A. Hislop, a minister of the Scottish Free Church.

According to this writer all the symbology, and most of the doctrines, of the Papal Church, were copied direct from the old pagan religious systems. His book is a monument of industry, showing wide research and a keen eye for resemblances; but his orthodoxy and prejudices prevented him from seeing the logical result of his inquiries. It is quite true that all, or almost all, of the symbology, and nearly all the doctrines of the Papal Church, were derived from more ancient systems; but the increased knowledge of to-day has revealed more than this, for it would be difficult to point to a single one of such doctrines that has not had a like origin! The decipherment of Sanskrit and of the Hieroglyphic and Cuneiform writings, have discovered to us that nations existing, and even decaying, thousands of years before the Hebrews appeared on the scene, had religious cults and symbolism almost identical with those that still flourish in our midst. Mr. Hislop said that other nations had travestied the Hebrew religion; but we now know that it was the contrary way about—the Hebrews adopted the cosmogony and legends of those nations, and made them their own.

This knowledge has taught us that no supposed peculiarly Christian doctrine is such in reality: the Atonement, and the earthly birth of a god, and future punishment for sin, even the resurrection of the body through the merits of such earth-born and sacrificed god, were all taught by the Egyptians ages before Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees. And the Golden Rule was enunciated on the banks of the Ganges, in distant China, and by the sages of Greece, hundreds of years before the commencement of our era.

In a recent article Dr. Palmer has traced the Cherubim to a Chaldee origin; and, referring to Professor Budde's previous recognition of the meteorological character of the Hebrew tribal god, finds a similar meaning in the cherubims who guarded that god's ark. In fact, he derives their names from the four winds; but he fails to see that Ezekiel's cherubims were really the four Zodiacal quarter-sign animals—Bull, Lion, (Water-) Man, and Eagle, the latter taking the place of the Scorpion, as in some ancient Zodiacs. The

[1] *Myths of Greece.* By George St. Clair. London. Williams & Norgate.

god's throne is at the North Pole. With this interpretation of Ezekiel i., showing how very mythological the Hebrews were at the time of the Captivity, we are the more surprised, and pleased to find the prophet rising to the higher ethics of his eighteenth chapter.

When we find that parts of the Egyptian Book of the Dead date from 5000 B.C., that Sargon's tablet was inscribed about 4000 B.C., and in the *Myths of Greece* that this classic country was at the same time in possession of a cult, we recognise that the Hebrews are nowhere so far as genuine antiquity is concerned. While the Akkadian penitential psalms, and the pious sentiments of the Egyptian Ritual, prove conclusively that God did *not* leave Himself without a witness in the millenniums before Abraham and his descendants, the Hebrews. And then, when we further examine the Hebrew writings, and find such conduct ascribed to Jehovah, as is related in Joshua xi. 9, 2 Chron. xviii. 22, Ezekiel iv. 12, and scores of other passages, we begin to ask whether any supernatural revelation was ever made.

And this question assumes the more importance when we discover in those very old religious cults the doctrines alluded to above. It would seem as if a revelation had been made to many nations, or else that no revelation at all had been vouchsafed. The latter theory is to be preferred, for we cannot reconcile such stories as those of the creator of the universe dining with one patriarch, wrestling all night with another, drowning a world's inhabitants and its innocent animals, &c., with those lofty ideas which are now indissolubly connected with Deity. Evolution has been the plane on which man's moral and spiritual, as well as physical, nature has developed; and his conceptions of the great energy behind phenomena have been the result of a similar process. Nor must we smile at the follies and the ignorance of past conceptions, for it is unquestionable that the energy behind evolution *has chosen its path for it*, or it would not have followed such a path!

But the study of the various stages of that evolution is not only allowable, but it is imperative if we are to understand man's position in the universe, and progress can only be made by eliminating what is proved to be erroneous and false, and by utilising the experience gained in such research as a help to further upward climbing. Now this suggested study at once carries us into the domain of mythology; for this is the term by which we designate the cosmological and theological systems of the Ancients. Those who have read the Egyptian Ritual, the Chaldee Tablets, and the Aryan Vedas have been surprised at the wealth of imagination, the extraordinary stories of the gods, and the wonderful adventures in which both gods and men are said to have taken part. We are not the first to be so struck with amazement. Confining ourselves to the Greek

mythology, this being perhaps the best known, we find Theogenes, in the sixth century B.C., trying to explain them on allegorical grounds. Another Greek, Euhemerus (about 316 B.C.), said that the so-called gods were only human heroes magnified and perhaps deified. The Middle Ages left the stories alone; for all intents and purposes they were lost sight of for a thousand years. Latin scholasticism did not concern itself about them; and though Dante brought Vergil conspicuously forward, it is not probable that Vergil's poem was read and a second-hand acquaintance made with great myths. Indeed, Vergil was scarcely aught else than a sorcerer and magician for the Italians of that time. Perhaps Bacon was the first, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, to draw public attention in England to the tales embedded in the great classics. He was "inclined to imagine that, under some of the ancient fictions, lay couched certain mysteries and allegories, even from their first invention." But no real mythological school undertook a serious investigation of myth till Sir William Jones made us familiar with some of the Aryan Vedic hymns. The epic poems of India—the Mahabharata and the Ramayana—are of late date, though they doubtless enshrine many a myth from countless centuries previous. The Upanishads and the Puranâs, and the Brahmanas, are also fairly late; but the Sanhitas of the four Vedas take us back to prehistoric Aryan times. The sun and stars, the dawn and the storm, are there personified; they are gods, and worship is offered them. These hymns bear such an impress of simple life and manners that scholars were attracted to them, thinking to find in them the first imaginings of the actual human mind.

A supposed explanation of them suggested a similar treatment of the Greek myths, and in time other schools arose, giving other explanations of those old-world stories. Some ascribed to them a purely astronomical origin; some re-exhumed the ideas of Euhemerus; the naturalists described them as poetic descriptions of phenomena (Orpheus was the wind, &c.); the Philologists or Linguists, of whom Max Müller was the chief, said they were a "disease of language"; while the Folk-lorists, or Anthropologists as they prefer to be called, are almost Literalists—saying that "the bull-manifestation and swan-manifestation of Zeus were both a literal bull and swan, and Callisto was once a literal bear. The folk-tales are stuff of the kind out of which the classical and other mythologies grew." Nothing could be wider of the mark! And when we note the disputes between members of the same school (between Frazer and Andrew Lang, for instance), we see that a solution of the problem from that quarter is hopeless.

Meantime the Egyptian Ritual was not only translated, but it was deeply studied by a clever mythologist, who was convinced all previous schools were floundering in the dark. Although the

stories are in a dreadful tangle, and seemed to be almost hopelessly mixed, he noticed that no explanation was satisfactory that represented the sun-god, under his scores of names, as merely the sun-god. In some myths, under one name, he was associated with certain deities and in other myths, under other names, with other deities. Satisfied that, originally, computation of time and a correct calendar must have been at the bottom of it all, and having ascertained the exact meaning of the god's titles (Harmachis, Horus on the horizon, &c.), he was able to explain fully some of the stories. Knowing that the true length of the year could not have been arrived at by any knowledge possessed by the most ancient Egyptians, and knowing, too, that the year's length has been taken as from 354 days to 365 days, he saw that the new year's day must run all through the seasons, *or else* intercalary days or weeks were inserted. This gave him a clue, and he made the important discovery that the Great Sed Festival—a *bête noir* of Egyptologists—was nothing else than an intercalary month inserted at the end of the 120th year. The whole thing was plain, though it required a vast amount of patience to unravel the mixed multitudes of stories. The results were given in *Creation Records*, published in 1898. Unfortunately the theory was so new, it seemed so unlikely, so opposed to all previous theories and conclusions, that it did not meet with the attention it deserved. Feeling sure that he was on the right track at last, Mr. St. Clair applied the same method to the myths of Greece, judging that if his theory explained the Egyptian myths it would also explain the myths of other nations. And in the present writer's opinion he was correct. These two volumes mark an era (as *Creation Records* should have done) in mythological stories. Be his explanations right or wrong they must be reckoned with by the various schools. Either these latter are altogether wrong in their conclusions or Mr. St. Clair's theory is at fault. To show it to be at fault will be a rather difficult task! We have for so long been taught to regard Hercules (or Heracles; the myth is said to have reached Greece from Akkadia through the Chaldees and Phœnicians) as the sun-god struggling through the Zodiacal signs, that we are startled to read that this idea "is really too simple, and quite erroneous." We are introduced to him in quite another character—as connected with a reform in the calendar. For intercalary days were not a purely Egyptian invention; they were used in Greece in prehistoric times, as indeed might have been guessed from some remarks of Hesiod and other Greek writers, had not the trail been hitherto on the wrong scent. In short, Mr. St. Clair argues that "the secret of Greece is an allegory of astronomy and the calendar; the facts and phenomena of the heavens were the basis of the religious system." Under those allegories there *did* lay "couched certain mysteries," but they were not mysteries to

those who wrote them; they were plain enough, but primitive man had not risen to the concept of an abstract, and so thought in things—hence the symbolism. It is impossible to think that the daughters of Danaus murdered all their husbands; no "literal" theory will explain this, and certainly no philological or anthropological theory will. Burial was so sacred an institution among the Greeks that we cannot believe an Antigone was ever immured alive because she cherished an institution that was of peculiar force among her people. And the geographical difficulties of Jason's famous voyage are not overcome by "such stuff" as folk-tales are composed of. There *must* be something very much deeper than this underlying that classic lore. And if we meet with a theory that brings harmony out of chaos, and shows the great "myths are related to one another as parts of a living system," instead of being separate and independent stories, we may rely upon it that light is at last being thrown on what has been an enigma for some thousands of years. It is becoming clearly recognised that "out of the ancient mythologies were developed the great faiths of the world—Egyptian, Babylonian, Hebrew." This adds enormously to the interest of their study; though we can scarcely share our author's anticipation that "the subject will yet be taught in theological seminaries"—certainly not under their present presidents!

Controversy is certain to rage round these volumes; the "schools" cannot rest under the more than doubt that is thrown on their teachings. But it may at least be asked, as the preface asks, that "the book be judged by those who have first *read* it; and that no critic shall condemn the work, and confess in the same breath that he does not understand astronomy."

In *Creation Records* Mr. St. Clair announced for the first time the discovery that certain of the Egyptian divinities were personifications not only of the intercalary weeks and months, but of the odd six hours which complete the year of 365 days. It is a remarkable coincidence, almost proving very early intercourse between the two countries, that the same thing is found in Greece. But in the latter country the confusion seems to have been less confounded, and approximate dates can be fixed for many of the changes in calendar reckoning. There were naturally rival calendars, some towns still swearing by Cronus and his lunar year, while others affirmed by Zeus with his solar year. But all these, it seems, can be brought into harmony; their rivalries are described in myths, and the solution of the difficulties can be discerned. The story of Zeus and Hera is an exceptionally interesting one, and I propose to follow it and show how Mr. St. Clair makes the various deities fall into their proper places. Uranus was the stellar god—men watched for the return of the constellations to their places of the former years. Precession threw out their reckon-

ing; the process was slow, about twenty minutes a year, but it was sure, and it also brought new stars into view and lost sight of old ones. Uranus was deposed, and Cronus his son reigned in his stead with a lunar year. But twelve months of thirty days each was even shorter than the stellar year, and as this could not last long intercalaries were used; but no complete month in four or five or six years would meet the case, for a lunar month is really less then thirty days, so Cronus was given up in exchange for Zeus and his solar year. The mutilation of Cronus meant nothing else than the mutilation of the year, and Mr. St. Clair argues that the sickle, with which the mutilation was said to be performed, was only the crescent new moon. The solar year could be fairly ascertained by means of gnomons or temple avenues, and the result these would give would be 365 days. These were convenient reckoners for other purposes, for the solstices and equinoxes could be obtained by their means. But the odd six hours were bound to tell at some time; in four years the new year's day would have slipped back one day in the season, so in 120 years a whole month's difference would be shown. In 360 years the vernal equinox festivities would fall at mid-winter, for Precession was and is ever at work. This was the Sothic cycle. The "Seven against Thebes" is merely a symbolical record of the dispute between the Argives and the Thebans respecting the calendar and the solstitial or equinoctial signs. But to return to Zeus and Hera, remembering "that the common people were instructed by symbol and dramatic ceremony," and also that though the solar year was truer than the lunar, it was not so true as the stellar! Considerations lead us to believe that the first Sothic cycle observed by the Greeks was in 4244 B.C., and was symbolised as the marriage of Zeus with Metis at the vernal equinox in Taurus. Cronus had but a short reign of about 192 years, the lunar reckoning having probably been adopted in 4436 B.C. But Zeus had several wives in succession, for Precession carried the Taurus sign through several other stations—thus it was symbolised. In time Taurus got to be the sign of the summer solstice; the omitted six hours had become a serious matter, and it was symbolised as the mysterious gestation of Athena. In 3514 B.C. Zeus was removed to the summer solstice, and in 2782 B.C. he married Hera; that is, the odd hours were recognised, and Hera was the goddess of the intercalaries (probably fifteen days every sixtieth year—symbolised by the wooden figures of the Dædala), which kept the vernal festival in its proper place. It was not known at first how many hours were lost, but the three Horae personified them; this was not found sufficient, and the three Charites personified the remainder. The myths tell us of frequent disagreements between Zeus and Hera; these naturally happened as the new year's day slipped back, but every sixtieth year their differences were adjusted—the intercalary put

things right—and harmony existed once more on Olympus. In fact, the intercalary of fifteen days at these periods, with the Dædalian festivals, are positive proof that the Greeks then knew the year was 365¼ days in length.

Aphrodite (Venus) was a sister to Zeus, and owed her existence to the mutilation of her father Uranus. As Uranus was stellar Aphrodite was also stellar, and was really the goddess of the Dog-star and the Sothic cycle. But we must not further follow these curious tales and their ingenious solution, time would indeed fail were we to do so. The chapter on "The Work of the Sickle" deals with the Giants, Furies, Fates, Horae, Aphrodite, Venus and Adonis, Ares and the Boar, Cybele and Atys, the Corybantes, Curetes, Dactyli, and Telchines, and there are twenty-five such chapters!

I have alluded to the Sed Festival, and to Mr. St. Clair's discovery of its origin and meaning. In a recent Proceeding of the Society of Biblical Archæology, Professor Leblein has a paper on the heliacal rising of Sirius, on the sixteenth of Pharmuti—the eighth month of the year. But the Sothic cycle starts with the heliacal rising of Sirius on the first of Thoth—the first month; thus in the time of Usertesen III. the new year's day had travelled backwards through four months and a half of the Egyptian year! The reason probably was that the intercalary month (the Great Sed Festival) had been omitted, either from forgetfulness or because of a suggested inconvenience. That this was done is proved by the historical mention of five heliacal risings of Sirius (Sothis): two in Thoth; two in Epiphi (the eleventh month); and one in Pharmuti. This view is confirmed by Naville, who found a record of a Pasht (or Sed) festival lasting for four months—the length of the intercalation that had become necessary on account of previous non-observances. Mr. St. Clair says the Calydonian Hunt was nothing else than the representation of a similar neglect in Greece!

W. A. Leonard.

MORBID ACTORS.

ALTHOUGH in the history of the stage there can unhappily be found too many instances of both obscure and famous actors who have been morbid beings in private life, suffering from hypochondria, nervous depression, or pronounced megalomania, it is not so often in the past that actors are found who exhibited morbidness in the actual practice of their art, by which, I mean, either a predilection for impersonating unnatural, degenerate types of character, or a pronounced tendency to render any part they undertook in a manner totally opposed to the intention of the author, or to the outlines of the part as indicated in the text.

A morbid actor, who is a powerful artist with a strong will, and a distinct personality can carry an audience away with him even in opposition to their cherished ideals; just as a rhetorical orator sometimes succeeds in demolishing (temporarily) the most settled convictions, political or otherwise, of his auditors. Within the last twenty-five years this has been proved by actors who did not even *look* the characters they so successfully (in the financial sense) portrayed.

About thirty years ago, a gentleman named Allerton, exploited himself at the Lyceum theatre in a variety of Shakespearean and other *rôles*. I never saw his performances. But the critics wrote of him with such unanimity of dispraise and half contemptuous patronage, that I concluded he must have been either a very morbid actor or a very incompetent one.

Since that time, however, nothing has struck me more forcibly on our English stage than the rapid degeneration of our actors, and I use the term advisedly, both in the physical and mental sense.

There has arisen not only physiological decay but intellectual attenuation.

Actors with a fine physique and a ringing voice are becoming rarer and rarer; also actors who can conceive a part in a bold and vigorous spirit.

However much colloquialism in speech and lounging deportment may be suitable to the languid after-life of these days of hurry, confusion and feverish excitement, the acting of plays which depict life in times of strength and leisure, demand, not rant and bombast, but sonorous voices, dignity of carriage, weight of bearing: measured, controlled force.

In a recent criticism of one of our popular latter day *Stars* I find the following telling sentence: "Much that is eccentric has, we know, a charm of its own and especially when united to a self-assertive manner can often compel from the unthinking the amazed fanaticism which it audaciously claims as its due."

It is just to the irrational enthusiasm of unthinking playgoers that much of the degeneration of modern acting is due. One of the great modern philosophers wrote: "*Not* to go to the theatre is like attempting to dress oneself without the aid of a mirror." Patrons of the theatre in these days, however, regard dramatic and musical art rather in the light of mere pastime than as a *rational* amusement. The result is that anything *novel*, bizarre, eccentric, is accepted as if it were something clever and enlightening. It is forgotten that it is possible for decidedly insane persons to present us with effects which are bizarre and novel.

Criticism has frequently to refrain from attacking artists of this type too brusquely, not only from fear of the law of libel, but from a natural delicacy about depriving such perverted talent of its means of livelihood. Really, audiences only can criticise effectually, but audiences that have no standards of comparison to guide them are incapable of a critical attitude. This is where the loss of all dramatic traditions, the destruction of any school of art, is felt to be a disaster.

Unless there be established companies of actors and a *living* classic drama, by which, I mean, a certain number of plays which are generally recognised as excellent, there can be no foundation upon which to rest a sound critical judgment.

All amateurs of music recognise that Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Rossini, Gounod, Tschaikowsky, reveal in their music a certain excellence which cannot be bettered, unless it be surpassed in formal beauty and directness of effect. A singer or instrumentalist who takes liberties with musical text is at once recognised as a charlatan.

Playgoers, however, are not students of Shakespeare, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Lytton, Gilbert, or Pinero in the same way that amateurs of music are students of the great composers.

Consequently we find actors, who are sufficiently audacious, are able to garble the text of plays and wrest a dramatist's characters from their normal aspect into such complexion as shall suit their own abnormalities. This is, of course, possible, because the art of the actor is more physical than intellectual; pictorial rather than psychological.

No man, or woman, can be an effective *actor* unless gifted with a powerful imagination. No tutoring or drilling can ever make an artist out of material that is incapable of cerebral excitement. People who go on the stage merely to represent a character in their

own person are not actors, but those who are defective, even in elocution or deportment, may make an effective, though inaccurate, performance if they have *enthusiasm* and are once able to control their excitement within due bounds. With an actor, it is not a question of actually feeling the emotions he portrays, it is the capability of "visioning" how some other person would act under given circumstances. An actor who has no mental vision of his part will never give anything but a parrot-like performance however carefully he may be "coached" and instructed by author or stage-manager. An actor need not be in actual sympathy with a part to portray it well; on the contrary he may secretly loathe the character he is impersonating; in fact, I believe, a real actor plays a part best that is in exact opposition to his own temperament notwithstanding that he must be able physically to look the character. The late John Clarke's two most powerful impersonations were Quilp and "Sairey" Gamp: the man himself was so totally different both in bearing, temperament and mental refinement from these characters that one wondered how he could enact such parts till one saw him do it. Some time since a clergyman with the usual glibness of his class, in talking about matters of which they know nothing, publicly announced from the pulpit that an actor to play a villain must have a villainous nature, or words to that effect.

It would not be difficult to prove that the *best* stage villains have been men of an exceptionally mild and inoffensive type in reality; their success in portraying criminals has simply arisen from their power of contemplating such characters quite objectively.

A really bad-natured man might, if he were also an actor, play a criminal type with immense gusto and force; but I maintain that it would be a morbid performance, and that, moreover, all the characters he impersonated would be played in the same way.

Morbid actors, or actresses, are those who cannot escape from the tyranny of their own temperament. There is, however, great monotony in their work, and at last they become hard and mechanical.

Actresses of the "weepy" type often prove this fact. There are ladies on the stage who pride themselves upon wringing tears from the audience; it will often be found, however, that they are far from imaginative (women, as a rule, are quick-witted rather than truly imaginative), they therefore frequently become mannered, in fact get merely a *crying habit* on the stage. They resemble those bad French actors who get all their effects by "explosions," gestures and attitudes.

The late Walter Montgomery, who was reputed a fine *Hamlet*, was supposed to be temperamentally suited to the part, and after he died by his own hand, some one published a booklet called, *Was Hamlet Mad?* to try and prove that he played *Hamlet* so well because his temperament was suited to the character. Needless to say three

fallacies were involved in this line of argument. First, suicide is not necessarily a resultant from insanity. Secondly, there is no clear indication in the play that Hamlet was really mad or that he only assumed madness, Shakespeare, in arranging the piece from two previously existing dramas, merely seeking to produce a series of effective scenes for acting. Thirdly, a mad actor would not necessarily give a more effective performance of a mad character than a sane one.

Nothing proves how much morbidity has caught hold of our present generation of actors than the charm they seem to find in taking the gloomiest view of every character they enact, everything is pitched in the minor key. I have seen a well-known and popular artist playing Captain Absolute and Charles Surface as if these rollicking heroes had been educated by a process of persistent pessimism. Much of the tameness of all our theatrical performances is undoubtedly due to this vein of depression which enters into everything. It is only in the variety theatres that one finds any sense of the affirmation of life. But it is not only an absence of joyousness which one finds in modern acting, but an absence of strength, and an almost entire elimination of real passion, unless it be in the depiction of something malign, sinister, horrible, such as Coupeau in *Drink*, Jagon in *The Grip of Iron*, or the two fighting harlots in *Woman and Wine*.

Music-drama is tainted also in the same way; our singers have succumbed to what Nietesche, in his indictment of Wagner aptly describes as *Senta*—sentimentality, the constant assertion of abnegation, self-sacrifice, altruism as opposed to healthy egoism and individualism.

The philosophic case against pronounced altruism is that it cannot be sincere; insincerity and vulgarity are the defects of most of our present-time art. Morbidness in actual life, or in art, is always insincere, unless the motivation of morbid acts or expressions proceed from an unhealthy, depressed, diseased, organism. Most of our modern acting is insincere, hence it is tame and fails to convince or move the spectator. Of course all art is *seeming*, but it need not be *false* seeming. The essence of all classic art is that it is verisimilitude to ascending life, not verisimilitude to debasement and decay; hence the vitalising effect of classic art as compared to the deadening, indeed maddening, effect of much so-called realistic art of to-day. Nietesche's wonderful parallel between the music-dramas of Wagner and Bizet's opera *Carmen* is a real instance of the blight that rests upon modern stage art, and he rightly lays the blame upon the morbid egoism of the actor. He speaks of Wagner as the actor-musician. Adopting a parallel comparison for drama, not to overweight the argument I will compare such a play as *The Lady of Lyons* with *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. However bombastic Claude Melnotte may be in his language there is nothing morbid in his character. He fights his difficulties, he does not shirk suffering, he

redeems his own errors, conquers the love of a woman who scorns him, and gains for himself a name and position that none can take from him. In *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* we have a woman who has every chance given her to amend her life and assert the character she undoubtedly possesses, and yet who weakly submits to circumstances, frets, pules and rages, and finally goes down in weak suicide in obedience to a sham-morality. Now the actors of thirty years ago who played Claude Melnotte rendered the character heroically, accepting the strong side of his nature; but modern actors who attempt this *rôle* make him a maudlin, posturing, self-centred dreamer who bewails his fate before he seeks to rectify it. The last vigorous actor I remember was John Clayton. I saw him play De Mauprat in *Richelieu* with Phelps, Charles Rennell, Herbert Standing, George Barratt, Rose Leclercq and Louisa Gourlay. What a performance that was, how stirring and bracing—chivalrous in bearing, ringing in voice, strong in action. And Phelps as Richelieu, what a strong complex performance every aspect of the many-sided cardinal carefully delineated—not special stress laid upon the bitter, sarcastic side of his character, or upon his senile weaknesses. Phelps was an actor who tried to get all he could out of his author, who grappled with every difficulty in a part and conquered it. Such acting is interesting, it fills the scene; costumes and scenery are but a background. In the present-day theatre we get only luxury and enervation. If the theatre is ever to regain the ground won from it by the music-hall, our actors must quickly get rid of this drawling, languid method, and the hopeless, gloomy pessimism, which hangs like a pall over them. William Terriss seems to have been the last of our "bracing" actors. What we require now is a few young artists who can infuse vitality and passion into some of the leading characters of our standard drama, and so prove that acting is an affirmation of the joy of life, *not* the morbid insistence on phases of temperament typical of decadent nature.

ALLAN LAIDLAW.

WHAT ARE IMMORAL PLAYS?

IN a recent number of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW Mr. Allan Laidlaw asked this question, and proceeded to answer it in an original, if entirely inadequate, manner. With many of his preliminary dicta little fault can be found. He defines morality, for example, as "the attainment of human happiness, the gaining of the greatest good for the greatest number." The definition of an immoral play as "one which has a debasing, depressing, or perverting influence upon the majority of those listening to it and witnessing it," although inaccurate, is not one with which we are disposed to quarrel. It is when Mr. Laidlaw propounds his main thesis that he becomes involved in a tissue of absurdities and contradictions, though here, it may be observed that Mr. Laidlaw's style is so diffuse that it is difficult at times to catch the trend of his argument, or allow the appositeness of his illustrations.

What, then, is Mr. Laidlaw's thesis? To answer that question let us hark back a little. Some years ago a Mr. Archdall Reid wrote a book entitled *The Present Evolution of Man*, in which were a number of curious and interesting speculations as to the nature of heredity. Mr. Archdall Reid's conclusions were, at least, sensational. He pointed out that all excess or debasement was the result of weakness," *i e.*, the lack of power "*Not* to react immediately upon a stimulus"—the lack of resisting power. How was this power developed in nature? By natural selection and the elimination of the unfit. To take an illustration. Those individuals in any given community, who are unable to resist successfully the attacks of any given microbe of disease, are gradually eliminated, and fall out of the race; while those who can and do successfully resist survive *with an increased power of resistance*, and so there is slowly evolved a generation which is completely immune from that particular disease. Mr. Reid instanced the case of small-pox, once such a scourge, now comparatively little feared in civilised societies, although in this case evolution has been helped by artificial means. He then turns to alcohol. Postulating a natural necessity for stimulants, Mr. Reid points out that savage races, when brought into contact for the first time with alcohol, die out with alarming rapidity, because they have no resisting power. Civilised societies, on the other hand, accustomed to alcohol for generations, have developed a certain power of

resistance, and are therefore little harmed (comparatively) by the poison; and the longer a society has been accustomed to alcohol the less drunken does that society become, because the greater is its power of resistance. Thus Mr. Reid, and the hypothesis is at least interesting. But when he proceeds to deduce from it the alarming conclusion that temperance societies are all wrong, that it is criminal to stop people drinking, that the only way to become temperate is to give way to drink and so develop (in our descendants) a resisting power, that, in short, "a nation must become thoroughly drunk before it can become thoroughly sober," then we must be pardoned for declining to adopt a view so amazing and so repugnant to experience and common sense. Need we say, in criticism, that Mr. Reid's fundamental postulate of a natural necessity for stimulants is eminently arguable; or that, even granting his postulate, all civilised communities habitually thwart nature's rough-and-ready methods of elimination, or rather improve upon the natural process of evolution by stamping out exciting causes, by religion, by education, and in a hundred other different ways?

But Mr. Reid's hypothesis is quite good enough for Mr. Laidlaw to appropriate and apply to the complex and difficult case of art and morals. The "resisting-power theory," he seems to say, undoubtedly applies to small-pox; why should it not apply to stage plays? The connection is not quite clear, but we can dimly see what Mr. Laidlaw's idea is. When he says that "morbid and debasing plays are, after all, only immoral according to the use or abuse of those who witness them, just as alcohol is to those who use or abuse it, they are even useful as an agent for the elimination of the unfit, for it is only by resisting such influences that higher natures can be evolved," he means one of two things: either (1) that a play is neither moral nor immoral, but simply unmoral; or (2) that an immoral play may and does subserve a useful purpose—viz., that of strengthening the resisting power of the (morally) fit and eliminating the (morally) unfit—and therefore should not be condemned or suppressed.

Now if Mr. Laidlaw means (1), we are prepared to meet him with a direct negative. Of course, we cannot predicate of a play, a picture, or a piece of music, that it is *per se* moral or immoral any more than we can dub it, as one of Mr. Zangwill's characters says, "lunar or calendar." That, however, is quibbling with words, and we will do Mr. Laidlaw the justice of thinking that such was not his intention. But when a picture, a play, or a piece of music exercises, or is calculated to exercise, a debasing and degrading effect upon those who look or listen, as the case may be, then we are justified in calling that picture, play, or piece of music, by a figure of speech, immoral. That seems the kind of thing we should explain to a child; and yet we have Mr. Laidlaw saying gravely

that "plays are only immoral according to the use or abuse of those who witness them," no doubt lest we should imagine that a play locked up in the escritoire of its author had an appreciable effect upon the morals of the community, or that an improper picture hung where nobody could possibly see it was a prolific cause of sin! But, really, it is hardly worth while to labour this point. Mr. Laidlaw says "an immoral play is one which has a debasing, &c., influence" upon the majority of the audience. "Morbid and debasing plays," he concludes (evidently forgetting his definition), "are only immoral according to the use or abuse of those who witness them." In other words, we get back to our truism that immoral plays are those which produce an immoral effect upon the audience. "Unmorality" in stage plays, as in all art, is impossible, because an effect of some kind must be produced upon "the majority of the audience" (critics, of course, excepted). All of which seems perfectly obvious, and would hardly have needed saying, had Mr. Laidlaw taken the trouble to express himself clearly.

But, in all probability, what Mr. Laidlaw means is that a play which is immoral, according to our ordinary standards, may and does subserve a useful purpose, viz., the strengthening of the resisting power of some, the morally fit, and the elimination of others, the morally unfit. "We should not seek to stop the consumption of alcohol," cries Mr. Reid; "rather should we urge every one to drink, so that the weaklings may die off and the strong remain." "Do not suppress immoral plays," echoes Mr. Laidlaw, "let them remain in order to teach the people to be virtuous. Bring your wives and sons and daughters to witness these plays. If they give way subsequently to immorality it is greatly to be deplored; but it only shows that they are unfit and must be eliminated. You can never be thoroughly sober until you have become thoroughly drunken; and you can never be thoroughly moral until you have become thoroughly immoral."

Thus Mr. Laidlaw, with that fine scorn of the individual displayed by the man of science gone amok. With his eye fixed upon the nature which is "careless of the single life," he forgets the higher nature, which is civilised mankind. He forgets, indeed, that man is part of nature, and that his methods and processes must be taken into consideration in any scheme of evolution just as much as the methods and processes displayed by the life of, say, a primeval forest. All civilisation is a scheme to defeat the cruelty of nature. In the lower creation, we have only "the struggle for life" on the part of the individual; in man, we have the "struggle for the life of others," which is the product of centuries of development. In a hundred different ways we seek to defeat the crude and clumsy process of nature known as the "elimination of the unfit." The physically and morally weak are protected by all the resources of

civilisation, by all the laws and institutions which differentiate the civilised man from the savage. In fine, that stage of evolution when every man's hand was against his neighbour, and the weakest went to the wall, is quite extinct. The same thing applies, in a more or less modified form, to the sphere of morals. We have long since passed the barbaric stage, when a code of morality was, so to say, hammered out by the painful experience of mankind. We do not teach children and young people to be virtuous by casting them adrift amidst immoral surroundings, and allowing them to sink or swim. On the contrary, we endeavour to remove the immoral surroundings as far as possible, and teach goodness and the divine virtue of self-control. But Mr. Laidlaw will have none of it. He would cast us back to the barbaric era. He would allow immoral plays to be acted, and (no doubt) immoral books to be printed and circulated, and other incitements to vice to flourish, merely for the purpose of developing resisting power and eliminating the unfit. The weak point of the argument (besides its anachronism) is that under such a state of things most of us would be eliminated, and the nation would die out as others have done, through sheer loss of moral fibre. Unfortunately for Mr. Laidlaw the facts are against him. Those who are exposed to vice from their earliest days do not become, as a rule, virtuous, but vicious; and those who are shielded from immoral influences, as a rule, remain moral in presence of temptation. Mr. Laidlaw's sneer at "valetudinarian virtue" thus loses point; and, as a nation, we shall, no doubt, go on inculcating self-control, and condemning vice and immorality wherever displayed, in spite of the well-meant advice of quasi-scientists.

So much for Mr. Laidlaw; and perhaps we have spent too much time over his fantastic theory. There remains the question with which we started: "What are immoral plays?" We agree that the drama (with a slight qualification to be mentioned afterwards) must be put upon the same level, and have the same rules of conduct applied to it, as every other kind of art. We have already stated that we do not accept the "unmoral" view of art. You cannot dissociate art from ethics. However impersonal and colourless an artist may consider his work to be, it will yet have its effect for good or evil upon those who look upon it, because it is the artist's "criticism of life," and gives us life from a particular point of view. That being so, the necessity for sound notions on the subject becomes apparent. But it must be remembered that this controversy as to what is an immoral play is different from the wider controversy as to what is "good" art and what is "bad" art. "Good" art may possibly be bad morals, although of that we have the gravest suspicions, and "bad" art may assuredly be, and very often is, good morals. The question, therefore, we have to settle is, not when is a drama technically good art, or bad art, but when is a drama

immoral, which is a different thing, although, as we have said, the immorality or otherwise of a drama may be an important factor in deciding its value as art.

"An immoral play," says the definition we have already accepted, "is one which has a debasing, depressing, or perverting influence on the majority of those witnessing it," and this definition answers the question as to who should be the judges of the morality of a play. It is the public, or rather that portion of the public—no small one—which, in the main, is rightly able to appreciate the probable effect of a play upon the morals of an audience. To this extent dramatic art must be "coerced by the Podsnaps." Critics, indeed, may object, because critics, like geniuses, are not to be bound by ordinary rules of morality, but demand a moral law unto themselves. But plays are not produced for gentlemen who occupy free stalls in the interests of the newspapers; they are produced for the delectation of the average man who pays for his seat, and therefore the average man has every right to protest where he considers that a play offends his moral sense. A play, to repeat, is immoral when it exercises, or is calculated to exercise, a debasing effect upon the average spectator, judged according to the ordinary moral standard of the community at any given time. It may be immoral in two ways: (1) in its tendency and teaching; and (2) in subject and treatment.

The subtlest and most dangerous kind of immorality is where a play teaches a lesson, directly or indirectly, which is repugnant to the moral sense of the community. Too many modern plays, indeed, are of this type. Excellent as to workmanship, brilliant as to dialogue, free from grossness of the coarser kind, they are yet essentially and indubitably immoral. They deal largely with breaches of the Seventh Commandment. A rake is depicted as rather an estimable character than otherwise, whose conversion is effected in the last act by marriage with a pure and innocent girl; adultery is an ordinary incident of life; London society, with all its heartlessness and vice, is held up as the normal type of civilised existence, and although, it may be said, that it is so displayed for purposes of satire, the satire is often not at all apparent to the pit and gallery. Those plays must be stamped as immoral because the inference to be drawn from them is that adultery is a venial offence. But it may be said, "What then, is the dramatist not to paint life as he sees it? He sees society permeated with vice, is he not to show it in its true colours? He sees sin go unpunished; is he to falsify his experience and depict the sinner as always suffering for his sin?" That question may be answered in various ways. In the first place, it may be said that the dramatist does not paint ordinary, healthy life, but an unimportant and diseased section of life—to wit, London society—which is hardly worth painting, and, further, holds it up as a normal type to those who are incapable of

judging its worthlessness for themselves. In the second place, it may be affirmed that even where a dramatist does come honestly to the conclusion that certain of our fundamental moral ideas are wrong, there is no reason why he should be allowed to air his views upon the stage, and possibly corrupt innocent listeners. But the best answer, in one's own opinion, is that the more a dramatist tends to immorality in his teaching "the less artist he." We cannot, of course, go into this question as to what is good or bad art. Suffice it to say that the true artist sees deeper than common men; recognises (what the world fails to recognise) that escape from retribution is only seeming

> Raro antecedentem scelestum
> Deseruit pede Poena claudo,

marshals causes and effects, and shows them in their proper relation; and thus vindicates the working of eternal law. So let a man boast of having written an immoral play, but let him say as little as possible about his artistry. We hear too much of this cant and snivel of art. People do not go to see a play like "The gay Lord Quex" for its art; they go because—blink it as much as you choose—they enjoy its impropriety and suggestiveness. Plays of this kind are written for the stalls, and no doubt the authors have their reward in the imbecile approval given to their work by those who frequent that part of the house.

But a play may be correct as to its "moral"—vice may be duly punished and virtue rewarded—and yet the subject may be treated in such a manner as to bring the play within the immoral class. Acts and scenes may be introduced which are full of grossness; the dialogue may be studded with double meanings; and although the curtain may drop upon an ending which satisfies the proprieties, as a whole the play is debasing, and therefore immoral. This is a very common type of play, and most right-minded people will and do agree in condemning it. Even a play like "The Sign of the Cross" with its sham religionism, sham sentiment, and grossness of handling, can hardly escape the stigma of immorality, despite the opinion of many worthy souls. We get on more debateable ground, however, when we push the argument further. The stage, we hold, is not the place for the discussion of any and every kind of subject. It is not so for two reasons: one (which is not germane to our present argument) that the natural limitations of the drama prohibit any *satisfactory* discussion of knotty problems; the other that the theatre is attended by an enormous number of people who are not fit to assist in a discussion of that kind, and are likely to be influenced in a wrong direction, because they are incapable of weighing for themselves the pros and cons of the question treated by the dramatist. Therefore we go so far as to say that a play,

honest in intention and reticent in treatment, may often do incalculable harm to those witnessing it, because of their immaturity and inexperience. It is absurd to thresh out sexual problems before school-girls; it is worse than absurd, it is harmful, but it is certainly absurd. We heard of a young lady, who, after seeing the second act of Mr. Barrie's play, "The Wedding Guest," sighed pathetically, and said, she "hoped it would end nicely." Where on earth is the utility of discussing problems on the stage before people whose only hope is that the play will "end nicely?" Besides, the *maxima reverentia* principle is a good one, although modern dramatists and writers do not seem to think so. A good deal of ridicule has been cast upon the "young person," but the fact remains that much harm is done by neglecting to consider the moral welfare of the "young person." We are far from saying that there should not be "a free play of mind on all subjects," but we say that the stage is not the place for that free play of mind. "Women with pasts" are, no doubt, interesting, and it is right that their position in the social economy should be considered and discussed, but not before an audience of school-girls and nursery-maids. It may be objected that this unduly limits the dramatic art. Perhaps it does. Perhaps the true remedy would be to have theatres for young persons, and theatres for "grown-ups"; but we have to consider things as they are, and it cannot be denied that the minds of the young are often led into channels which are harmful by seeing plays that deal with subjects and characters of which young people are best left in ignorance.

The conclusion of the matter is that plays may be immoral, that is, exercise a debasing effect upon the audience, either by their tendency and teaching, or by grossness of treatment and presentation. There is also a class of plays—problem plays—which might very well be allowed to die out, because they exercise a pernicious effect on the young and immature. In any case, the average playwright knows what vice is and what virtue is. He knows when a play is moral and when it is immoral. And he would do well to remember that Dr. Johnson's admonition not to "confuse vice and virtue" applies equally to those who write plays as to those who see them performed.

S. P. KERR.

INDEPENDENT SECTION.

[*Under the above title a limited portion of* THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW *is occasionally set apart for the reception of Articles which contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it advocates. The object is to facilitate the expression of opinion by writers of high mental power and culture, who, while they are zealous friends of freedom and progress, yet differ widely on special points of great practical concern, both from the Editor and from each other.*]

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

THIS is an age of unexpected remedies; we cure disease of the liver with cold water, consumption with cold air, and perhaps we should not be surprised to meet a proposal to cure famines, all over India, by a Permanent Settlement such as that which grateful Bengal owes to Lord Cornwallis. For my part, I am only surprised that the new remedy should be advocated in a Liberal Review. Lord Cornwallis' famous settlement was a deliberate denationalisation of the land of the State. It was intended to convert corrupt and rapacious farmers of revenue into landlords on the English, or (shall I say?) on the Irish model. Lord Cornwallis "proposed to bestow upon the Zemindars of Bengal" (the contractors who collected the revenue from the cultivators and tenant holders), "the property of the soil, and to fix the revenue to be derived from it in perpetuity, as *far as the demand of Government was concerned.* The only reservation was in favour of the cultivators, who were to be protected by leases, but were not thereby defended from increase of demand." . . . "A vast amount of information had been collected as to the status of the hereditary farmers of revenue, and the terms of their agreements with the actual cultivators." But in 1793, when the grant of Bengal to the company was still new, its officers had no experience of the system of temporary settlements which the great Emperor Akbar had reduced to a system, now better understood and still applied by our administrators in other provinces than Bengal. "Mr. Shore, to whose abilities Lord Cornwallis owed his knowledge of detail, opposed a permanent settlement very strenuously; but the question being referred for the decision of the Home Government, which approved of the perpetual settlement, the measure was finally proclaimed in Bengal on March 22, 1793. Although it relieved present apprehensions, and certainly inspired confidence, it is very

doubtful whether the advantages have in any degree counterbalanced the disadvantages which proceeded from this measure. It established a local aristocracy" (of ex-farmers and publicans!) "and created immense private wealth" (by denationalising the land and making a present of it to the Zemindars!). "On the other hand, *it depressed the cultivators to an extent hardly realisable.*" In other words, it introduced a *régime* of reckless rack-renting. No steps were taken to ensure that the favour shown to the Zemindars should be handed on by them to the cultivators. Lord Cornwallis created a body of landlords whose practice so closely reproduced the worst precedents of Ireland that some twenty years ago the Government of Bengal was driven to imitate the Irish land legislation of Mr. Gladstone, and to check illegal exactions of rent by the Bengal Rent Act, so far as such practices can be controlled in a country like India by mere enactments. What Lord Cornwallis wantonly gave away may be judged from a single instance. In 1793 the great and fertile pergunnah of Khalisjuri, in the district of Mymensing, was a vast sheet of water, dotted by sparse islands, on which lived a few fishermen. The "assets" (to use the technical term of Indian settlements) were scanty, and the whole of the pergunnah was settled for a quitrent of a few hundred rupees. During the hundred years that have since passed by, the river Kangsha has been pouring millions of tons of silt into this pergunnah, which is now one of the most thickly populated and prosperous rice-growing tracts in Bengal. The Zemindars, their heirs, assigns and *creditors*, have grown rich on an enormous unearned increment. The cultivators have not benefited, and the State has endured a serious loss.

That there have been no famines in permanently settled Bengal would seem to show that no rack-renting, however oppressive, can bring about scarcity where the soil is rich and the rainfall copious and regular. At first sight it would seem, therefore, that a permanent settlement in regions where the soil is thin and poor and the rainfall uncertain, is not a very promising cure for famines which are admittedly due, in the first place, to the failure of the monsoon and to consequent drought.

Yet Mr. Romesh Chandra Dutta has proposed and E.C. in the columns of this REVIEW has supported a scheme to extend Lord Cornwallis' settlement to the Central Provinces and to Bombay. Let me, very briefly, recapitulate the arguments by which this remedy is justified. Mr. Dutta begins by saying that "the cultivators of Bengal are more resourceful and better able to help themselves in years of bad harvest than cultivators in other parts of India," *i.e.*, in parts of India which do not share Lord Cornwallis' boon of private landlords. Since 1793, it is said "there has been no famine in the permanently settled districts of Bengal causing loss of life." Now here is a very palpable *ignoratio veri*. Let me, before I consider

the rest of Mr. Dutta's argument, ask him (1) How many famines causing loss of life occurred in Bengal *before* 1793? (2) How many such famines have occurred under British rule in Assam and Burmah, both of them temporarily settled provinces? Mr. Dutta prefers to ignore temporarily settled provinces the physical and climatic features of which resemble those of his native province. He prefers to contrast with the happy state of Bengal "the picture of desolation and constantly recurring famine in the central *and other*" (which other?) "provinces, where the Government demand is often 33⅓ per cent. of the gross produce, or ranging from 60 per cent. even up to 100 per cent. of the rental."

Now, this sounds very terrible at first sight. It reminds one of the magistrate who telegraphed to a horror-stricken government that 50 per cent. of the Europeans of a certain station had succumbed to cholera. The European inhabitants of that station comprised himself and one other official! Where the Government demand is 100 per cent. of the rental, it obviously *is* the rental, *i.e.*, the cultivator holds directly from the State, and pays his rent (yes, the whole 100 per cent. of it) to his landlord, the Government! But that is not all. Has Mr. Dutta forgotten that a revenue which may legally be enhanced may legally be remitted? How much revenue does Mr. Dutta suppose the Government of India has collected from the Central Provinces during the last two years; how much is it likely to collect during the coming harvest? The Government has spent money lavishly in saving life and in feeding its tenants. Would the Zemindars under a permanent settlement have done the like? Temporary suspensions of rent they would, no doubt, have been forced to make. But would they have entirely remitted their claim? I am content to leave the answer to Mr. Dutta, who has administered districts where the relations of landlord and tenant form the chief pre-occupation of the authorities.

But an ounce of fact is worth pounds of probability. Though Mr. Dutta's argument omits to show it, the whole of Bengal is not permanently settled. About half of the rich and prosperous maritime district of Chittagong is still the property of the State and is held by the cultivators on temporary leases from the State. In the autumn of 1897, when an unusually good harvest was ripening for the sickle, a disastrous cyclone, followed by a tidal wave, devasted some forty miles of the coast, drowned over 30,000 human beings, swept away villages, cattle and crops, and left the survivors absolutely destitute. The Government was prompt in supplying aid; gratuitous food, clothing, medicine were at once sent to the tract laid waste by the storm. If any one has the requisite linguistic knowledge and would like to read a Bengali's account of what was done for the people of Chittagong in 1897, let him procure *Bhanumati*, an admirable little novel written by the well-known

poet, Navin Chandra Sen, himself a landowner in the district of Chittagong. But not only was gratuitous aid extended to the sufferers. Large sums were advanced by the Government to its tenants for the purchase of seed-grain and cattle. More than this, the rents for not less than three years were absolutely remitted. Encouraged by the liberality of the Government, the holders of permanently settled tenures under Lord Cornwallis' Regulation applied for the remission of *their* dues. They had forgotten, it seems, that the Regulation fixed the rents for ever, and supplied no machinery for remission. In fact, the object of a permanent settlement is to obviate vexatious inquiries, vexatious to the tenants, perhaps, but certainly troublesome to the administration. It was found that the permanently settled revenue could not legally be remitted or even suspended, and in due course, *it was paid.* This practical instance may show that the Government was unduly generous to its own tenants. But it hardly shows that a permanent settlement on the lines of Lord Cornwallis' famous regulation is suited for tracts where the crops are subject to destruction by drought or other accidents of season.

In fact, it is only possible to collect without remission or enhancement the very lightly assessed but fixed revenue of Bengal, because, in Bengal, as in Assam and Burmah, the rainfall is constant and copious, and the newly formed deltaic soil is extremely rich. In countries where the crops are uncertain, the revenue must be uncertain also, and the settlements must necessarily be temporary and varying. I need not here go into the difficult and technical question whether, in good years, $33\frac{1}{3}$ of the gross produce is an excessive charge. It is sufficient to say in passing, that it is considerably smaller than the share levied by native governments in days when means of transport and consequently markets for produce were few. In districts where the prosperity of the cultivators depends, as in Egypt, in the Punjab, in parts of Madras and Bombay, on expensive State irrigation it is impossible to make a fixed charge. Bengal fortunately needs no irrigation, and the only public works required for the protection of the crops are the comparatively inexpensive embankments which fence in the great rivers of the delta.

Let it be remembered that in India a benevolent autocracy can successfully attempt administrative tasks which are still impossible in this democratic land. In India, the land and the forests, outside Bengal, have been nationalised for the public benefit. There is always the risk that the State may prove a harsher landlord than the private owner of land. But that is a matter which in India at least, need not form the subject of *a priori* argument.

The circumstances which led to the passing of the Bengal Rent Law are well known, and may be read of in many authoritative

publications. On the other hand, the records of Indian temporary settlements are among the most interesting and instructive products of official literature. Mr. Dutta has been a collector in Bengal districts, and has no doubt settled islands and accretions to which Lord Cornwallis' well-meant but unfortunate experiment does not apply. In provinces where the land is entirely the property of the State, settlements are not left to the ordinary district authorities. The settlement department in each province, under a specially selected director of Land Records, is composed of picked men, European and native, and submits its reports directly to Government. No branch of Indian administration is so exacting in its demands on the intelligence, the patience, the discretion, the tact, the sympathy of its officers. No man need hope to be a successful settlement officer who is not intimately acquainted with the language, the crops, the soil, the social and economic state of his province. The operations of the settlement department are the result of many centuries of experience, of European science grafted on the immemorial custom of indigenous administrators. The demand for revenue is instantly adjusted to the circumstances of the tenants of Government, and is not arbitrarily fixed as in Lord Cornwallis' settlement. That it is never assessed at too high a figure, no settlement officer will say. But the assessee has an instant redress. He can claim revision, he can appeal. Even after the assessment is completed he can at any time contest proceedings instituted to compel him to pay. In each case, there will be careful and searching inquiry. Under a permanent settlement no such inquiry is allowed, or is, indeed, possible. When an estate falls into arrears, it is, without inquiry, put up to public auction. From the proceeds of the sale, the revenue is deducted, and the remainder is paid over to the defaulter.

I will now admit that the reader is entitled to ask how Mr. Romesh Chandra Dutta came to urge permanent settlements as a panacea for famines. Of Mr. Romesh Chandra Dutta I wish to speak with all possible respect. He is the first native of Bengal who has attained to a high executive post under the British rule. In his native language he has written a deservedly popular trilogy of novels. In English, he has compiled a too little known history of Bengali literature, and has skilfully popularised the great Sanscrit epics. He is certainly not a man whose opinion can be safely neglected. I will not even hint that, as a member of the landholding class in Bengal, he shares their natural prejudices in favour of a *régime* under which they, if not their tenants, have been prosperous. I will merely say that Mr. Dutta's experience, like that of all administrators of Bengal, has been confined to a state of things which does not exist in the famine-stricken parts of India. Nay, more, the one defect of all Bengal officers is that the Bengal

system of administration does not bring them into intimate contact with the cultivators. The revenue is paid to them by landholders, the disputes between landholders and cultivators are settled by the petty civil courts which are scattered broadcast over Bengal. If Bengal were subject to failures of crops such disputes would quickly reach a crucial stage and would, as infallibly as in Ireland, lead to the intervention of the administrative authorities.

I have already shown that temporary settlements do not lead to famine in Burmah and Assam; I have explained that temporary settlements, in famine-stricken areas, admit of immediate suspension or remission of revenue; I have shown that the necessarily harsh methods of a permanent settlement would be cruelly oppressive in areas where the rainfall is uncertain and scanty, the soil impoverished, and the crops, even in good years, not so rich as those of the deltas of the Ganges and the Irrawaddy. I have lived all my life among the people of India, I sympathise heartily in their troubles; I would gladly find in the denationalisation of the land, or in any other remedy, however heroic, a cure for their troubles. But not in that direction lies help for the overcrowded masses, more than ever overcrowded now that British administration has removed the check on population provided by the incessant warfare and unalleviated famines of former times.

Is there then no remedy? I can only turn once more to the parallel of Ireland, and note with some satisfaction that the people of India are beginning to show a tendency to migrate. The conservatism, the immobility of the Indian peasant are proverbial. But India is now covered with a network of railways, the broad rivers are furrowed by many steamers, and these means of travel grow daily more popular. The waste places of Assam and Burmah are gradually (very gradually, alas) occupied by immigrants from India. The clearing of waste land in the tropics is an exhausting and unhealthy task even for indigenous labourers. But when all the available land is taken up, no choice remains. Natives of India now travel to Singapore and to South Africa, to Mauritius and Queensland, and return with full pockets. When the growth of population presses too heavily on the culturable soil, migration, as our own experience shows, is the only remedy in an agricultural country. Another remedy lies in the larger use of local and imported capital in manufacturing and mining. No one who has studied Indian problems can have failed to notice the growth of manufactures and mines. Much in this direction remains to be done. The old village industries are decaying, the new wholesale manufactures have perhaps not entirely taken their place. But Cawnpore and Bombay have become great manufacturing centres, and the steamers and railways afford employment to thousands of natives of India. The problem is a difficult one, and in times of

plague and famine, Lord Curzon and his advisers must have anxious hours. It is fortunately not likely that they will cut the Gordian knot of their perplexities by introducing, on Mr. Dutta's well-meant recommendation, a Procrustean settlement, which, on the one hand, will throw away all unearned increment in the progressive provinces, and on the other will allow no remissions in those places, which unhappily for rulers and ruled alike, are subject to unforeseen and incalculable disasters like the famine of which we have not yet seen the end.

Time was, in the early years of the last century, when the Government of India dreamed a dream like that of Pharaoh. In Patna city stands a huge unsightly dome, empty and echoing, one of many granaries for the storage of rice, which, with this exception, were never built. Experience has shown that the Government can best help the people, not by interfering with the course of private trade, but by improving communications.

The present famine is remarkable for the fact that the surplus of the rice of Burmah, which in former years went by steamer from Rangoon to Europe and America, is now spread by railway over India. That rice was grown, not by the tenants of the Bengal landlords, but by the cultivators of temporarily settled Burmah. In other words, Burmah has become, not merely as a matter of administration, but commercially, a part of India. The total stock of the food of India has been enormously increased. It will be further increased when Indian immigrants find their way into the rich wastelands of Assam. Burmah and Assam have taken the place of the *golahs* and granaries of which the Indian Government dreamed in the early years of the nineteenth century. The change is one which Lord Cornwallis could not have anticipated.

The pressure of the population on the land is almost everywhere excessive. The standard of living is low. But except among the landlord class, it is almost as low in Bengal as in poorer tracts, lower far than in Assam and Burmah. That is a matter for which no system of revenue assessment is responsible.

All over the world, the days of *laisser aller* are past, and Lord Cornwallis' famous settlement was essentially a doctrinaire piece of *laisser aller*. In those days Bengal was practically our sole eastern possession, and the famine-stricken parts of India were still under native rule. Nowadays the business of administration is infinitely more complicated and difficult. In discussing settlements and assessments I have purposely avoided technical terms and have refrained from minute analysis of administrative problems. I will only ask in conclusion, on what basis Mr. Dutta would fix his permanent settlements of famine-stricken districts? Would he take the assets of bad years, which are nil, and collect no revenue at all? Would he accept an average rate, which in years of distress would

drive the cultivators still further than is now the case into the hands of money-lenders? I will give him credit for the best intentions and for the utmost honesty. But since it is obviously not temporary settlements which make the difference between the unvarying prosperity of Assam and Burmah and the too frequent destitution of the Central Provinces, I would ask him to consider in what the difference consists and how it can be remedied. If he can devise a workable remedy he will have done signal service to his native land and will have earned the gratitude of his fellow countrymen.

J. D. Anderson.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

FRANCE may boast of having given to the world during the last century three of the most brilliant historians and philosophers of our time—Renan, Michelet, and Taine. Of the three perhaps Taine's the least popular, and the reason probably is that he had less imagination and fire than the other two. On the other hand he was more calm and solid, and had no little affinity with the German and English schools of thought. The work he did as an historian, a philosopher, and critic is invaluable, and is marked by elevated aims and a conscientious determination to find and express the truth. The study of Taine's philosophy, *La Philosophie de H. Taine*,[1] by Signor Giacomo Barzellotti is worthy of its subject. The author, who is himself professor of the History of Philosophy in the University of Rome, is well qualified for his task, possessing not only adequate knowledge, but also a critical faculty of a very high order. He does not shrink from noticing the limitations of the author of *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*, but at the same time he justly assigns him a very high place amongst the thinkers of the nineteenth century. Professor Barzellotti gives us a thoroughly systematic survey of Taine's work as a philosopher, historian, metaphysician, art critic, and sociologist, and by a careful analysis enables us to grasp the principles which guided Taine in his various departments of labour. This critique itself is a serious study, but will repay the time and attention it demands. The volume is translated from the Italian by M. Auguste Dietrich, who also supplies a highly interesting account of the literary work of Professor Barzellotti. *La Philosophie de H. Taine* is a noteworthy addition to Alcan's *Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine*.

If regarded from a purely, controversial point of view it may not unreasonably be said that Butler's "Analogy"[2] is out of date; but as a contribution of the first rank to English theological literature of the eighteenth century it will always be of interest to the student of

[1] *La Philosophie de H. Taine.* Par Giacomo Barzellotti. Traduit de l'Italien par Auguste Dietrich. Paris: Felix Alcan. 1900.

[2] *The Works of Bishop Butler.* Vol. I.—Sermons, Charges, Fragments, and Correspondence. Vol. II.—The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed. A new edition, with Preface and Notes by J. H. Bernard, D.D. London and New York: Macmillan. 1900.

religion. It is a reflection of the mind of the time, of the best mind in some respects, and as such throws light not so much upon the problems with which it deals, as upon the way in which the problems were stated and treated at the time the author wrote. At the same time the soberness, the high level of thought, the tolerance displayed by the author, fully justify the estimation in which he has been held, and if we are not convinced by his arguments we may learn something from his method and his temper. The sermons which are included in this edition are well known and are of a useful and practical character, showing that the Bishop attached as much weight to the performance of duty and the practice of benevolence as he did to correct theory.

The correspondence between Butler and Dr. Samuel Clarke the editor correctly describes as remarkable. Butler was at the time a student in Samuel Jones' Dissenting Academy at Tewkesbury, and he addressed himself anonymously to one who was recognised as the first divine of his day. Dr. Clarke saw that his correspondent deserved to be treated with attention and respect, and heard and answered his objections to some points in his own philosophy as though he were dealing with an equal. Dr. Bernard has edited these two volumes with a care which shows his respect for the author, and contributes a biographical preface and elucidatory notes. We should add that this edition of Butler's works forms part of the English Theological Library, of which the Rev. Frederic Relton is the general editor. They are handsomely got up and are an important addition to this useful series.

We do not know to what denomination Dr. Courtenay James [1] belongs, but we feel quite sure he does not represent those who have the best claim to be called Free Churchmen. So far as the rejection of State control in religion goes he is quite sound, but he does not appear to favour the principles of independency which govern the Congregational, Baptist, and Unitarian Churches. He is more favourably disposed to some form of Presbyterianism, which is opposed to the self-government of local churches. Dr. James regards the Methodist form of church government, which is a kind of Presbyterianism, as the most scriptural, complete, and satisfactory; though he admits that too much power is vested in the ministers, and the rights of the laity are insufficiently recognised. As a general review of the various competing forms of ecclesiastical polity, the *Philosophy of Dissent* may be found useful to students, though it scarcely justifies its title.

The History of the Romeward Movement in the Church of England [2]

[1] *The Philosophy of Dissent.* Analytical Outline of some Free Church Principles. By J. Courtenay James, Ph.D. London: James Clarke & Co. 1900.

[2] *The History of the Romeward Movement in the Church of England, 1833–1864.* By Walter Walsh. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1900.

is, in our opinion, a far more powerful exposure of the sacerdotal tendency in the English Church than *The Secret History of the Oxford Movement* by the same author, which has achieved no little notoriety. The present volume is based upon published documents, and especially upon various biographies of the tractarian leaders, which have of late years been given to the public. The advantage of this method is that readers can refer to the authorities and judge for themselves how well Mr. Walsh is justified in his conclusions. No fair-minded reader of this volume will hesitate to agree with the author that there is a party in the Church of England which is playing into the hands of Rome and undermining the Protestant character of the English Church. This volume is no mere polemic, but is a real contribution to ecclesiastical history. At the same time, it should open the eyes of all who are interested in maintaining and handing down our hardly won religious freedom.

A smaller work dealing with one aspect of sacerdotalism is *The Confessional in the Church of England*,[1] by the Rev. A. R. Buckland. Mr. Buckland has nothing new to say with regard to the evils and dangers of confession to a priest, but what he has to say he says forcibly and with commendable brevity. That the danger in England is a real one he proves by adequate evidence, and it seems an abominable thing that any English clergy should drag children and young girls into the confessional box. As for adults they ought to know better than to allow themselves to succumb to priestly domination.

Dr. Carmichael is an earnest opponent of the once popular doctrine of eternal punishment, and in four sermons preached in the Magdalen Chapel, Dublin,[2] he sets forth his reasons for believing in what is called the "larger hope." The old doctrine has been a terrible burden to many conscientious Christians, and we welcome any attempt to get rid of it. It has also no doubt been a hindrance to the spread of Christianity amongst the intelligent masses, and goes a long way to explain their alienation from religion. "We complain," says Dr. Carmichael, "that Christian Missions make but a poor way (and they have made a very poor way in 1900 years). But, after all, how could we expect it to be otherwise, when the message which the missionary calls 'the Gospel'—the good news—carries with it the ghastly alternative of endless misery to all those who refuse to accept this Evangel?" It is a good sign when such words can be heard in a church.

The weakest thing about Mr. Glanville's able little book is the title, as it does not at once indicate the object of the study. *The Web*

[1] *The Confessional in the English Church.* Its Authority and Influence. By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1901.

[2] *All Men shall at Length be Saved.* By Rev. F. F. Carmichael, LL.D. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co. 1900.

Unwoven[1] is a critique of the chapters x., xi., and xii. of the Book of Acts. These chapters contain the well-known story of Peter and Cornelius, and Peter's remarkable vision. Mr. Glanville's clever analysis effectually disposes of all claim of this story to be historic. But he goes much further than this, and refuses to accept it as a "tendency" or conciliation document; he regards it as a deliberately concocted fraud composed by an ambitious ecclesiastic who aimed at the complete alienation of the Jewish party in order that he and his fellow priests should secure the dominant position in the church. It is difficult to judge of motives, and we therefore do not commit ourselves to the acceptance of the Dolus theory; but as a study in New Testament criticism Mr. Glanville's little book deserves serious attention.

Under the title *Ethics of the Great French Rationalists*[2] Mr. Gorham has brought together a collection of passages from the writings of Montaigne, Charron, Rousseau, Condorcet, Voltaire, Comte, Michelet, and Renan. The selections are interesting and useful reading, and illustrate the lofty principles of a group of men whom the orthodox look upon as irreligious. Rationalists, who have not easy access to the original works, will find this selection convenient, and orthodox people, who are not too prejudiced to read these pages, will find them instructive if not inspiring. Short biographical notices of the authors accompany the selections from their writings. This and the preceding work are issued for the Rationalist Press Association.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE.

THE recent great Steel Combine in the United States has once more called attention in a very practical manner to the steady growth of capitalism by means of trusts, rings, and syndicates, which threatens the very existence of the states of the Union as a free people. The author of *Shattered Idols*[3] traces the origin of this stupendous evil to John Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in 1800, who, disappointed of the Presidency, carried his political partisanship into his judicial office, and by his construction of the Constitution placed the Supreme Court above the Legislature.

[1] *The Web Unwoven; or, The Dolus Theory of the Book of Acts.* By W. Glanville. London: Watts & Co. 1900.

[2] *Ethics of the Great French Rationalists.* By Charles T. Gorham. London: Watts and Co.

[3] *Shattered Idols.* John Marshall's Doctrine of Implied Powers. The Present Condition of the American System of Government. By a Lawyer. Chicago: The Schulte Publishing Co.

This was the doctrine of implied powers by which, as in the Dartmouth College case, he decided that an act of the legislature creating a corporation was a contract, and that any subsequent act of the legislature in any way altering the provisions of the charter was unconstitutional, because it impaired the obligation of the contract. This decision has ever since been upheld, and, consequently, once a corporation is chartered no subsequent act of the legislature can abolish or limit its charter. An analogy in this country would be if the High Court of Justice were to declare that an Act of Parliament, giving certain rights and privileges to certain persons or groups of persons, could never be repealed or amended because it was a contract, and thus sacred for all time.

Hating his opponent Jefferson, and through him the people whose cause he championed, John Marshall seems deliberately to have invented this principle in order to secure autocratic government by the Supreme Court. If not President, he could thus control not only the central government but every state government in the Union. The consequences have been more momentous than even Marshall could have anticipated. Under this doctrine of implied powers have sprung up trusts, monopolies, and corporations, with their natural allies, political corruption and greed of money-making, horrible to contemplate. The present Republican state system, says the author, is on the high road to autocratic and plutocratic monarchy. The rights of men are subordinated to the rights of property. We agree with him that a revolution is bound to come. With the rapidly increasing disparity between the wealth of the few and the abject poverty of the masses, men of the Anglo-Saxon race are not likely to submit indefinitely to social injustice and economic inequality. Whether this revolution will be bloodless or the reverse it is impossible to say, but judging from the attitude of the "upper classes" the author evidently anticipates the latter. Modest as this little book is in form and substance, yet it contains a powerful, bold, and lucid exposition of the bed-rock principles which divide the two great political parties in the States, and consequently is of special value to English readers.

A Plain Examination of Socialism,[1] by Mr. Gustave Simonson, of New York, is, we are told, "an attempt to examine and refute the theories of socialism by taking up their doctrines and proposals, step by step, and pursuing them to their logical conclusion."

If the theories of socialism were really held by all socialists, as represented by Mr. Simonson, then the present work is calculated to serve its purpose, but since the socialism depicted by him is not the creed of any average thinking socialist, the book in our opinion has signally failed. We have no fault to find with Mr. Simonson's

[1] *A Plain Examination of Socialism.* By Gustave Simonson, M.A., M.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

statement of economic principles and his description of the present system of human society, but when he comes to deal with the policy of socialism we entirely demur. He ascribes to socialists generally, without any distinction, the creed of a narrow, extreme, wildly Utopian section of the socialist party, a section small in numbers and of limited authority and power, both in the United States and in Great Britain. To ignore entirely that section of socialists who embrace the doctrines of scientific socialism, and through whose influence that great revival and extension of collectivist activity in municipal life has taken place, is to fall into such fundamental error as to destroy the whole value of the book. The United States has been the home of individualism pure and undefiled; it is now the home of gigantic trusts and monopolies which are, as we have seen, draining her life's blood. The connection is obvious. If there must be trusts and monopolies, it is better for mankind that they should be run by the state or municipality for the benefit of the many rather than by the individual for the lust and greed of the few.

A book by one of China's greatest statesmen, which has already had a circulation of a million copies in the Middle Kingdom, cannot fail to be of special interest to English readers at the present moment. *China's Only Hope*[1] is an appeal by Chang Chih-Tung, the Viceroy of Hupeh and Hunan, to his fellow countrymen, in which he endeavours to recall them to the ancient religion as expounded by Confucius, to inform them as to western science and learning, and to accept western inventions, especially railways. The ignorance of our institutions, social and political, amongst the Chinese is profound; and although the Viceroy makes some appalling, albeit amusing, blunders in his description, he has doubtless done much to dissipate it. Such ignorance, however, is almost equalled by our own national ignorance of Chinese institutions and characteristics. The Viceroy does not exaggerate when he says that "although China is not so wealthy and powerful as the west, her people of whatever condition, rich or poor, high or low, all enjoy a perfect freedom and a happy life. Not so all the inhabitants of western lands. Their governments may be strong, but the lower classes of the people are miserable, unhappy, and maliciously wronged." Taken as a whole, we have good grounds for supposing that the Chinese are one of the most moral people on the face of the globe. Mr. Griffith John, in his introduction, will have it that the Viceroy is utterly at sea in seeking to revive his people by a return to a purer type of Confucianism. "Christianity alone," he says, "can form a safe and an adequate basis for the reformation which the

[1] *China's Only Hope.* An Appeal. By her greatest Viceroy, Chang Chih-Tung, with the Sanction of the present Emperor Kwang-Sü. Translated from the Chinese Edition by Samuel I. Woodbridge. Introduction by Griffith John, D.D. Edinburgh and London: Anderson & Ferrier. 1901.

Viceroy seeks." It is the universal opinion of all not connected with missions that not only in China, but everywhere, missionaries have been the cause of all troubles with the natives, and this view has been recently endorsed by Lord Salisbury. Moreover, even assuming Christianity to be superior to Confucianism, and the assumption is somewhat bold, what an impossible task to convert 400 millions to an alien faith! And what is to be the particular form of Christianity? Is it to be that of Rome, or of the Greek Church, the Church of England, or of Wesley, or of the hundred and one other sects scattered over the old and new worlds alike? If these misguided zealots would only allow other nations to follow the natural evolution of their moral faculties, without this presumptuous interference, the world would then revolve more smoothly.

The True Basis of Economics; or, The Law of Independent and Collective Human Life,[1] by Dr. J. H. Stallard, is the outcome of a controversy between the author and Mr. David Starr Jordan, President of the Leland-Stanford Junior University, upon the Single-Tax Theory of Henry George. Dr. Stallard gives a lucid and careful analysis of George's doctrine, showing that his object was by means of the single tax on land ultimately to eliminate the landlord. Dr. Stallard joins with Henry George in condemning the present system of individual ownership in land as unjust in principle and inexpedient in practice. It has created a fund which enables a few thousands to live in idleness and luxury at the expense of the poverty, misery, and starvation of their fellow citizens. Under a single-tax system, of which Dr. Stallard gives instances from Germany, New South Wales, New Zealand, and the Channel Islands, these evils tend to disappear. The destruction of individual ownership in land is said to be confiscation. Dr. Stallard makes a good point here. Confiscation ultimately it might be, but what special claim have landlords for exemption? "Professors of political economy," he says, "seem to think that confiscation only fits the rich. They never protest against the confiscation of the poor man's industry. The sacrifice of a man's labour, skill, or subsistence, in fact all that he has to live upon, is called the inevitable result of social progress, never confiscation, and no one proposes remuneration for the loss sustained." Whether the single tax is the panacea for the evils of modern society is a matter of controversy, but that individual ownership in land is responsible for the economic inequalities, misery, and poverty of the masses of the people, we have not the slightest doubt.

About half the book consists of an appendix containing Mr. Jordan's criticisms on Dr. Stallard's argument, and his replies thereto. Each reader must determine for himself on which side

[1] *The True Basis of Economics; or, The Law of Independent and Collective Human Life.* Being a Correspondence between David Starr Jordan and Dr. J. H. Stallard on the Merits of the Doctrine of Henry George. New York: Doubleday and McClure Co.

lies the victory, but we shall be safe in predicting that no one will rise from the perusal of Dr. Stallard's brilliant treatise disappointed.

MEDICAL.

Tuberculosis is the title of the journal of the National Association for the prevention of consumption, of which No. 6 has been sent to us "for review," though we have not received the five preceding numbers. The Association itself is of recent formation, and contains some well-known names in its list of members, and is devoting its energies to the diffusion of knowledge about the cause and prevention of consumption. Fresh air is the modern prescription, and the sanatorium seems the favourite way of dispensing it.

The number of the journal before us contains reports from several branches of the Association which have been formed, but how far the methods adopted have been sanctioned by the medical profession generally is rather doubtful, as we have heard some rather sharp criticism on this point. The journal further contains the programme of the Congress which is to be held in London in July, and which must not be confused with the Association. The Prince of Wales had consented to open the Congress, but his accession to the Crown may cause an alteration. The Congress may be expected to prove an important function.

The Association has addressed a communication to the Hospital Saturday Fund, in the hope of obtaining support in disseminating the knowledge of the precautions by which consumption may be prevented, and in raising funds for the erection of sanatoria.

Mr. Gant is to be congratulated on a second edition of his work on *Mock-Nurses*[1] being called for within a year. The author has appended to this issue a short "auto-memoir," which will be read with great interest. Those who know Mr. Gant's writings will turn to this eagerly to gain an interview with him. His connection with the Royal Free Hospital, with the Women's Medical School, and other work in favour of the progress of woman is very briefly recorded. His views on Registration were noticed in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW for June 1900, and need not therefore detain us.

[1] *Mock-Nurses of the Latest Fashion*, A.D. 1901. By Frederick James Gant, F.R.C.S. Second Edition. London: Baillière, Tindall & Cox.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

As a writer on the economic aspects of history, Dr. W. Cunningham holds a very high rank. His volume on *Western Civilisation in its Economic Aspects* (*Mediæval and Modern Times*)[1] will certainly add to his reputation. It is a sound and comprehensive study of a most interesting and most important subject. His view of the future of European civilisation is not entirely optimistic; but every impartial reader will see that Professor Cunningham is a believer in progress. His book will appeal to all thoughtful minds.

The readers of *A Year-Book of Kentucky Hills and Fields*,[2] by Mr. Ingram Crockett, will find in it much delightful local colouring. The author is evidently an enthusiastic lover of nature, and those who study his pages will be able to form a very vivid conception of Kentucky, with all its charming associations and great natural beauty.

It would be hard to speak too highly of Mr. A. J. Grant's admirable work dealing with the French Monarchy.[3] The details are not accumulated to such an extent as to shut out the essential features of each different reign. Special attention is devoted to the reign of Louis XIV., who is represented as a brilliant monarch, if not a really great king. The book is written in a judicious and critical spirit such as might be expected in the case of a historian.

NOTE.—The notices of Dr. Cunningham's *Western Civilisation in its Economic Aspects* (*Mediæval and Modern*), and of *The French Monarchy* and the *Kentucky Year-Book* should have appeared in last month's WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

BELLES LETTRES.

IT may be safely said that Dante's is nowadays in Italy the book most widely read and the most deeply studied. Many literary productions on Dante have been published during the later part of the nineteenth century, and the last one,[4] now under our examination, we consider to be the best, just because it is the outcome of several writers who have closely studied Dante and his times each from a different standpoint.

[1] *An Essay on Western Civilisation* (*Mediæval and Modern Times*). By W. Cunningham, D.D. Cambridge: At the University Press.

[2] *A Year-Book of Kentucky Hills and Fields.* By Ingram Crockett. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton.

[3] *The French Monarchy.* By A. J. Grant. Three volumes. Cambridge: At the University Press.

[4] *Arte Scienza e Fede ai giorni di Dante.* Ulrico Hoepli. Milano: 1901.

We have called it a book, but it could also be called a collection of essays on Dante. The sidelights these essays throw on this great figure, and on his immortal work, can be perceived by a summary of the subjects therein dealt with. In the first two essays a most interesting picture is given of the social and political conditions of the centuries which supplied Dante with the material for his *Divina Commedia*. In one the writer analyses the process by which feudalism appeared, asserted itself, and lastly disappeared; and the other, by another writer, describes the popular movement which led to the institution in Italy of *Liberi Comuni* "in the name of liberty as against the power and the abuses of the lords and the feudatories."

The next two essays—the second by the way, is in the French language, and by a French writer—deal with the religious thought of Dante and Dante's times, particularly showing to what opposite conclusions the same religious principle can lead when differently understood and interpreted. On the one side of the picture we see the Church reaching the highest point of its worldly power and then declining, as everything must do that is not grounded on the eternal truth, but simply on special and ephemeral circumstances. The Papal power and its decline is reviewed with great skill and impartiality, and the soul of Dante appears, in this study, with uncommon grandeur in his immortal but untarnished faith, and also with all his patriotic and religious apprehensions in seeing the two powers—spiritual and temporal—wielded by the same man, whose fatal consequences, both to the Church and the country, Dante perceived in his works. On the other side, we have a picture of what religious life would have been had St. Francis' teaching been honoured and upheld in and by the Vatican. Another writer depicts Florentine life during Dante's youth, and shows how sorrow was Dante's first counsellor, and how the exile to which Dante was condemned, was the means of his widening his views and of embracing in his purview all the middle ages. Then there is an essay on Dante and the study of classic poetry, and in another essay we have a brilliant sketch of the life and poetry of the Court in the thirteenth century. Lastly, we have an interesting essay on the poets and poetry of the people in Dante's time, which most fittingly closes the book.

The volume is presented to the readers by a splendid preface, written by Senator Gætano Negri, one of the greatest philosophical thinkers of Italy, which seems to open the door wide for the reader to step in and see Dante in all his glory, power and majesty, and with the men and things of his own age. By mastering the contents of this volume, he writes, "one acquires sufficient knowledge of the times in which the genius and the action of the poet had their congenial display." This knowledge, as Senator Negri says, is necessary because Dante was, above all, a man fully representative of his age, of which "he has been the most eloquent voice and the most lumin-

ous and living expression." Fully to comprehend Dante's personality, to enter into the depths of his inspiration, to perceive the motive power of his action, to discover the main root of his convictions, to appreciate the passion of his love and of his wrath, one must see the life he was surrounded by. Dante was neither a prophet nor a forerunner, he was essentially a man of his times, living the life of his contemporaries, whilst his soul lives in the thoughts and doctrines of his own age. He saw the world as it was then understood, and not as it was revealed to us afterwards. Senator Negri closes his preface with a patriotic warning against all who may think it possible to throw Italy back to the darkness of the past. Never, he exclaims, never shall this happen so long as we are mindful of Dante.

There is very little to distinguish this edition of *Henry V.*[2] from the numerous other school editions that are published in response to the demands of examinees and, of necessity, with reference to the exactions of examiners. We note with approval that the play is more freely expurgated than some other editions intended for school use. There is no need to introduce young people to the coarse jests of a bygone age, even though the passage may include some priceless gem of philology such as the examiner delights in. Mr. Lees' notes are fairly good. He disclaims originality, but we think he might have adopted a plan more consistently suited to one or another class of students. For the less advanced his "derivations" are wholly out of place, while the notes are not sufficient to constitute a "scholar's" edition. However it is not easy to hit the happy mean in these matters. Mr. Lees' edition does credit to his industry; we have not noted any inaccuracies.

Lords of the North[1] is the title of a stirring story of the North-West Company and the pioneers of Canada. Mr. A. C. Laut, the author, has some of the magic of the late Captain Mayne Reid. Some of the chapters are full of narrative power of no mean order. The book cannot be subjected to severe criticism, for it has nothing purely academic, or literary in its structure; but it is a capital story, which will interest all lovers of adventure.

Driscoll, King of Scouts,[3] by Mr. A. C. Hales, is a vigorous story of the war in South Africa. Driscoll's brogue reminds us too much of that of Private Mulvaney, and it is certainly put on very much "too thick." But, in spite of many artistic faults, Mr. Hales' story is lifelike and thrilling, in the best sense of the word. Justice is done to the valiant and splendid qualities of the Boers, and it is shown that Christian de Wet is one of those men who can truly be called great. Mr. Hales has written about what he saw, and his book must, therefore, command attention.

[1] *Lords of the North.* By A. C. Laut. Toronto: William Briggs.
[2] Shakespeare. *Henry V.* Edited by J. Lees, B.A. London: Allman & Son.
[3] *Driscoll, King of Scouts.* By A. C. Hales. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

M. Paul Bourget, has, perhaps, shown a deeper psychological insight in his volume, *Un Homme d'Affaires*[1] than in any of his previous books. The longest of the three stories in the book, is a masterly study of one of the *nouveaux riches*, who are in some respects the curse of modern Paris. The powerful story, *Dualité*, may be described as a short masterpiece. M. Bourget has established his claim to be seriously regarded as one of the foremost of living French writers of fiction. His method is not Balzacian, but it is original. He gathers his materials from actual observation, or at least from evidence which he has carefully verified. He has the advantage of having a distinct method of his own, and, though now and then there is too much of "the dust of the schools" about his style, he has the art of absorbing his readers—a very rare art, indeed.

Inferences from Haunted Houses and Haunted Men[2] is a very curious book. The author, the Hon. John Harris, is apparently "a man of one idea." His favourite explanation of all the mysterious lore associated with ghosts and haunted houses is that such things are due to criminal hypnotism. Of course there may be good foundation for this theory, but it seems a little far-fetched. There is a great deal in the volume which will interest those who love to explore the "occult" branches of science.

[NOTE.—The notices of *Lords of the North*, *Driscoll*, *King of Scouts*, *Un Homme d'Affaires* and *Inferences from Haunted Houses and Haunted Men* should have appeared in the March number of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW.]

As Mr. Vizetelly judiciously remarks in his preface to the new translation of *Germinal*,[3] it "deservedly ranks as one of Emile Zola's greatest books." It is a remarkable fact, that even the most horrible scenes in the novel are almost transcripts from life. The experiences of Etienne Lantier in the Voreux pit are similar to those of Giraud, a miner, walled up in a Lyons pit in 1854. The translation is an admirable one, though Mr. Vizetelly modestly describes himself as editor, because he here and there uses some passages from previous translations in which he had acquired the copyright.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is one of those writers who has the gift of revivifying the past. He is unlike Scott and unlike Stanley Weyman. In *The Forest Lovers* he displayed that "natural magic" which only the wizards of literature possess. In *The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay*[4] he has written a book that might almost be called great. The personality of the great crusader is painted with a master's hand—far more effectively from the true

[1] *Un Homme d'Affaires.* Par Paul Bourget. Paris: Librairie Plon.
[2] *Inferences from Haunted Houses and Haunted Men.* By the Hon. John Harris. London: Philip Wellby.
[3] *Germinal; or, Master and Man.* By Emile Zola. Edited, with a Preface, by E. A. Vizetelly. London: Chatto & Windus.
[4] *The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay.* By Maurice Hewlett. London: Macmillan & Co.

artist's point of view than Scott's portrait. All lovers of beautiful literature will treasure this book.

Italian literature has not at all received the attention it deserves in England. For that reason the translation of Adolf Gaspary's *History of Early Italian Literature to the Death of Dante*[1] will be welcomed. Dr. Herman Œlsner has done his work as a translator carefully and thoroughly. The volume only represents a portion of the first volume in the original, and it is hoped that a translation of the remainder of the work will appear in due course. The account of the poet Guido Guinicelli, of Bologna, is deeply interesting. Of course, special attention is devoted to Dante—the greatest of Italian poets.

Hors d'Envoûtement,[2] by M. Fernand Aubier, is an attempt to show that the life of a seminary is opposed to the laws of nature, and that sacerdotal continence is contrary to true morality. However distasteful such a book may be to pious Catholics, it cannot be denied that there is much logic in M. Aubier's views. He has handled a difficult subject with much delicacy and artistic skill. Compared with other works on a somewhat similar theme, such as Diderot's *La Religieuse*, the novel may appear superficial and feeble, but it has decided merits of its own.

L'Epopée Mimisane[3] is one of M. Michel Noë's most remarkable books. The author quotes on his title-page the words of La Bruyère: "Le roman et la comédie pourraient être utiles qu'ils sont nuisible." One might imagine Mr. George Meredith making use, in his saturnine fashion, of the same motto. The story is one of political intrigue, and, if it is a true picture of the French politician of the day, it cannot be said to flatter him. The character of Flavie is an extraordinary blend of corruption and worldly wisdom. Supin and Plumigneau are also interesting character-studies.

The French translation by MM. Auguste Monnier and Littmanson of Björnstjerne Björnson's great drama *Au dela des Forces*[4] comes at an opportune moment, when French writers and artists have combined to pay a well-deserved tribute of respect and admiration to the distinguished Norwegian novelist and dramatist. The play is of rather a socialistic tendency, and has very little in common with the naturalistic method of which Ibsen and Zola are such prominent representatives. It is, however, a work of extraordinary power and beauty.

[1] *The History of Early Italian Literature to the Death of Dante.* Translated from the German of Adolf Gaspary by Herman Œlsner, M.A., Ph.D. London: George Bell and Sons.

[2] *Hors d'Envoûtement.* Par Fernand Aubier. Paris: P. V. Stock.

[3] *L'Epopée Mimisane.* Par Michel Noë. Paris: Librairie Plon.

[4] *Au dela des Forces.* Traduction de MM. Auguste Monnier et Littmanson. Paris: P. V. Stock.

Le Roi and *Le Journaliste*,[1] two French versions of other dramas by the same author, will be read with deep interest. M. Auguste Monnier's translation reads smoothly and naturally. *Le Roi* is a very powerful play. We can scarcely conceive the possibility of a modern king committing suicide when he finds it impossible to remain a monarch and to preserve love and friendship. *Le Journaliste* is not quite satisfactory as a study of life. The situations are somewhat forced. These two plays of Björnson have been introduced into France for the first time by M. Monnier.

Mr. S. E. Bally, the modern language master at Manchester Grammar School, has brought out an excellent little book entitled *Preparatory German Lessons*.[2] It will prove exceedingly useful to teachers of elementary forms, as the lessons have evidently been prepared with the utmost care. The vocabulary at the end of the volume has been divided in such a way as to familiarise the pupil with the various parts of speech.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

THE production of "emeritus" Professor Murray's brilliant play *Andromache*, by the Stage Society on February 24, was a notable dramatic event. That the late Professor of Greek in the Glasgow University is steeped in Hellenic lore and sentiment goes without saying. That like many if not most classical scholars, he is a master of strong and nervous English, is not surprising. But to combine with such natural or acquired gifts a vivid imagination, an outlook on life tinged with modernity, and yet fresh and individual, and, in addition, to possess in a high degree a feeling for the possibilities and exigencies of the stage, this is indeed rare. Mr. Murray has used a French rather than a Greek model for the form of his play. In substance and in spirit it has more than a touch of Ibsen, perhaps even a streak of Maeterlinck.

Andromache, the wife of Hector, now the bondwoman of Pyrrhus, seems a witch to Pyrrhus' lawful wife, Hermione, and to the Philistines, if one may use such a term, of Phthia. The secret of her enchantment is simple enough. She who has sounded the whole gamut of human experience, who has looked on death and horror in every form, has come to be above and beyond the fears

[1] *Le Roi* and *Le Journaliste*. Traduction de M. Auguste Monnier. Paris: P. V. Stock.

[2] *Preparatory German Lessons*. By S. E. Bally. London: Allman & Son

and loves of ordinary men. Only the old warrior, Alchimedon, partially understands her. Orestes, wandering in search of his lost bride and pursued by the "nameless" Furies, comes to the hall of Pyrrhus, full of ordinary thoughts of vengeance, but he too falls under the spell of the "witch," and in the upshot casts aside the long-desired beauty of Hermione, whose loveliness of soul, as well as of body, seems to herself to be sucked away from her by the baleful arts of Andromache. Pyrrhus the simple soldier, and Molossus his son by Andromache, complete the well-contrasted dramatic group. It is no ordinary jealousy that brings about the *dénouement*. The motive of the piece is rather the nothingness of all merely human passions. Its defect, it must be owned, is that very little appears to be put in their stead. The only desirable consummation, the author seems to say, is an endless death after all the turmoil. Thus Mr. Murray goes a step further than the everyday pessimist. Or rather he leads us to the only logical conclusion of genuine pessimism.

Such a piece is obviously not intended for the groundlings. With the Stage Society audience, who presumably have more than the average of wits, the play suffered from a somewhat inadequate interpretation. The author was, however, "called" by the enthusiasts, and he should feel encouraged. There can be little doubt that if he would persevere in writing modern plays, for which, in spite of his classical equipment, he is actually, we think, more suited, he would attain even a great reputation among the thinking portion of playgoers. Of the exponents, Miss Edyth Olive was pathetic, but hardly imposing, as Andromache. We should have preferred to see Miss Achurch in the part, instead of in that of Hermione, which gave her no chance of showing her real strength. Orestes, Mr. Gerald Lawrence, looked, but scarcely acted his part. It were ungenerous to carp at actors who give their services at every cost to themselves, and under every disadvantage as compared with an ordinary theatrical company, but for Mr. Murray's sake we could have wished that his qualities of dramatist had run a better chance of being appreciated.

ART.

It is a pleasure to see the extension taken by the very complete historic and artistic handbooks, published by Messrs. Bell & Sons, for the use of cathedral visitors. *Worcester*,[1] by one of the editors of the series from the beginning, Mr. Edward F. Strange, applies the efficient method so often praised here in noticing the previous volumes. There is the history of the building; the exterior in detail; the interior, including, besides the architecture, the monuments, furniture and stained glass; the monastic buildings and precincts; the see and bishops; a note on the city; and fifty-two illustrations from photographs and drawings. This volume is of unusual interest, both from the historic associations of the cathedral, and also from the writing *con amore* of the author—"a former king's scholar of the cathedral school."

Rouen,[2] by the Rev. Thomas Perkins, continues the handbooks of continental churches begun by *Chartres*, already noticed here. In this series the method has been slightly changed, to admit descriptions of the neighbouring buildings of the same period of history. This adds greatly to the utility of the books for tourists who, when abroad, have to economise their time and interest. Besides the history of the cathedral, and the description of its exterior and interior, the same work is done for the Abbey Church of St. Ouen and the Church of St. Maclou, and there is an appendix on the minor churches of Rouen. This is almost new ground for the passing visitor to one of the most interesting cities of France. There are fifty illustrations, mainly from photographs by the author.

The handy and complete monographs on the "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture" are continued by volumes on *Luca della Robbia* and *Giorgione*.[3] The former begins with a bibliography and genealogical table, followed by chapters on the life of the Master, his dated and authenticated works; works in the National Museum, Florence; unauthenticated works in Florence; doubtful works in the neighbourhood of Florence and in various towns of Italy, with a record of sales: works in England, Berlin and Paris; and Luca's work and position in Italian art. Then there is a chronological list, with documents, and a general catalogue of works in Italy, England, France, Germany and America, and a complete index. This alone is enough to show that all the information desired may be found

[1] *Worcester: The Cathedral and See.* (Bell's Cathedral Series.)
[2] *Rouen: Its Cathedral and Churches.* (Bell's Handbooks to Continental Churches.) London: George Bell & Sons. 1900.
[3] *Luca della Robbia.* By the Marchesa Burlamacchi. *Giorgione.* By Herbert Cook. ("Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.") London: George Bell & Sons. 1900.

here concerning an artist and kind of art that more and more interest the art public. The volume on *Giorgione*, besides the careful life, which was really a *desideratum* in English, has the same painstaking documentation, with a very good appreciation of Giorgione's art and place in history. Each volume is illustrated from good photographs, which, for the most part have been well reproduced and certainly help to that preparatory work so necessary for the understanding of pictures and art works when seen in galleries.

We have received from the Commissariat Général, of Germany, at the late Universal Exhibition of Paris, the ornate volume of the *Official Catalogue*.[1] In the material volume itself, composition and printing, paper, printing inks, material for cover and binding, form so many exhibits. They are remarkably illustrative of the orderliness and thorough organisation of the German section, which easily carried off the palms in comparison with other nations represented at the great World's Fair. The text of the volume sent us is in English, but in black letter. The decoration of the cover is in modern style, which was so apparent in the more decorative parts of the German section. In the text, the summaries of the progress of German industries, prefixed to the respective classes, are intensely interesting. They all prove what has been evident to many thoughtful observers for a long time—that intelligent painstaking is bound to win in the long run. It was thought after the war of 1870, that it was really the Prussian schoolmaster who had conquered France. This Official Catalogue makes one wonder if the same redoubtable member of the German community may not some day conquer other countries, which neglect technical education out of overweening confidence in what they consider innate business sense and pluck. Lord Brougham could never have doubted, after passing through the sections of the exhibition, that, in German industry and commerce, "the schoolmaster is abroad!"

A thorough and intelligible book, both from the point of view of technical work and of decoration, on *Architectural Pottery*[2] has appeared in a careful translation from the French of M. Léon Lefèvre. The translators, Messrs. K. H. Bird, M.A., and W. Moore Binns, have paid unusual attention to the correct interpretation of technical terms and with great success. The contents show how useful the book will be to all interested in architecture: Part I., plain undecorated pottery — clays, bricks, tiles, pipes, quarries, terra-cottas. Part II., made-up or decorated pottery — glazed and enamelled bricks and tiles, decorated quarries, architectural decorated pottery and sanitary pottery. Print and plates are

[1] *Official Catalogue—Exhibition of the German Empire.* (International Exposition of Paris, 1900.)

[2] *Architectural Pottery.* By Léon Lefèvre. Translated from the French. London: Scott, Greenwood & Co. 1900.

uniformly good, while the text is admirable for its completeness. As the architect to the Government and city of Paris remarks in his preface, the work "appears in a fortunate moment, for natural building materials, such as wood and stone already show signs of exhaustion in those districts where they formerly existed in abundance." The substitution of terra-cotta for stone was frequent in Persia, and the visitors to Paris in late years have seen at exhibition buildings and in the telephone exchange imitations of the remains set up in the halls of the Louvre devoted to the Dieulafoy excavations of Susa—the city of Queen Esther. The examples illustrated in the book are full of interest.

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WHERE ARE WE NOW?

To give a complete answer to the above question would necessitate the consideration of so vast a number of subjects that any such an attempt is far from my thoughts. I shall, therefore, limit myself to the fragment of an answer—our South African difficulties are not yet over—and at the same time seize the opportunity for making a few reflections which, taken in detail, if not quite directly, are nevertheless in the aggregate closely connected with the perplexities of our present political condition, the serious nature of which ought not to be considered as worn out and needing excuse for continuing to examine and to retrace steps already passed over.

Combined with the very many heterogeneous and conflicting interests, not only of our colonists in South Africa, but also, in relation to them, of outsiders in England and elsewhere, requiring a statesman of the highest order to grapple with them, the idea, by whatever means brought about, has been developed and almost universally accepted, that war with the Boers was the only means of overcoming the difficulties of the situation.

It is, of course, too much to expect that the masses of this country individually or collectively could have arrived at such a decision through clear perception of all the intricacies involved, but in default of this they have fastened upon a cloudy jumble of notions forming a basis for action which, if examined, will be found to consist—first, in a strong and almost inherent disposition on the part of the people to favour the administration of justice, the ambiguity of the word being not for one moment dreamed of; secondly, a ready encouragement given to parade strongly pronounced ideas unfavourable to the character of the Boers, and added to this an intensity of hatred to Kruger, which as a personality joined to a passion for avenging

Majuba alone suffice, with many, as a provocation for war, and we must not ignore the deeply rooted conviction that the Boers commenced the war, their purpose being to drive the English into the sea.

Confidence in the belief of these assumptions has reached to such a height that without regard to any question as to whether England has the right to elect herself as an accepted standard for the carrying out of justice amongst free nations, near or distant, the conclusion that she has such right has been at once jumped at, and, as a consequence, we find ourselves placed in what, at the present moment, appears to be an almost inextricable difficulty.

It would be an outrage on truth to say that a war resting on such loose foundations is the result of enlightenment. It might with greater probability be imagined that it owes its origin to the working of powerful interests by which people have been made dupes; and the reasonableness of this latter conclusion is confirmed by the fact that our political franchise has become so extended as to embrace within its fold the most ignorant of the masses, which goes far to justify the advice given years ago by Mr. Robert Lowe on the occasion of the passing of an Act enlarging the franchise. His words were—"Then we must educate our rulers"; and God knows that with all our boasted attempts at education, the masses of this country, including an immense number of well-to-do people, still remain in a disgraceful state of ignorance as to the elements and guiding principles of politics and the duties of citizenship.

Amongst the numerous magazine articles on the subject of the war is one which is interesting through the source from which it springs. It is published in the January number of *The Fortnightly Review*, and is headed "The Transvaal Question from the Mussalman Point of View," and signed Ismail Kemal Bey, who informs us that he belongs to the progressive party in his own country, and in consequence is a voluntary exile. He bestows great praise on our Government and on the people of England for the spirit of justice and high motives which have led them to undertake the war, and though he gives the Boers credit for their bravery, he finds fault with their want of gratitude in rejecting the acceptance of wise measures which would be as beneficial to them as to the Uitlanders and other inhabitants of the Transvaal and Orange Free State.

In further justification of England's aim, Ismail Kemal Bey calls attention to the fact that the money value represented by shares is held by London capitalists, and that the states are largely dependent upon the energy and courage of capitalists, who risk their wealth in struggling to develop the resources of the country. But his arguments do not end here, he relies on the very extensive experience he has had for years of witnessing the practical good effect of introducing amongst Asiatics European institutions, which, he says, are not only

good in themselves, but are very much esteemed by the Asiatics amongst whom they are introduced.

Granted that such introductions may be esteemed by Asiatics, it does not follow that between Europeans and Europeans they would be equally esteemed. Ismail Kemal Bey seems to ignore the difference between the mind of an Asiatic and of a European; but as this is a subject well handled by Montesquieu in his *Lettres Persanes*, there is no necessity for me to dwell longer on it, except to add that it is exceedingly difficult to make an Asiatic understand European notions of freedom.

Free, however, as Englishmen may wish themselves to be considered, there has arisen in their political position a canker-worm that bids fair to increase the distance between their ideal of freedom and that of the Boers, or, in other words, to approach the condition of Englishmen nearer to that of the Asiatic which, in all probability, accounts for the blind support they give to despotic action towards other nations.

No one will dispute the fact that the Transvaal and Orange States have been by our Government acknowledged as free, and therefore the war may be said to owe its origin to disagreement respecting certain covenants. In regard to suzerainty, which engaged the Boers not to make any treaty with any foreign power whatever, or with any of the native chiefs, without first obtaining the consent of the Crown, in no sense has it ever been broken; and as to the covenants relating to justice and equal rights of voting, considering the vagueness of the words justice and equal rights, it would be rather strange if there did not rise up two opinions (Boer and English) about the meaning of them.

The establishment of a just equality between two parties can only be arrived at by a balance of conditions, and the difficulty to obtain correct ideas of this balance must be seen to be great when, together with other things, one considers that, as in all free nations, immigrants, when permitted to enter a State, enter it with the understanding that they are amenable to the laws of that State, and that greater or smaller amounts of capital embarked in the purchase of lands or property of any kind in such State in no way lessens necessity for subjection to the laws. By our unwise policy of forcibly interfering with covenants exclusively relating to internal affairs, we have brought about a state of things infinitely worse than existed before the war commmenced. Had we restrained ourselves at the outset, and allowed the Boers, Uitlanders, capitalists and others to have settled matters amongst themselves, time would have, by the natural process of evolution, created a state of equilibrium much more satisfactory than can be hoped to be obtained by despotic measures of such a nature that it would be difficult to find for them any other name than that of hideous crimes, and we should not

have rendered ourselves suspected by other nations as wanting in honesty and fairness of dealing.

Some years ago England handed over Heligoland to Germany. Would we, in case of regret at this action, have engaged in war to recover what we had freely given up? Emphatically and without hesitation I say that England would not; and it does not redound to her credit that she has pursued an opposite course in the case of a nation which appeared to be weak.

Impressed with these views, and bearing in mind the infinitesimal number of interests concerned in our South African affairs, not one of which being sufficiently prominent to warrant exclusive movement in its favour, the conviction gains on my mind that attempts at alteration by physical force in such cases are not only unwise, but simply absurd.

England, like Spain in a former age, has acquired a notorious character for pressing upon peoples institutions, the successful working of which is often more dependent upon accident than upon any deeply thought-out view as to whether they will be appreciated by the recipients or that the surrounding conditions are favourable to successful development; and that there is danger attending the introduction of new institutions we need go no further than our own country for proof.

Perhaps there is no other nation in the world so fruitful of, and in possession of, so many abstractly perfected institutions as our own, yet at the same time it can hardly be disputed that it is difficult to point out any other country which has made and is making more abusive use of them than England. Is she not therefore warranted in drawing the inference that her people are not in a sufficiently prepared state to receive and properly utilise them? But as this is a matter unavoidably mixed up with the causes of what we have been considering, it is too important to pass over hastily, and will justify me in producing a few examples: they shall be limited to three.

(1) *Building Societies.*—The idea is grand, and the advantages possible to be derived from them are innumerable, but as they are based upon the necessity of honourable conduct on the part of their members, the gross neglect of this condition has produced a long succession of disasters.

(2) *Limited Liability Associations.*—The intention of their introduction is of the most beneficial kind, extending to the smallest holders of savings, but as the advantages obtainable from them are, like those of building societies, dependent on the maintenance of mutual truthfulness, the non-observance of it has spread desolation amongst thousands of families, and contributed to fill our prisons with men whose position in life ought to have guarded them against committing the crimes they have been convicted of.

(3) *Town Councils.*—It is difficult to conceive a more usefully radical mode of politically reaching individual dwellers in towns, whereby they are enabled to place representatives on the Council to dictate laws suitable for the district, instead of, as formerly, being dependent for them on the Imperial Parliament, where the particular interests of localities must necessarily be lost sight of. If the people were capable of properly utilising this honest and wisely intended arrangement, all proper interests of the individual and of the community would be looked after, but as matters now stand, with some trifling exceptions, only one interest, that of the shopkeeper, is attended to, since, in the main, the members of the Council consist of business men of the town, with a sprinkling here and there of lawyers, who are generally found to have some share in the management of the investments of their fellow Councillors.

Of course, the shopkeepers' interest should not be neglected, but it not infrequently happens that the interests of distributors and producers are diametrically opposed to one another.

How is it that at the present time and for a long time to come we must not expect much advantage from the introduction amongst our people of the most perfect institutions? The cause is not far to seek. It arises from the fact that our system of education almost totally disregards training, and places too much reliance on verbal and book instruction. The reason of our success in producing perfect athletes is, that instruction and training are combined—besides verbal guidance the muscular action of the limbs and body is carefully attended to. In the other branches of education ideas of truthfulness, honourable dealing towards one another, and the cultivation of taste, correspond with the limbs and body in the athlete, and ought to be equally cared for by the application of the dual system of instruction and training. The adoption of this course would harmonise with the constitution of wise institutions, and without such accord it would be as absurd to hope for advantages from them as to expect beautiful music from the best instruments handled by unskilful persons.

I know I shall be met with the retort—you are seeking an impossibility, and this will be followed by the question, How are the working classes to afford the time required for so admittedly desirable an object? My reply to this is, It is not a question of the working classes alone, the community in its entirety is concerned, and so long as the training here referred to is neglected, so long will the introduction of perfect institutions be not only fruitless of advantages, but worse, for in proportion to their power to do good when rightly used is their power to do harm when wrongly used.

Where does the supposed impossibility exist? We have proved capability of producing the athlete. We know the system by which a nation could be trained to such a degree of honour and probity as

would render the use of good institutions advantageous. We also know that for the obtainment, in this scientific age, of food, clothing, and shelter only a very few hours in the day are absolutely required, and history together with general experience teach us that the remainder of the day and throughout the duration of life wholesome training must be continued, and the athlete presents a practical example of this in the fact that without persistent continuance of exercise the quality once developed would cease.

The conclusion, then, which we have arrived at appears to be this —that it rests with ourselves, through the gifts Nature has bestowed on us, to accomplish our own well-being; also that we ought to be wary of attempting to interfere with the policy of other nations until we have succeeded in improving our own; and considering the fact that the South African war is chiefly due to the support given to our Government by the working classes, we are justly led to inquire, What must be the nature and capacity of their political voting power? It is reported of Phocian that on one occasion addressing the Athenians in the fourth century B.C., he spoke to the following effect: "The quality of a community is dependent upon the mental and physical condition of each one of its members." Measured by this standard (putting aside the physical) the mental condition of our rulers, the wage-earners, is not exhibited to advantage when we reflect on the fact that England at the present moment stands in the awkward position of being subject to a Government which for a long time past has practically and persistently been careful to avoid availing itself of the guidance of a genuine statesman; while the fact seems to be too much lost sight of that statesmanship is a very comprehensive term, embracing the consideration of many parts, and as a consequence it naturally follows that one of the main objects of a statesman must be that of guarding against the danger of any one or more of the parts unduly over-balancing the other parts. Commercialism, admittedly an important part, has with us acquired such a powerful ascendency and influence, that it has so far succeeded in surpassing and suppressing all the other parts as to have completely ignored the harmonising and balancing power implied in wholesome management, since in the place of the latter we have substituted commercialism, and dwarfed within its relatively narrow compass the grand and comprehensive idea of statesmanship. Extension of commerce is the enchanting catchword put forward in justification of an endless variety of political crimes, but it should be remembered that such extension becomes suicidal when the expense of it so enhances the cost of our produce as to decrease exportation opportunities and restrict the employment of home labour.

E. B. HUSBAND.

OUR TREATY RELATIONS WITH THE BOERS:

HOW HAVE WE OBSERVED THEM?

A CHARGE frequently levelled against the Government of the Transvaal was that it had frequently violated the terms of the London Convention of 1884. As a matter of fact this was merely one of the many charges made in pursuance of the policy of creating public feeling in Great Britain against the Boers; a policy advocated by Sir Alfred Milner in so many words—see Despatch, Aug. 31, 1899—and sedulously pursued by him and the South African League and the Press, alike of South Africa and of Great Britain, not always, unfortunately, with the strictest regard to veracity of statement or fairness of method. But even had this indictment against the Boers been as true as it was in the main false, it would come with a bad grace from us to denounce in them what had been so frequently and unjustifiably done by ourselves. And that the Boers would even in that case have been able to retort a very effective *tu quoque* against this country the following summary of the treaties and conventions effected during the last fifty years between ourselves and the two Boer Republics, and the manner in which we have observed them will more than suffice to prove.

In 1852, after many years of conflict and desultory warfare with the Boers, the Sand River Convention was entered into between this country and the Transvaal, and, *inter alia*, guaranteed the independence of the Republic, the integrity of its territories, no interference by this country with the natives north of Orange River, and the sale or supplying of arms and ammunition to the natives by either party was strictly forbidden. All those pledges were broken, sooner or later, by the British Government or by British officials, whose actions—as will be shown in detail later on—were either endorsed or tacitly condoned by their Government.

In the year 1854 an almost identical treaty—the Bloemfontein Convention—was made with the Orange Free State. But the same disregard of treaty obligations on the part of Great Britain followed as in the case of the former convention with the Transvaal. For many years the natives—and especially the Basutos—raided the

Free State and inflicted terrible losses upon its inhabitants, who, however, not only held their own, but at length had inflicted severe and well-merited chastisement upon them when, in 1869, in defiance of treaty promises—contained not only in the convention of 1854, but reiterated in the Aliwal Convention of only the previous year—the British authorities at the Cape intervened in favour of the Basutos, and not only stopped ammunition for the Free State from passing through the colony, but even supplied the natives with arms and ammunition; the fact that these actions were not only flagrant breaches of the two conventions named, but were done while the Free State was actually at war with the Basutos, adding considerably to the shamefulness of the proceedings. But even earlier than this—back to 1860—there was constant interference with the natives north of the Orange River; the intrigues of Sir Philip Wodehouse with the Chief Moshesh, and his endeavours to bring the Basutos under British rule, being a notorious case in point. The arming of natives—also in conflict with the two conventions of 1852 and 1854—was proved to have been done repeatedly. Thus we find General Sir A. Cunynghame, Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, admitting that fully four hundred thousand guns were sold to natives during his term of service in South Africa; and after the annexation of the diamond-bearing territory it was quite a usual thing to pay the natives employed in the mines in guns instead of cash; while repeated protests, both by the Transvaal and Free State, were either treated with silent contempt or elicited insolent replies from the British officials in South Africa.

Perhaps the most glaring violation of the conventions existing between this country and the Free State, however, was the stealing of the Kimberley diamond fields when diamonds were discovered there in 1868-9, and the manner in which the ground was taken was even more discreditable than the actual annexation. It was speciously pretended that the ground in question belonged to a native chief, one Waterboer, a British subject—a claim which was strenuously opposed from the first by the Free State, and was subsequently disproved in the English Law Courts. Notwithstanding this, however, the British claim to the ground was persisted in, and the Free State dispossessed of land which undoubtedly formed part of its territories. Nor does it mend matters to argue that the acceptance by the Orange Free State of £90,000 paid to it absolves the British Government from the charge of wrongful acquisition of this ground. In the first place, this money was paid, "not as recompense for any admitted wrong, but in consideration of the injury which the President and the people of the Free State represent they have sustained"; a transparent subterfuge which needs no refutation. In the next place, if it is to be considered as a payment for

the loss of this territory, it was a grossly inadequate amount for the greatest diamond fields in the world. And, finally, the Free State had no option about accepting this paltry sum of money—it was simply a case of take it or leave it, and the Free State had to make a virtue of necessity. And to this day the Freestaters have never ceased to protest that the diamond fields were literally filched from their country.

That this contention was justified has been proved to demonstration. Not only, as we have seen, was the claim set up on behalf of Waterboer set aside by a judgment of the English Courts, but, as Froude says, "The ink on the treaty of Aliwal was scarcely dry when diamonds were discovered in large quantities in a district *which we had ourselves treated as part of the Orange territory*" (*Oceana*, p. 41). Further, Mr. J. A. Hobson says: "A lawyer with a large conveyancing practice near Kimberley told me that even now the transfer of the most valuable lands shows that their ownership rests upon Free State titles—an absolutely convincing proof of Free State priority of claim (*The War in South Africa*, p. 140).

Turning now to the case of the Transvaal we find that, bad as was the manner in which the Orange Free State had been treated by this country, the Transvaal has fared even worse at our hands. Time after time have our most solemn pledges, as embodied in our conventions with the South African Republic, been broken and ignored without the smallest amount of compunction; whilst we have repeatedly—especially during these latter years—added insult to injury by falsely charging the Transvaal with the very offence which has been so frequently committed by ourselves.

As in the case of the Free State, Transvaal territory was claimed when diamonds were discovered in part of the Transvaal contiguous to that part of the Free State already wrongfully annexed, and upon the same pretext—the native chief Waterboer being again used as a pawn in the game of spoliation played by the British authorities. On this occasion, it is true, arbitration was resorted to, but with what degree of fairness it was conducted may be judged from the fact that after the decision was given—against the Transvaal—it transpired "that the English arbitrator had bought 12,000 morgen (of the ground in dispute) from the native chief Waterboer for a mere song, and also that Governor Keate, who acted as umpire, had accepted Waterboer as a British subject, which was contrary to the convention" (J. C. Smuts[1] *A Century of Wrong*, p. 26). All appeals for restitution of, or compensation for the ground thus wrongfully seized were met with blank refusals, and again Boer confidence in British justice received a rude shock.

[1] *A Century of Wrong*, although usually ascribed to Mr. Reitz, was really written by Mr. Smuts, the Transvaal State Attorney. I have a letter in my possession from Mr. Reitz to that effect.

In 1878 the trial of a notorious gun-runner in Natal, one Geo. Fenner, who was charged with supplying guns to the Zulus, elicited the fact that Mr. John Dunn, at the time in the service of the Crown, had been actively associated with Fenner in the nefarious business, and on being asked for an explanation of his conduct he—Mr. Dunn—in turn implicated a still higher official. Sir Bartle Frere, the then High Commissioner, in the course of correspondence with the Under-Secretary for the Colonies with reference to the above and similar matters wrote as follows:

> The Boers were aggressive, the English were not, and were well inclined to help the Zulus against the Boers. I have been shocked to find how very close to the wind the predecessors of the present Government here have sailed in supporting the Zulus against Boer aggression. Mr. John Dunn, still a salaried official of this Government, thinking himself bound to explain his own share in supplying rifles to the Zulus in consequence of the revelations in a late trial of a Durban gun-runner, avows that he did so with the knowledge, if not the consent, and at the suggestion of (naming a high Colonial official) in Natal. There can be no doubt that Natal sympathy was strongly with the Zulus as against the Boers, and, what is worse, is so still (Martineau, *The Transvaal Trouble*, p. 76).

Yet there is no record of Mr. John Dunn or "the high Colonial official" being punished for this flagrant breach of the convention existing between this country and the Transvaal.

Much more serious and far-reaching in its effects was the policy of Lord Carnarvon, under which, in direct defiance of conventional agreements with the Transvaal, that country was annexed by Sir T. Shepstone in 1877. Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Birmingham on June 7, 1881, declared that the Transvaal had been annexed upon false information supplied to the British Government by the officials in South Africa, and went on to say,

> In 1852 we made a treaty with them—the Boers—in which they agreed to give up slavery, which had hitherto prevailed in their midst, and we agreed to respect and guarantee their independence; and I say, in these circumstances is it possible we could maintain a forceable annexation of the country without incurring the accusation of having been guilty—I will not say of national folly—but of national crime?

The subterfuge of Sir T. Shepstone when he annexed the country, that the majority of the Boers desired annexation, had not even the merit of being an original falsehood, since Sir Harry Smith annexed the Orange Free State in 1849 upon the same pretext. That it was a false assertion was quickly demonstrated. Not only have we the testimony of Mr. Chamberlain quoted above, but the more important and conclusive fact that nearly 7000 out of a total of some 8000 burghers signed protests against the annexation, besides the Volksraad and every official of importance, from the President downwards. A further pretext for the annexation was that the

Boers had been unable to subdue the chief Sekukuni, who had been in revolt for some time previous against the Boer Government. But as a matter of fact, before the annexation Sekukuni had already sued for peace and had been fined 2000 head of cattle by the Boers. This is proved by the fact that one of the first acts of Shepstone after assuming the position of Administrator of the Transvaal was to enforce this sentence and collect the fine.

Nor are these the only acts of chicanery on the part of Shepstone towards the Transvaal, as a far more glaring instance remains to record. It appears that there had been a dispute of some years' standing between the Boers and the Zulus regarding a strip of territory along the border, which had been occupied by the Boers since 1869, but which the Zulus claimed. The question was referred to Shepstone for settlement before the annexation, and he gave a direct decision against the Boers and in favour of the Zulus. But no sooner had he become Administrator of the Transvaal than he declared the ground in dispute to be British territory, and adopted the previous contention of the Boers that the Zulus had no right to the ground. Thereupon the Governor of Natal appointed a Boundary Commission, which again decided in favour of the Zulus. Sir T. Shepstone, however, notwithstanding his own previous decision of the same nature, opposed this decision, and was backed up by Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Garnet Wolseley—then High Commissioner. The upshot was that the Zulus, persisting in their claim to the ground in question, the British Government sent the ultimatum to Cetewayo which originated the disastrous Zulu war, which was thus not only a direct outcome of the unjustifiable annexation of the Transvaal, but was directly due to a claim on the part of the Zulus which had twice been recognised and endorsed by British authorities. This incident seemed to prove that it was as difficult for the British authorities to keep faith with the natives as it was to keep faith with the Boers. It may be explained *en passant* that the claim by the Boers to the ground in question constituted the so-called "Boer aggression" mentioned by Sir Bartle Frere in the letter previously quoted from.

The retrocession of the Transvaal in 1880 atoned to a certain extent for the crowning injustice perpetrated in the annexation of the country; but the Convention of Pretoria, which superseded the Sand River Convention, was found to be equally unworkable and unsatisfactory, and it was in turn superseded by the London Convention of 1884. But even then full justice was not accorded to the Boers, since a certain—although limited—measure of control over their foreign relations was reserved to Great Britain; a fact which has undoubtedly had considerable effect in causing the present war. The Boers are, as a people, extremely sensitive to injustice, and although they have, generally speaking, loyally abided by the provisions of the London

Convention, there can be no doubt that the retention of even the small amount of control which could legitimately be claimed under that convention, has always been regarded by them as an unjustifiable restriction of their complete liberty of action, and has rankled accordingly. Their contention is, that as their independence before the annexation was absolute and complete, and as the retrocession was made avowedly because the annexation was unjustly effected, there should have been a return to the exact *status quo ante* the annexation; which there was not. And it is difficult to see what reply can be made to such a contention.

But, such as the London Convention was, how have its provisions been observed by this country? They have simply been flagrantly violated again and again. It must be remembered that by that convention the Boers were guaranteed complete independence as regards the internal government of the State; the only right of interference reserved to Great Britain being the right under Article 4 to veto treaties made with foreign countries other than the Orange Free State, and even then only in so far as they might be assumed to clash with British interests.

The attack upon the independence of the Transvaal by the Jameson Raid at the end of 1895 was admittedly engineered by Mr. Rhodes, then Premier of Cape Colony, the High Commissioner was proved to be privy to the intended violation of Transvaal territory, and very few people doubt that the Colonial Secretary, if not the whole of the British Cabinet, was equally aware of what was going on—an opinion which is certainly justified by the manner in which the Parliamentary Inquiry into the Raid was burked, and by the persistent refusal since to publish the suppressed Hawkesley correspondence. It is further emphasised by the fact that to this day the claim for compensation made by the Transvaal Government in connection with the Raid remains unpaid, notwithstanding the fact that the claim for one million pounds for "moral and intellectual damages," which was at first made a pretext for refusing payment, has long since been abandoned.

No less glaring an instance of bad faith towards the Transvaal was the claim to suzerainty resuscitated by Mr. Chamberlain in 1897, after thirteen years of desuetude—a claim supported by arguments which would put a school-boy to shame, and in face of such conclusive facts as were adduced by Mr. Reitz in his answering despatch of April 6, 1898 (see *Blue Book No. 4*, C. 9509); facts of which Mr. Chamberlain could have been in ignorance only at the expense of the last shreds of reputation for competence to fill the important office which he holds, but which a knowledge of renders his claim to suzerainty wholly unjustifiable, if not absolutely dishonest.[1]

But when one impartially and dispassionately considers the

[1] For an exhaustive discussion of this question of suzerainty, see the admirable pamphlet by Dr. J. M. Farrelly on *Suzerainty and the South African Republic.*

diplomacy of Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner during the eight or nine months immediately preceding the war, one can only stand appalled at the reckless disregard alike of conventional obligations and pledges and of the ordinary courtesies and amenities of international relations. A policy of brow-beating, of exasperation, of misrepresentation of the Boers and their Government was pursued by those two gentlemen which is without parallel in the history even of our relations with the Boer Republics. Not only were such purely internal affairs as concessions declared to be a violation of the London Convention, but nearly every law passed by the Transvaal Volksraad was similarly denounced. The Press Law, the Undesirable Aliens Immigration Law, the Gold tax, the Absentee War tax—to name only a few out of many such—were all declared to contravene the Convention, and almost invariably without the smallest grounds for saying so; or only by twisting and distorting language out of all semblance to its ordinary meaning. How much truth there was behind these assertions was proved in the case of the Absentee War tax on farms, which furnishes an instructive illustration of the reckless manner in which these charges of breaking the Convention were levelled at the Boer Government. It had been asserted by Mr. Chamberlain before the war, that the imposition of this tax constituted a breach of the London Convention. But, asked a question on the same point subsequently—that is, after the commencement of hostilities—he replied that the former answer was a mistake, and that the law officers of the Crown were now satisfied that the tax in question was a legitimate one. Whence this change of front? One cannot help wondering whether the altered aspect of affairs did not account for it. In other words, that in view of the intended annexation of the Transvaal and in case the British Government should, after the acquisition of the country, have occasion to retain this source of revenue, it was conveniently discovered that a mistake had been made in asserting that this tax constituted a breach of the Convention. It is, to say the least, significant that the mistake was not discovered, or at least declared, until the country was about to pass from under the Boer *régime*.

Most unjustifiable of all interference, and by far the most flagrant breach of the London Convention, was the demand that the franchise laws of the State should be so altered as to confer political rights upon men who absolutely refused to assume the responsibilities and perform the duties which accompanied those rights, and which were undertaken as a matter of course by the burghers of the country. Let there be no mistake about it; that is what the demand made on behalf of the Uitlanders amounted to. Not only did the Uitlander Press of South Africa in general, and of Johannesburg in particular, scout the idea of the British Uitlanders either forswear-

ing their nationality and their allegiance to the Queen, or of going on commando as a *quid pro quo* for the acquisition of political rights, but this same objection—to the oath of allegiance—was urged by Sir Alfred Milner at the Bloemfontein Conference. It is doubtful whether a more insolent demand was ever made by one nation from another than the one under review; and what made it as outrageous as insolent was the fact that, not only was it made in direct defiance of the London Convention, but it was based solely upon the assumed ability of this country to enforce it if it were resisted by the Boers. Well might Mr. Chamberlain refuse to entertain the oft-repeated request of the Transvaal Government for arbitration; the result was too much of the nature of a foregone conclusion.

But, notwithstanding that the Transvaal Government conceded even more than had been demanded either by Sir Alfred Milner or in any of Mr. Chamberlain's despatches, this policy of menace was persisted in by this country; by the mobilising of an army corps, by the calling up of the reserves, admittedly for service in the Transvaal—in itself practically a declaration of war against that country—and by the refusal to forward the final demands threatened by Mr. Chamberlain, until the Boer Government felt itself compelled in sheer desperation to take the initiative in bringing matters to a head—with what result is now matter of history.

And the final result, what is that to be? Who can say? But speaking from a knowledge of the Boers gained during nearly thirteen years' residence in their country and a sympathetic study of the people and their national characteristics and history during the whole of that period, I have no hesitation in affirming my profound conviction, that just as a similar fatuous and unjustifiable policy resulted in the loss of our North American colonies more than a hundred years ago, so persistence in our present policy of annexation, of devastation and exasperation in South Africa will inevitably result in the ultimate loss, sooner or later, not only of the recently annexed Republics, but of the whole of our South African possessions. Whether this prognostication be justified or not, time alone will prove. This much, however, is certain, that whatever the shortcomings of the Boers may have been, they are far more sinned against than sinning. The foregoing, which by no means exhausts the list of occasions upon which we have ignored or broken our conventions with the Boers, is sufficient to show that our treatment of the two Boer Republics is one long record of force, of fraud, and of chicanery, which fully explains and more than justifies the degree of suspicion with which the British Government and British officials, if not the British nation at large, have for so long been regarded by the Boers.

EDWD. B. ROSE.

THE WORLD'S TRUE HEIRS;

OR, TRUE AND FALSE IMPERIALISM.

I AM a more pronounced Imperialist than Chamberlain himself; yet I deem war not in strict self-defence neither more nor less than wholesale murder. To prove this apparent paradox is the scope of this article.

The *meek* shall inherit the earth, but accursed be they that delight in war. The true road to Universal Empire is Peace, but war leads to deterioration and debasement, and from thence to inevitable decline and decay and fall and ruin. So Rome found it, and we are now treading in her bloodstained footsteps. And so, too, El Islam has found, even as we shall, the profound truth of that sacred proverb, "He that takes the sword shall perish thereby." By war in the eighteenth century we lost America; by war in the nineteenth century we have lost Africa; by war in the twentieth century we shall lose Asia and sink to a mere second-rate Power. Had we only been wise the century that has just begun would have seen us ere its close actually or at least virtually mistress of one-third of the world, and the venerable arbitress of the whole of it. But now, unless we utterly abandon Chamberlainian pseudo, and adopt in its stead true patriotic Imperialism, this is, alas! never to be. With the United States still subject to our sway we should be the dominant power and virtual mistress of all America, but now we only hold there an ice-bound region of very much less consequence than Mexico. With the two Dutch Republics virtually under our suzerainty (no matter whether they owned it in so many words or not) and a railroad all the way between the Cape and Cairo, we should own far the better half of Africa. But now we have virtually given Transequatorial Africa to Germany, and with it Holland, and with Holland Malaysia, and cut our Asiatic Empire in twain. A few capitalists will rear from the war a hen that will lay them golden eggs innumerable, when Chinese competition and billion dollar trusts and syndicates have laid their employés prostrate at their feet to squeeze down their wages to starvation point; and the greater the capital the grimmer and more awful the squeeze. Nor shall we escape a like penalty for our folly in permitting a plutocratic Press to lead us ignominiously by the nose into an

essentially capitalistic war. When the war is over and our brave heroes are come home again there will be scarce a village in England without some crippled and shattered soldier hobbling painfully about—a living sacrifice to Uitland mammon-worship and Jingo earth-greed.

> "Mourning too late red-tape ingratitude,
> In war so lavish and in peace so mean,
> The blaze of glory in the tempest rude,
> With clouds eclipsed as if it ne'er had been,
> And faint with penury hearts once so brave,
> Ghosts of themselves they crawl on to the grave."

For disabled bodies they will get sixpence a day at best, but much more likely a home in the workhouse; for surely they can expect no better from a Government that let them be helplessly slaughtered for want of mounts, and go into battle limping for want of boots, and, when wounded, die in hospital for want of decent care! A Government that gives Bobs an earldom, a pension of £5000 a year, a Garter, and the Cinque Ports, but to poor Wooley, who in the service of his country has lost two of Nature's chief gifts, his eyesight and his reason, and "is," consequently, according to the report of the medical officers at Netley, "very helpless, requires a good deal of attention, and from time to time has slight epileptic fits," a shilling a day for a year only, and after that, for the rest of his miserable days, flat beggary, worse thrice over than that of Belisarius, for Belisarius had the full use of his reason and his limbs. He was not liable to be taken up as a beggar and an impostor what time Giant Despair convulsed him, and he sprawled a piteous object on the pavement, foaming at the mouth. Oh, a truly, most truly blue-blooded Tory Government is this, Castlereagh and Eldon's not more so, with its generous doles to the classes and its utter scorn and loathing of the masses! But this hundred millions of money spent on a war of pure heathenish revenge and this fifty shillings compensation to poor Wooley for the loss of all that makes life worth living, this implacability and this ingratitude, invariably to be found united in all that rule not for others' good, but their own only, the sage historian refers to one and the same low source of utter selfishness in this one pithy sentence, "Revenge is profitable, gratitude costly." Our households are decimated with mourners for the dead and disabled; our volunteers find themselves not only unrewarded, but their living gone; our poor are poorer than ever, while the well-to-do have nothing to spare for them. The sexagenarian has lost the very faintest hope of his old age pension; the national school child of a free and gratis, because untaxed, breakfast table; the poor of decent housing; and all of any good whatever. Trade is in serious danger, and military conscription is knocking at the door. The

war has already (April 18) lasted 514 days that was to have lasted but some fifty; and has cost us £148,000,000; yet while thus sunk up to the eyes in debt we are called upon to double our army, and raise our navy to a par with those of France, Germany, and Russia in our only too well-founded dread of the displeasure of all Europe that our murder of the two African Republics has excited, and even more of its increased cupidity and diminished respect of our military prowess, in that with all the force of our Empire we are even yet unable to overcome a foe so puny—that with about a quarter of a million of fighting-men we are still withstood by some ten or twenty thousand ragged and half-famished "demi-savages." At the seat of war the burghers and the Uitlanders alike are utterly undone. The dwellings of the hapless Dutch farmers all in ruins, and their wives and children perishing on the veldt are crying aloud to Heaven for vengeance. Anarchy and rebellion are looming in Cape Colony:

> "Dark as night,
> Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell."

And no wonder either, when the constitution of Cape Colony and Natal is to be modified and the two late Dutch Republics placed under military rule; and when, through our mad insolence, and Jingo earth-greed, and Uitland thirst of gold, and the desolating war superinduced thereby, there is every prospect of a grievous famine. And our trade, with all these forty wars in a single reign, this last especially, is rapidly vanishing, and with it our wealth, and the sinews of the war that we delight in so.[1] And organs of the reactionary Press, like the *Daily Telegraph*, dare to speak of the new King's "returning to HIS capital." And, worst of all, we are ourselves obviously deteriorating; if, indeed, there is any truth in the teaching of all history from the Trojan war until now, we must be. That war, with its Stygian odour of putrefying corpses, is the most depraving of all things, all history proves; from the Trojan war, the horrible cruelty of ancient Rome, culminating at last in such monsters as Caligula, Nero, Domitian, and Commodus, the Wars of the Roses, and the French Revolution, until now, stirring up as it does all the vilest and most execrable passions of human nature, and making human beings made in the image of God little better than incarnate fiends. If "God is Love," war *must* be the arch-fiend (like Jove, sitting in the midst of the other gods and goddesses, his children and grand-children), and the other fiends but his progeny. Thus war begets poverty and riches. And poverty begets sedition, rebellion, and discord, whilst riches beget pride, insolence, and indolence. And pride begets cruelty, and insolence irreverence, and indolence

[1] Bombay has lost 1,500,000 of its population, Irish emigration is booming, the census prospect is bad.

superstition. It was even so with Rome in ancient, and is with Spain in modern, times. And to the united action of all these devils both Rome and Spain owe their downfall. Only at Rome insolence and indolence begat severally two half-devils, whereas in Spain they copulated and begat a full devil—superstition in the most complete and most execrable form in which it has ever cursed mankind. In all other respects the histories of the two are most exactly parallel. And can we, then, that have waged no fewer than forty wars during the last sixty-four years, hope to escape deterioration? No, we *have* deteriorated. The morality of the Jingoes is, shall I say, pre-Homeric, or shall I say that of our ancestors 2000 years ago? Nay, it is worse than either. For neither the pre-Homeric Greeks nor the pre-Christian Britons were such abject drivelling slaves of gold as the authors of the present war not only are, but are insolently proud of being, but "eager for glory only." How far we have deteriorated appears from what is at this moment going on at once eastward in China and southward in Africa, where the horrors are ineffable, inconceivable, indescribable, No pillage was ever more shamefully complete than that wrought by the Allies. And the consequent famine is "one of the very worst in history." Infanticide is frightfully common. Parents driven mad by want and the cries of their children for food kill them rather than listen. And the Germans kill and the French and Russians ravish wholesale.

And if things are somewhat better in Africa, to what is that due but the civilisation in its very purest and most unadulterated form of the "semi-savage demi-devils" the Jingo Demon has taught us so utterly to scorn and loath? And even there roots and grass and filth, and

"Rats and mice and such small deer,"

and putrid corpses failing at last, one mother has been found to kill and eat her child to stifle the pangs of hunger. And

"Nobody knows and nobody cares."

"Nobody knows," for the Chamberlain-possessed Government here and Kitchener martial law there rigorously suppress all awkward facts, our soldiers are no longer allowed to write home, and all is Egyptian darkness; and "nobody cares" save "execrable traitors to their country, their king and their God"—*videlicet*, us "pro-Boers and pro-Boxers."

Such are our losses. And what are our gains? The bare soil as long as it is occupied by our troops, and no more at present, but ultimately, if we triumph, to the incalculable loss not only of the Boers, but of ourselves also and all the world, a South African eighteenth-century non-English-speaking six-thousand-miles-off Ireland, and the fixed suspicion and contemptuous hate of all

Europe. The nations of Europe have one and all been gravely alarmed at our colossal seven-leagued-boot strides to Universal Empire; a little more and all Christendom will turn upon and rend us as it did Napoleon. And by the murder of two most harmless and inoffensive republics we have more than given them that little.

Ever since the rebellion of our American colonies in 1774 the uniform trend of civilisation has been in favour of the emancipation of nationalities. This we have seen since then in countless instances. And now, whilst the subjugation of non-Christian races is still deemed as allowable as the eating of the flesh of animals, the subjugation of Christian races is as loathsome as cannibalism. No other European Power holds in subjection any Christian alien races that are not at least conterminous, and after the death of Franz Josef none will do even that. For the Finlanders and the people of Nice and Corsica are only semi-aliens at most—are at least half brothers to those of Russia and France. We alone rule Christian races as utterly alien to us as possible, from Gibraltar to Cyprus. It is but a little less than a century ago (1809) since an alien Christian race has been subjugated by any European Power, and that race, as I have just said, only semi-alien at most, and conterminous, and that power Russia; but we, in defiance of the irresistible high-tide of European opinion, are subjugating two entirely alien Christian Republics, one pure Dutch and the other Franco-Dutch, and not conterminous either, but distant from us a month's voyage round the entire semi-circumference of the globe. When we come across a horde of man-eating savages we can hardly control our abhorrent loathing. Oh, that we could only see that the rest of Europe regards with the same abhorrent loathing one Christian race enslaving another! Oh, that we could only see that the moral anachronism is in the one case only one degree less odious than the physical anachronism in the other! Oh, that we could only see that we are thus losing every tittle of our once majestically supreme moral influence in the concert of Europe, and slowly but surely paving the way for unfathomable degradation and utter ruin and the fate of ancient Rome. Europe envied us before, but it loathes us now—a truly most formidable change. We have strangled, and may yet again strangle and trample under foot, like infant Alcides of old, two, yea three, hissing dragons, but not the Avenging Angel. And the Boers feel all this to their very inmost hearts' core, and are still struggling against us exactly as their ancestors struggled against Spain till after forty long years they won their liberty at last and brought down their once mighty tyrants to irremediable decay, even as their posterity may yet do. Thus Europe *has* interfered—cannot, indeed, help interfering morally—but with ships and armies not yet. Most luckily for the present Jingo Government, but only luckily for

us if it gives us time to learn "the things that belong to our peace," a red herring lies across the trail—a dense fog has arisen to prevent that—the crisis in China.

But besides Africa from Cairo to the Cape, and the absolute suzerainty of America, we should also have been by far the greatest of Asiatic Powers. And that in two ways. Firstly, by the discovery of the Antarcadian valley which, sheltered by a huge mountain of ice, like a bear and her cubs beneath the snow, and heated by a chain of fire-breathing volcanoes, and being, as it is, a valley, is in all probability very liveably warm. And this would have given us a hold on the lower half of South America, but now that we have lost the United States, of course it would not. This first chance, therefore, we have lost by our first great error last century. Secondly, by the peaceful conquest and colonisation of Malaysia. And then against our Oriental Empire, extending without a break vertically from the Himalayas to the southernmost island of Polynesia, and horizontally from Thibet to the Great Sahara, the countless waves of the colossal hosts of Russia would have beaten wholly in vain. This second chance also we have lost by our second great error this century, as Germany plus Holland, not we, will now dominate that magnificent archipelago.

And now are we at the end of the present Chinese crisis and the commencement of, as some think, the world's last century, going to commit our third great error, and lose the first place in Asia as we have already lost it in the three other continents? We have partly done so already by controlling Russia's freedom of action and impeding her natural progress, (1), in the Crimean War, (2), at the Berlin Conference. And are we going to complete yet worse what we have so ill begun? Are we going to (1) dispute her recently-acquired suzerainty in Manchuria, (2) to deny her the port in the Persian Gulf so indispensably necessary for the just and legitimate expansion of her hitherto landlocked and consequently strangled commercial and naval power?

Live and let live! Let her have the North and West of Asia while we have the South and East; let her have a port at Bunder Abbas while we have a railway at the extreme South of Persia, connecting Calcutta and Cairo. But, believing as I do in the moral law which antiquity worshipped under the name of Nemesis as firmly as I believe in the physical law of gravity, to the power that first assails the other I most confidently prophesy sure and swift destruction. Should Russia assail us, El Islam, with all her compressed virility, will rise up against her, and with that colossal force at our rear and in our van we shall drive her out of India as it were a whirlwind. But should we, in our mean and hateful dog-in-the-manger jealousy and purblind arrogance and destruction-overshadowed pride, assail her, France will annex Morocco and invade Egypt; and Germany,

now for ever allied and virtually united to Holland, will sweep us out of South Africa with the greatest ease and profit to herself, and the greatest ruin and disgrace to us. To have even dreamt of such a thing before last year would have exceeded the learned folly of the most pan-Germanic Alnaschar, but now the case is as wholly and entirely different as light and darkness. Before then all South Africa was more than contented; was proud of belonging to an Empire so great and prosperous. But now, though our armies occupy the soil like so many swarms of all-devouring locusts, every heart with one drop of Dutch or French blood in it beats secretly if not openly ninety strokes a minute against us. And when this wretched Chinese imbroglio is over, all Germany will long for a conquest so supremely easy, that will make her the first European Power; and all Europe will wish her success in a war against the liberticidal tyranny that has most anachronistically enslaved two unmixedly Christian nations, not only not semi-brutes, as we in our madness have been apt to regard them, but with the very best and purest Dutch and French blood in their veins, as if this were not the twentieth century, when all European peoples except Finland, Poland, and Italia Irridenta, and all peoples of European origin outside Europe, have won freedom and self-government (and even Finland and Poland are governed by a people of the same race at least as themselves), but the fourteenth century, when we for a time enslaved France. And whilst France and Germany are attacking us, the one in the north and the other in the south of Africa, Hindostan, seeing the whole world up in arms against us, and the long-prophesied end of our raj come at last, will, after the fashion of all Orientals, turn against us too, and stretch out its hands to Russia and implore her protecting aid. And China will avenge the Opium War. And now that France is assailing us in Egypt, French Canada will annex itself to the United States, partly on that account and partly because we have shown ourselves no longer to be trusted by those of a different race to ourselves. We even already see unmistakable symptoms of this.

And how are we to prevent all these looming national calamities? How in the first place shall we prevent Holland, backed by Germany, from annexing the whole of sub-equatorial Africa? By making another United States of it. But the beaver must part with his caudal glands. The Transvaal must part with the Rand. The Transvaal must henceforth be divided into two provinces—Boerland, capital Pretoria, and Transvaal proper, capital Johannesburg. And then the most interesting of all questions will be finally settled. In the words of Elijah (only for "Baal" substituting "Mammon"): "If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Mammon, then follow him." Was ever proposal fairer? The worship of Mammon at present established over all so-called Christendom I, for my part,

believe to be a most loathsome and detestable superstition. But now we shall see once for all whether it be so or not. Which will be the happier and the more truly prosperous—the Boer in the midst of his kine or the Uitlander in the midst of his gold—the Boer who wishes still to live the pure, happy, unsophisticated life he has lived so long, the life of the Engadine peasantry, where the poorest have enough and the richest cannot leave their posterity in eternal sloth; or the Uitlander, who wishes to introduce the horrible social inequality of Johannesburg under the pretence of "developing the country and making it rich and prosperous." If the former, then the Lord is God; if the latter, then Mammon is. And each State —Cape Colony, Natal, Zululand, Aurantia,[1] the Orange Free State, Transvaal proper, Boerland, and Rhodesia, enjoying the same happy self-rule as the States enjoy in Unia,[2] but Great Britain still retaining its due and lawful suzerainty, all would doubtless ultimately come right again.

And how shall we recover Europe? I mean how shall we regain its respect and goodwill? By utterly reversing the political system by which we have lost it. Less than two years ago we were at the zenith of our moral influence; we are now at its nadir. In 1898 we trampled barbarism in its cruellest, savagest, most degrading, and most desolating form under our feet. In 1901 we are extinguishing liberty in the blood of the purest and devoutest of Christians—in the best blood of France and Holland. Till now we were ever in the van of European progress; we are now lagging far in the rear. We were the first to establish the representative system of Government, to shake off the yoke of absolute power, to abolish slavery, to give up of our own accord territory (Heligoland and the Ionian Islands) to which we had no moral right, and to inaugurate that which will in the end extinguish war for ever—Free Trade. And now we are doing that which all Europe abhors, which no European Power, not even Russia, will ever do again "as long as the moon endureth." We protested against the partition of Poland, and now we are enslaving Greater Holland; we abhorred idols, we are committing sacrilege; with Pythagoras we indulged not our stomachs with every kind of vegetable, and now we are returning to the cannibalism of our remotest ancestors thousands of years ago, when Triptolemus was as yet unborn, and corn was a thing unknown. That we have gone fearfully back out of the way of peace into that of national decay and ruin appears quite plainly from the following two simple facts. In the late reign we waged no fewer than forty wars, amongst them the most infamous war that ever disgraced humanity—the very arch-fiend-himself-astounding Opium War with China; the Crimean War, which all rational politicians have long found to have been an utter mistake; and the present war, which our

[1] The Orange Free State. [2] The United States.

great-great-grandchildren will doubless censure as unanimously as we do that of our great-great-grandsires with their American Colonies. And from the accession of the Jingoes to power till now we have had more quarrels with Christian nationalities than all other European Powers put together; indeed, none of them but Spain has had any at all except with us. And Spain could not help herself. The struggle for her last scrap of America was forced upon her. And indeed ever since 1815 their wars (bar that in the Crimea) have been most vital and necessary, and ours most trivial and *un*necessary.

Thrice during the eventful reign that has just come to a close has Government forced us into a war that we should have utterly abhorred had we had the smallest idea of the questions really at issue in them. In the Opium War with China the pretence was Free Trade; the reality was the poisoning by opium of China, both soul and body, in the sordid interest of the capitalist. And in the present war the pretence was justice to our fellow countrymen infamously oppressed by a "tyrannical minority of semi-barbarous demi-Dutchmen"; the reality was the annexation of the Transvaal in the interest of the worshippers of Mammon. And so it has ever been. In the war of the Spanish Succession the pretence was the unscrupulous ambition of Louis XIV.; the reality was the placing Charles of Austria on the Spanish throne against both hereditary right and the wish of the nation and of the late king. Albeit, as the pretence was not all pretence, the war was just enough *quoad* France, but most unjust *quoad* Spain. In our war with our American colonies the pretence was the undoubted inalienable rights of king and nation set at naught on a mere twopenny-halfpenny matter of certain chests of tea; the reality was America for the Americans. In the Crimean War the pretence was Russian earth-greed—England *versus* earth-greed was indeed the devil *versus* sin—"the very fiend's arch-mock"—with a vengeance; the reality was the maintenance of all the abominations of Turkish barbarism from the purely selfish motive of national jealousy. In the great American Civil War the pretence was—I really forget what; I only remember that the friends of the South were most clamorously cocksure they were right; the reality was the final and total abolition of slavery throughout the world. And, lastly, in the march on Pekin the pretence was the legations in danger, the reality a Far Eastern Poland, and the utter ruin, misery, and enslavement of over 300,000,000 souls, postponed for a time only by the unexpectedly stubborn resistance of the Boers.

The decline and fall that threatens to overtake modern England, exactly as it overtook ancient Rome and has overtaken modern Spain, commenced with an odious theft.

Let us make restitution. We rescued Malta from Napoleon, but gave it not back to its lawful owners. Let us give it back now.

Gibraltar stands on a widely different footing; it is as legitimately ours as any place not on British soil can be; still, let us exchange it for Ceuta and as much more as we can get. Not only Spain and Malta, but all Europe, envies and hates us for the possession of Gibraltar and Malta more than for all besides; all its writers, great and small, from Hugo and Michelet downwards, are for ever throwing it in our teeth, and when that grand law of nation for nation and people for people is at last universalised by the annexation of German Austria by Germany, the Czar's retroceding Finland to Scandinavia and receiving by way of compensation German and Austrian Poland, not as Czar but as King, the acquisition of Southern Tyrol and the Ticinese by Italy, and the cession to the latter power by France of Corsica (which, if I may trust my Mahon, costs France thrice as much as it brings in) and Nice in return for Morocco and Tunis, the moral sense of Europe will no longer tolerate it. If the possession of Malta and Gibraltar were really necessary to the safety of our colossal world-wide empire, instead of being sooner or later fatal thereto, I would say nothing. But now that we have Egypt, Malta and (had we but Ceuta) Gibraltar are not worth the ten-thousandth part of the envy, hatred, and jealous suspicion, not of Spain and Malta only, but of all, and especially of all Mediterranean Europe, that they cost us. Even if I held the coarsest and most brutal ultra-Jingo principles I should still say so. Augustus was really absolute, but by means of pleasing though empty forms, he so concealed his power that Rome seemed still a Republic. James I., on the contrary, though his power was really quite limited, so flaunted the red flag of Divine Right before the very nostrils of John Bull as undoubtedly to pave the way for the revolution that his grandson, James II., following the same political course, ultimately brought about. The more earnestly a wise Machiavellian government desires the power it has not, the less it should exhibit the power it has. Only the insane earth-greed of an Opimius[1] turned Jingo would hesitate to exchange one barren rock for another and sacrifice one petty, now useless island to safeguard an empire so vast as ours, and enable us without danger to make it perhaps half as vast again. Gibraltar, however, is our pride, and Spain, with its schoolmasters in rags and one-third of its population unable either to read or write, is so utterly fallen that perhaps we *may* keep Gibraltar, as we, I fear, certainly shall. But Malta is our disgrace—Malta, to retain which we violated the Treaty of Amiens, and so were (who knows how far) the cause of the fearful calamities that befell Europe for thirteen wretched years thereupon. And when I think on the one hand that we have the very worst possible title to it, both by international and by natural

[1] A miser in "Horace," who let himself die rather than go to the expense of a twopenny dish of rice broth.

law, and on the other of Chamberlain's late high and mighty dealing with its wretched inhabitants, I recognise in that able but unprincipled Minister's character the very acme of the vice that ancient Greece truly deemed the most dangerous of all to a State—insolence. Insult makes even deadlier enemies than injustice. Our right to Gibraltar is indisputable, yet the proud Spaniard hates us and ever will hate us deadlily; Malta is a hideous blot upon our history, the vilest and most despicable of thefts, aggravated by the grossest breach of faith and blood shed in torrents for thirteen weary years; yet the patient Italian smiles, shrugs his shoulders and hates us not. But now, as if we had not enemies enough already, we are making an enemy of him too, the only friend we have. As if we had not wronged Malta enough by manstealing it a century ago, we are now cutting out its tongue, as it were, that is, depriving it of its native language, and that with precisely the same insolent scorn as drove the Boers on to their ruin. As if, when France is doing the same thing in Corsica and Nice, and Austria in Istria, Trentino, Fiume, and Dalmatia, this was not the very time to show ourselves what we have ever been, except when under the hateful Jingo régimes of 1802-1815 and 1895-1901, the first "in every good word and work." And if Europe hates us, it is because by holding these two posts we proclaim ourselves Lords of the Mediterranean, which we should be quite as really without this exasperating ostentation of supremacy, by the floating world of our shipping. It was the insolence of our Government more even than its injustice that forced on the present war, and Napoleon, though he did in sixteen years infinitely more mischief than we have done since the Conquest, and was infinitely more unjust than we have ever been, was perhaps hardly hated more. And it is this unprofitable insolence that will undo us yet, even as the wise man warns us: "Pride cometh before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall"; but if we cease to proclaim ourselves Lords of the Mediterranean by holding Malta, Gibraltar, and Cyprus (another of our thefts, Greece being the lawful owner)—and why *should* we be lords of that sea as long as our ships pass freely through it?—we may even yet inherit the earth according to the beatitude, to Christianise, colonise, and civilise it, and Great Britain be one day the venerable arbitress of the wide, wide world, and, what our Jingo Mammon-worshipping earth-worms will care for much more, acquire some millions of miles of additional territory, with a due proportion of gold and silver and diamond mines.

But four things are necessary before we can hope to attain that proud position. (1) We must abandon all interference whatsoever between France and Belgium, and between Russia and Turkey. (2) Parliament must be reformed both internally and externally. (3) Only malignity the most inveterate and ignorance the most

besotted must ever in the time to come be able to speak of the wrongs of Ireland. If Ireland, *after a fourth Reform Bill such as I would propose*, still desires Home Rule, she should have such a measure of it as would soothe her national pride without wounding ours, a measure that the Nationalist would willingly accept and the Liberal Unionist as willingly concede. And would not the following be such? For, say, the first three months in the Session let the British Parliament sit in London and consider such measures as are peculiar to Great Britain, and an Irish Parliament of some seventy members sit at Dublin and consider such measures as are peculiar to Ireland; such measures as are not peculiar being only made binding on both countries by passing both Houses. Then let both Houses united in London consider such matters as are strictly and indivisibly common to both countries, the Crown, by the advice of its Privy Council, "advising itself" of such measures as have been passed in only one House as peculiar, but are found on investigation not to be so. (4) Our Board schoolboys must be taught the elements of moral and political philosophy, and the true root and pith of the teaching, not only of English, but also of universal history. They would then refuse to serve in a far worse than useless war like this.

Ignorant as horses must our opponents be not to know in how many wars from Marathon to Lindley during the last 2390 years the weak have successfully withstood those that sought to subjugate them or have thrown off their yoke, though twenty-fold, thirty-fold, or even a hundred-fold stronger and more numerous than themselves, and that, only to quote the great poet's words—

> "When self-abasement leads the way
> To villain bonds and despot sway,"

does the converse hold, and even the less numerous subjugate the more so, as in the case of the aborigines of Canaan, Mexico, Hindostan, and Australia, and in that of Ancient Rome and—but for Wellington, the great Teutonic Renaissance and Moscow—Modern Spain. Oh that Spain would even yet be wise and learn "the things that belong to her peace," e'er it is too late, and she falls, like Jerusalem, to rise no more, but to be ultimately re-peopled on the North by France, on the West by Italy, and on the South by us, as a convenient stepping-stone to India. For a dejesuitised Spain there may yet be hope; but for Spain as it is, with a population not one-third of what it should be by the first great law promulgated at the Creation, and of that miserably inadequate population one-third unable to read and write, there is surely no better hope than that. Even already we are refortifying Gibraltar, and planning to negotiate Tarifa and the coast adjacent to Gibraltar from her. Pliny counted 360 important towns in ancient Spain; there are barely 30 now.

Menu, the wisest of the Aryan, as Solomon was of the Semitic

race, and Confucius of that of "righteous Abel," lays down this profound maxim: "Better is a faithful ally than wealth and territory"; yet we lose the love, and incur, or at least risk, the implacable hate instead, of Spain, Greece, and Italy, for three such petty possessions as Gibraltar, Cyprus, and Malta.

"He that cannot forgive," says Muratori, "is not fit to rule." Yet because the Jingoes could not forgive that unlucky skirmish at Majuba, the arch-Jingo Chamberlain conducted his negotiations with the Boers with such insolent acerbity as to goad them on to their ruin. Oh, how unlike him are the natural rulers of men—the Cæsars, the Henry the Fourths, the Gustavus Adolphuses, the William the Thirds, in their magnanimous placability; and how like him are the most unforgiving of men—doomed to sure and inevitable subjugation and extinction—the fierce Indian savages whose picture Robertson draws so finely for us in his immortal work on America; and such rulers to their country's cost as Caligula, Philip II. of Spain, Ferdinand II. of Austria, James II., Robespierre, and the nineteenth-century Bourbons, that "never learnt or forgot anything." Contrast James II. and the Kentish fishermen with Frederick the Great and the libellous placard, and wonder not at their respective ends.

"As for leniency towards the Boers now in arms, shoot them off the face of the earth like vermin. Treat them in the same way as the Americans treated the Red Indians—as so much poison to be got rid of. Sierra Leone, and not Ceylon, is the proper place to banish them to. The Boer, like the Red Indian, will not adopt our methods of civilisation. Then clear him out of the way at all costs, wipe the whole race out if necessary, and pay no attention to foreign comments on the subject."

When such is the outspoken language of the Jingo, "most heathenish and most gross," can we wonder at the unspeakably melancholy, soul-chilling language in which Lord Salisbury speaks of the outlook in Northern Dutch Africa?

"It may be years"—such are his very words—"it may be generations, before the state of society in those regions will be such that the benevolent rule of British self-governing colonies can be fully applied to them."

Or at the gloomy, almost menacing speech of the new Secretary for War demanding sixteen more millions of money, and all our quarter of a million of men out in Africa to stay there till we have crushed the Boers to powder? Meaning just the same as Kitchener and McKinley. Only let the former beware lest he is made a scapegoat of, even as Chamberlain has been by the astute managers of the Cecil Hotel, Limited; and pretty much the same as our Jingo friend above quoted, with his wild Indian war-whoop, "Væ victis! væ victis!! væ victis!!!" only using the smooth decorum of Parlia-

mentary utterance. Or at the trepidation of Spain fearing that we want the Balearic Isles (isles being the British Erysichthon's pet dainty) and Ceuta to make safe still safer, and the Canary Isles for our own wine-growing, and a coaling-station at the Azores? Or at France's fears for Madagascar and Indo-China? After enslaving those two most inoffensive provinces of Greater Holland, and first stealing Malta and then cutting her tongue out to stop her incessant reproaches, and when we quite recently offered £250,000 to the owner thereof for the islet of Savora, Arosa Bay, Galicia, and when some of us express in first-class magazines regret that we did not filch Crete when we had the chance (just as their grandsires grumbled because Castlereagh would not rob Holland of everything —of Java as well as of Cape Colony, only because she had been forced to join her irresistible suzerain Napoleon "the Great" in his wicked wars of insane ambition), of what crime may we not be supposed capable? These fears, absurd as they may appear, are, believe me, a greater peril to us than we in our insolent pride dream of.

Are, then, the Jingoes on both sides of the Channel to have the overcrowing mastery till they have utterly ruined both us and France? The Demon of Jingoism is the perfect antitype of the wicked cat in Phædrus' fable of *The Eagle, the Cat, and the Wild Boar*, that by carrying calumnies backwards and forwards between the Eagle at the top of the tree and the Boar at the bottom, telling the Eagle that the Boar was undermining the tree, meaning, when the tree fell, to snap up the eaglets, and telling the Boar that the Eagle was on the look-out to pounce upon her young directly she left her hole, ultimately destroyed them both and got the tree to herself. But the Demon's plots are far more deeply laid. England desires peace above all things, and so does France. But there are Jingoes in both countries working all they can for war. Thus, England didn't want to keep Malta after the war, never dreamt of stealing either Crete or Cyprus, and no more thinks of attacking France in Madagascar or Indo-China than the man in the moon does. But one Jingo Premier kept Malta, another stole Cyprus. An utterly unprincipled Jingo expresses in a leading magazine a satanically cynical regret that England didn't steal Crete when she had the chance. And France very naturally thinks thereupon that we should like to take Madagascar and drive her out of Asia. Then the Demon comes to us and shows us the wonderful cock-and-bull ships the French Jingoes are building to sink ours to the bottom of the sea, and the schemes they are concocting to give our fleet the slip, land at April Fool's Bay, march on to London and loot it! And the Jingo Press on both sides of the Channel say exasperating things, and make up all the vile, wicked lies they can think of to set honest John Bull and simple Jacques Bonhomme by the ears, till the two poor, harmless, good-hearted noodles are half

wild with fear, suspicion, hate, and jealousy, and, like potassium plunged into hot water, are ready to explode at any moment. It is with the bewildered pair as with Christian plagued by the fiends in the Valley of the Shadow of Death: the Demon says and does all the wicked things, but through his Mephistophelic black art John thinks it is Jacques all the while, and Jacques thinks it is John. Another septennate of Jingo supremacy, and war between the two countries is inevitable.

"Cheating never prospers," we used to say at our games as boys. How, then, can the Government end well that retained its power last year by slanders infinitely more atrocious than were ever used before at any election since Parliament first came into being? "He that gives a vote," urged their agents upon every elector, "to the anti-English party, the pro-Boers and pro-Boxers, gives a vote for Kruger and the Boers, gives the traitor's vote of a Clark against his native land." When all was got that could be got by it they rebuked the lie, and refused Chamberlain his only too well-merited promotion. In other words, they were as ungrateful to Chamberlain as they have been to Kitchener, whom they have degraded from the greatest and most glorious of living heroes, the immortal conqueror of the Soudan, to a scullion employed to do the dirty work and clean up after the frightful orgie of blood—a loathsome job, in which he hardly *can* get much credit, and *may* possibly cover himself with infamy. And I really think that this is the blackest part of the whole business. It is exactly thus that the Devil ever rewards his servants, and well deserves the inheritance of the earth promised by *him*, but not that promised in the beatitude.

These atrocious tactics have been hitherto absolutely unknown in our party warfare, even in the worst of times. Englishmen used to love fair play. But this play is foul indeed—nay, truly Satanic. Yet not even now have the Jingoes fully abandoned it. Only the other day Mr. Brodrick answered an opponent thus: "All the Dutch that distrust Sir A. Milner are enemies to the Queen." From which it easily follows *à fortiori* that all the British that distrust his Majesty's Government are also enemies to their King and to their native land.

Only if we do all we can to ameliorate the condition of this poor suffering world, to which our incessant wars make us now, in the words of the poet of poets, but "a grief and a burden," can we hope to inherit it. And he that ameliorates not the condition of his native country, how can we hope that he will ameliorate the condition of a world-wide Empire? "For," again to quote from the Apostle, "if a man knows not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God?" And that is why I have spoken of thorough Parliamentary reform as indispensable, for how are we to ameliorate our condition as it should be ameliorated unless we have the best

possible implement for doing so? And what one good thing has the present Government done for us from 1895 until now? It has done finely for the Establishment; finely for the landowners; but what one good thing has it done for the people of Great Britain and Ireland? In London 18,000 men reach the age of sixty-five every year, including rich and poor. In order to give a man of sixty-five eight shillings per week pension for the rest of his life £170 is required. 18,000 × £170 = £3,060,000 a year. The Tory Government gave away in doles over £3,000,000 a year. Why did they not give it to the AGED POOR? They gave it as a dole to the LANDLORDS. "The Government," says the eloquent member for Battersea, "has abused office, prostituted power, subsidised its friends, and nominated for high posts in peace or war the incompetent or interested. It has squandered all the money that the death duties realised. It has robbed the urban poor to subsidise the rural rich. It has violated the principles of sound finance, suspended the Sinking Fund, and added to our National Debt. The Housing Bills are but fraudulent phrases. Its abandonment of Old Age Pensions is a cruel betrayal of the veterans of industry, a treachery to the thrifty, a cowardly desertion of the weak. It has passed labels and called them Acts of Parliament."

Lastly, in how strikingly different a fashion did the Children of Light and the Children of Outer Darkness celebrate their last great triumph! When the palings came down, and the right of free speech in Hyde Park and at Trafalgar Square was secured for ever thereby, we met at the former place, in the most quiet and orderly manner possible, to celebrate that gigantic advance towards perfect freedom and good government. Eloquent lectures were delivered at the several platforms to greedy ears and hearts full of patriotic joy. But the celebration of the murder of two peaceful and happy republics, and the utter desolation of South Africa, was a disgraceful orgie of the most stupid, disgraceful, disgusting, drunken rowdyism. If, then, the tree is known by its fruit, can we doubt that the one march was the march of the children of light on the way of meek, dove-eyed peace to the inheritance promised in the beatitude, and the other the march of the children of outer darkness to desolation in the vile quest (oh, poor fiend-deluded ones!) of "all the kingdoms of the earth" promised by the Tempter to all such as would "fall down and worship him;"?

When I carefully ponder in my heart all these things on the one hand, and on the other Government madly hastening to enlarge the Empire till it bursts like the frog in Æsop; South Africa, less than a year and a half ago so peaceful and prosperous, but now enslaved, impoverished, demoralised and utterly ruined in every way; Malta in agonies of despairing rage; and China an enormous fish requiring the most delicate manipulation before, even with five

hooks fast in its mouth, we dare venture to land it, I feel that the political weather-prophet, the Government, in accepting the Devil's offer on his own terms, but most certainly not on that of the Sermon on the Mount, is driving the ship of State on to the breakers with the horrible speed of the maelström when agitated by a fiend-summoned hurricane, heaven's red lightnings from above, hell's blue flames from beneath, and the mad waves between them. But the catalogue of evils due to this war and the many other wars we have waged during last reign is even yet incomplete. Not only are we demoralised ourselves, but we have also demoralised all the other great European Powers. And this again reacts against ourselves, since it makes them the more greedy to share our spoils amongst them. And they, too, are demoralising us. Thus, from the example of France and Austria, we have learnt to rob of her native language the wretched island we have already robbed of her native country. Fortunately for us, the Kaiser is a perfect reproduction of his grandmother's grandfather, and hates republicanism far too utterly to intervene. But this Chinese muddle once over, Germany may compel him to intervene. And judging from her bitterly hostile tariff, to which in her loyalty to the mother-country poor Canada has fallen a victim, nothing is more likely. Meantime we must crouch and cringe and do his bidding like a dog, and take as much as he will let us in China and elsewhere, and no more. Else —see this stick? But no cringing or crouching, however mean and abject, no massacring of men or starving of women and children, as we have already massacred and starved them in Crete, only on a much larger scale, will ultimately avert our doom. Holland will not permit that—Holland, that so profoundly sympathises with her fellow-countrymen in South Africa that sooner than allow them to be thus mercilessly subjugated she will enter the German Empire. And it is hard to say which will gain most thereby—she or Germany. Germany, what with the addition of Holland, sub-equatorial Africa and Malaysia, and ultimately all Germanic Austria, will be one of the three great Empires of the world, and perhaps the most powerful—certainly the second most powerful—of the three; and Holland will recover the one half, and immeasurably the dearest and most precious half, of her colonial empire, and realise the other half, at present a mere empty shadow, if not a burden, and, like some American bride with her dower of millions, will preside as queen, with Prussia as king, over adoring Pantentonia. Indeed, now that protectorates have taken the place of conquests, Holland in all probability sooner or later must do so, even as Scandinavia must unless she prefer a Russian Pansclavonic protectorate. And the late tiff between Holland and Portugal was obviously a first step in that direction. Once let Holland acquire the Portuguese littoral, and her, or rather Germany's, possession of

sub-equatorial Africa is merely a question of time. Hence the Anglo-Portuguese alliance that is now hopelessly crippling the Peninsula.

Above all we have demoralised America, and McKinley threatens to better in the Philippines Kitchener's example in the Transvaal. And this will react evilly in many ways. (1) It will free Kitchener from all wholesome restraint in his treatment of the hapless Dutch farmers. (2) With America holding the Philippines (which should ultimately have been ours), and Holland holding all the rest of Eastern and Germany eagerly competing with us for the possession of Western Malaysia, our chance of connecting our Asiatic with our Australasian and Polynesian possessions by means of that magnificent archipelago is infinitesimally small. (3) Appetite grows with eating, and earth-hunger with annexation of territory; so after the unrighteous conquest of the Philippines America will come with a mighty accession of voracity to the annexation at least of French, if not of all Canada.

The sole good I can see against the countless evil results of the present war is that with a quarter of a million of men in Africa we shall hardly venture to provoke a war with the Northern Eagles, that would most certainly prove our ruin. But this our Jingo friends would consider one more evil, if not the worst and most unendurable of all.

"Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it," was the first commandment given to man. By colonisation, not by conquest, by "coming in love and in the spirit of meekness" to the thinly-peopled, unenlightened and unprogressive regions of the earth—Antarcadia, Patagonia, Thibet, sub-equatorial Africa, Malaysia, and Polynesia—we and our Teutonic kindred might slowly but surely absorb them. Russia with her sparse and France with her diminishing population lag perilously behind in the heaven-directed competition; and of El Islam that old already quoted prophecy, I fear, holds good, "he that takes the sword shall perish by the sword." Bound fast by many chains and in the hands of three distinct enslavers, England, Russia, and France, she has mighty little chance of ever rising up again. And so of the land of the third great non-Christian, non-European religion, polytheistic Hindostan. Its one sole chance is an internecine struggle for supremacy between Great Britain and Russia. Thibet, in keeping down population by polyandria, has violated the first great law of the Creation already quoted. She has also violated a vital corollary of that law by refusing to admit the rest of the species "to replenish and subdue the earth" that in rank disobedience thereto she has left uncultivated and vacant. But Panbuddhistan (China, Japan, Burmah, and Siam), as she has amply obeyed the law so may she ultimately share the promised blessing. For, if

the posterity of righteous Abel are not "the meek" of the beatitude, who are? Though France must thereby lose Indo-China and we Thibet and Further India, I sincerely hope she will. Hitherto a mean jealousy of what we Aryans are pleased to call "the yellow peril" has repelled her. But this is a sin against that law on the part of America and Australia, even as her repelling us is a sin on hers. By a fixed law of nature, population should find its level even as water does—a law that is but a corollary, as I have already remarked, of the law of Moses.

Whichever way I look at it, I see in the bloated empire of the Jingo Big-Englander, not the inheritance of the earth promised in the Beatitude, but that promised by the Tempter in the wilderness, a pure usurpation and not a lawful inheritance, a curse to us and to mankind, and not a blessing.

The two great maxims of the true Imperialist are:

(1) What is wrong in the individual is wrong in the State. If it is wrong in me to kill a man it is wrong in the State to kill a multitude of men except in strict self-defence. If it is theft in the individual to wrest a purse from the highwayman and not to restore it to the lawful owner, England's annexation of Malta was theft, and no length of possession can render it otherwise. Throughout all Europe there is absolutely no parallel to this most disgraceful proceeding.

(2) Our possession of India, Egypt, or any other foreign country whatsoever, can only be justified by its being for the good of the inhabitants. But our tenure of Malta is an unmixed evil to the Maltese. They are demoralised by it just as Greece was by the Turkish yoke, outraged by the unparalleled injustice, humiliated, degraded, impoverished, oppressed, insulted continually tormented by the stings of the most rancorous hatred, rendered yet more exquisitely painful by its utter impotence and our disdainful grins. But forcing our language upon them, merely for the convenience of their own indolence, by our haughty officials, there is a quite unparalleled stretch of ultra-British insolence. If Corsica is to remain a French department, it is inevitable that sooner or later it should speak the same language as France. But the substitution of English for Maltese is a most cruel wrong. Unlike Corsica, Malta is many hundreds of miles away from the supreme Power, and, unlike Wales, Malta has already a noble literature of its own. But even Corsica is straining every nerve against the encroachment, even as Malta is. And I devoutly hope that the struggle will end in Italy regaining them both.

And now it would seem that after all we may fare with the Boers in 1901 even as Spain fared with their ancestors in 1609, when, after a forty years' struggle, she found herself compelled to grant them their liberty. The Boers have recently gained several great

successes, at Magaliesberg, at Zostron, at Helvetia, at Lindley, and at Greylingstad; and (though the scale is for the moment just a little turning against them), incredible as it appears after they have been defeated so often and with such heavy losses (so at least we have again and again been told), are now 10,000 strong. And what is even worse than their late successes (and possibly even in part the cause of them), our soldiers out there are heartily sick of the whole thing. And no wonder either. From 1569 to 1609, the Spaniards fought the Dutch under the influence of the strongest of all human motives—religious fanaticism—but our soldiers are fighting them for no reason whatever. The Boers wanted to put off, as long as they could, giving political power to those who, it was perfectly certain, would use it to destroy their nationality. This was the sole ostensible cause of the war and ground of the quarrel. And how should this appeal with much force to Tommy Atkins, who neither has a vote nor cares a straw for one? The war must needs appear to him altogether useless. No wonder, then, as I say, he is getting so sick of it. No wonder that so many Tommies are reported missing and so many officers are killed. No wonder that the Australians mutinied and defied the British guns when turned against them. No wonder that the troops at Cork, in Jamaica, and at Guernsey, tumultuated in their very natural reluctance to embark on a losing game, that, even won, is not worth the candle, and is a vile cheating game too. No wonder that even a general—Colville—is recalled in grievous disgrace on a charge of "pro-Boerism." And people do say that the said Tommies are frightfully demoralised too, and so may prove as infectious a curse to us as the last of the heroes proved to Greece on their return from Troy. And this also is highly probable, for blood, and such blood, and shed so worse than needlessly, is a moral poison, which one must either void by Thyestean vomiting or die of. The groans of the wounded, the glazing eyes of the dying, the pool of blood in which the dead lie, and their subsequent stench, must petrify every heart that they do not melt. And why are we doing so badly? Why have a third of a million of "British lions" taken over a year and a half to subdue less than the tenth of that number of "semi-Dutch mongrel curs," and, though now quite twenty to one, cannot do so even yet? Because we are more utterly in the wrong than we ever were before, except, indeed, in the Opium War with China. What other reason can there be?

"But why are we so utterly in the wrong? Did not the Boers invade our territory?" True, they were technically in the wrong then, according to my own ultra-peace theory. But only technically, as Chamberlain fairly drove them to it by his devilish cunning and treachery, and by his maddeningly insolent breach of faith—by his devilish cunning and treachery in the Jameson raid, Jameson being

the cat in the fable and he the monkey, and by his maddeningly insolent breach of faith (1) in coolly ignoring the Derby Convention, (2) when the Boers offered all, and more than all, he had asked for, in raising his terms quite indefinitely, and adding thereto the disdainful high and mighty threats of a purple-robed, long-bearded Oriental despot. (3) When they naturally remonstrated, though obviously prepared to yield everything—the suzerainty and what not—everything but their independence, albeit thus heavily handicapped, in refusing to treat any longer with them. Technically, then, they put themselves in the wrong on my anti-Jingo principles, but most certainly not on Chamberlain's Jingo principles. By every rule of international law, Chamberlain's first of all ignoring the Derby Convention, and last of all refusing to treat with the Boers any longer, formed a clear *casus belli*.

"No such thing. They dreaded above all things Chamberlain's coming to terms; they wished him above all things to force the war on as he did." Just so; they wished to come under our government again in 1877; "they" in the one case being a few villainous traitors, and in the other a few arrant Jingoes. For of course there are Jingoes amongst the Boers even as there are amongst ourselves. But in allowing ourselves to be influenced by that especially favourite fallacy of our Jingo friends, viz.: to judge of the whole hen-coop by a few rotten eggs in it, and in consequently punishing the Boers for so mere a technicality with the total loss of their so long and so dearly cherished liberty, however much we may have been in the right at first, we are now at any rate, as I have said, more utterly in the wrong than ever we were before—as utterly in the wrong as ever Rome or Spain, or Louis XIV., or either of the Napoleons ever were—and are as infamously unjust to the Boers in 1901 as we were to their fellow countrymen, the Dutch, in 1814. But the present Jingo, Chamberlain-ridden Government has been equally in the wrong from first to last.

Not so acted the best and wisest of rulers, Solomon, Augustus, Antoninus Pius, and above all our own glorious Queen Bess. Augustus deemed his empire too large, as indeed it was; and Solomon thought his, petty as it was, quite large enough, even as the great father of poesy, Homer, sang in honour of Samos on quitting its hospitable shore a few weeks before his death:

"Better be a citizen in a well-governed islet" (such as Samos then was) "than a creeping, crouching, half-clad, half-starved serf in the greatest kingdom in the world" (meaning Assyria). And neither sought further aggrandisement. Antoninus esteemed him more who saved the life of one Roman citizen, than him that slew a thousand Gauls or Germans. But we bestow an earldom, a Garter, the Cinque Ports, and £5000 a year on the one, and from the other withhold a paltry Humane Society medal. And the Virgin Queen

was so abjectly little an Englander that she twice declined the crown of Holland, when freely offered to her; and lifted up not so much as a finger to revenge the loss of Calais; yet were there ever sovereigns as glorious as these, were ever monarchies as prosperous or peoples as happy as theirs? Only contrast with these, the world's curses and their own, from Nimrod to Chamberlain, how ghastly their lives, how miserable their ends. Contrast Nimrod in Dante's hell with St. Louis; or Napoleon, chained, Prometheus-like, on the rock of St. Helena with Cromwell on his glorious death-bed, the chariot of Elijah waiting to convey him, and the gates of heaven thrown wide open to receive him up into everlasting bliss and rest, never so much needed by mortal man before, from all his labours; or Louis XIV., Thackeray's ludicrous pigmy giant, with Washington; or Attila, Genghis Khan, and Tamerlane, glorying, like Cycenus of old, in his lofty column of human skulls, with Fry, Howard, Wilberforce, and Livingstone, that never in their lives, perhaps, intentionally trod upon a worm or harmed so much as a fly; or Alexander, the so-called Great, and Cæsar, both conscience-haunted by the furies of their crimes, and driven ultimately to self-destruction thereby, the one through the gate of drink, the other through that of insolent recklessness, and both the utter annihilators of their respective houses (even as their likes, Constantine, Louis XIV., and our own Henry V., also were), with Alfred, the ancestor of a long line of kings, down to him who has just ascended the British throne, or with the only one of their kings whose memory the French still idolise, him that wished every French peasant a fowl in his Sunday pot. Of which of these would you prefer the fate, and which was the most truly great and glorious? Even Trajan, the best and purest and noblest of conquerors—even him, ancient Rome, still retaining a spark of divine wisdom in the midst of its deep degeneracy, did not pronounce happy, but wished every succeeding emperor "the prosperity of Augustus and the virtue—only the virtue—of Trajan." And Julian's last words were—

> "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!"

And—

> "Eloquent Tully, Rome still free,
> Entitled Pater Patriæ,"

whilst, even when it had utterly lost its freedom, it pronounced its final judgment that "Cæsar was justly slain," as he most certainly was. Never yet did he that enslaved and ruined a hitherto free and happy land end well, Mr. Chamberlain, urge what trivial pretexts he might for his crime. And never were pretexts more utterly trivial than yours. Do nothing but study the pages of all historical records till you die, and you will still find it so.

The promise of the Sermon on the Mount differs not more from

the promise of the Tempter in the wilderness, the White Magic of the Magi differs not more from the Black Magic of the Yogi, than the millions of miles of territory snatched from the rightful owners by our forty wars of conquest during the late reign, differ from the peaceful acquisition of the earth by christianising, colonising, and civilising it, with no ravening eagles "gathered together where the carcase is," but the busy bees of industrial progress and free trade, and the gentle doves of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity on our banners.

One more word and I have done. I am every whit as strong an Imperialist as Chamberlain and his fellow Jingoes. Only I am one on the lines of the Sermon on the Mount, and they on those of the Temptation in the Wilderness.

I.

To be the mistress of the world,
With flight of blood-red stairs on flight,
But deeper headlong to be hurled
By vengeance down to deathless night.

Cynosure of the wide world's hate
Proud Rome a cloud-capped Babel built.
Oh, Albion! shun her ghastly fate,
Her man-abhorred, God-accursed guilt.

E'en now methinks I hear them hiss
Across hell's lurid, blood-lit sea
The dragon brood of Nemesis
Crawling along to swallow thee.

II.

The sun that on it may not set, e'er now
Hath cursed our Empire, half a world too wide,
From Omnipresent War his troubled brow
To let him for one moment turn aside.

Would that on corpses breeding plague his ray,
As before Troy befell the host of Greece,
Might with dire venom the war-maniac slay,
And from the fiend that rides her Earth release.[1]

But, henceforth we the Gordian knot untie,
Not cut in dreams with Alexandrine blade;
The enigma's true solution is thereby
But for a while—a woful while—delayed.[2]

The peace of God and love undying theirs,
Doves on their flag, not eagles, reverend Toil,
Crowd all seas with your sons, the world's true heirs,
Who, not with blood, but sweat, bedew the soil.

[1] This curse will, I doubt not, be fulfilled metaphorically, but Heaven forbid it should be fulfilled literally also.

[2] The venerable legend foretold universal empire to him that should untie the Gordian Knot. Alexander, the so-called Great, cut it. Thus profanely did he mock Heaven; and Heaven in return mocked *him*. He won the coveted prize for a moment, and then straightway perished most miserably, he and all his father's house, both male and female.

Not on the word of Satan, but of Christ;
Not on the Temptation in the Wilderness,
But the Sermon on the Mount; on rock, not mist,
Found we an Empire God for aye will bless.

As Samson conquered the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass and Gideon the Midianites and Amalekites with trumpets and pitchers, even so may we subdue the Western and China the Eastern hemisphere, not with our right hands, but with our loins. All is at present Egyptian darkness—"darkness that may be felt," but it will not, cannot, be always so. Day *must* come at last. Let the toiling masses only once know that this war, though nominally waged against the Boers, is really waged against them, is a Mammon-worshipping capitalist war against the freedom and independence of labour, an earth-greedy Jingo war against Republican liberty, equality, and fraternity—a war into which the Boers first and we afterwards were decoyed by the most devilish artifices—a war in every way damnable and ruinous to us now and to all mankind by and bye; and the advent of the friends of peace to power would effectually pour oil on the troubled waters. Europe would no longer suspect us of aiming, no matter whether consciously or unconsciously, at universal empire; and the Boers, knowing that under an anti-Jingo Government they would be as free and independent as Australia is, would willingly acknowledge our suzerainty; and now that the Uitlanders peopled another province—and they could do so without sacrificing their freedom and independence to Mammon-worshipping treachery—they would thoroughly reform their own Parliamentary representation whilst we were reforming ours.

Only let us, above all things, beware of the "false prophets that come to us in sheep's clothing but within are ravening wolves," the smug, facing-both-ways tolerants only because they care not one straw for religion, and free-traders in deadly poison both for soul and body, that profess to be on our side only the more effectually to misrepresent, disgrace, and betray us. Let us never forget that a more impious war even than that waged by the devils of old was waged in 1837 by men who called themselves Liberals. Nor let us do evil that good may come. And why? Because it will *not* come. Ireland will never gain Home Rule and the possession of her own soil by obstruction. Nor can we, by conniving thereat, gain the power to save poor England from her ruin; or by protesting in the interest of capital against the export duty that will cheapen the poor man's coal. These are the two treacherous rocks on which the good ship of Liberalism is for ever splitting.

F. A. WHITE.

WHY NOT IRISH VOLUNTEERS?

So many pens have paid their tribute to the worth of the Irish soldier that the question is naturally suggested, why should not the field from which such excellent fighting material is drawn be further cultivated with a view to the formation of a force for home defence similar to that already existing in the sister isle? We are well aware that there is a difficulty, or, at least, an alleged difficulty, in the way of such a project, but we think, and we hope to show, that it is not by any means formidable.

The principal, and, in fact, the only objection urged in the past was that the majority of Irishmen, being the avowed enemies of England, would, if armed and drilled, take the first opportunity of turning against her the arms and the military experience thus acquired at her expense. That there was much force in the argument we do not for a moment deny, and we are prepared to admit that it might be advanced even to-day with some show of reason. Nay, more than that, recent events have given it additional weight, for if the South African war has proved anything it has demonstrated conclusively that a peasant force of riflemen, properly disciplined, armed with modern weapons, and assisted by a difficult country, can bid defiance to a force of regular troops double their number, even though the latter are supplied with the most powerful artillery. The lesson has not been lost on the more violent type of Irish agitator, who has grown much bolder in his attitude towards the vile Saxon, and makes grandiloquent orations about Mausers, Majubas, and so on.

Notwithstanding all this, however, we maintain that the objection, sound though it may appear on paper, is but an empty one in the present day. This is one of the questions about which no man can speak with any degree of accuracy unless he knows Ireland. We claim to know a little about that country, and feel safe in affirming that the notion of an armed insurrection need not be seriously entertained. Take the Irish grocer. He goes to the meeting of the local branch of the "United Irish League," and there, in company with his friends the butchers, bakers, and spirit dealers, "renews his allegiance to the undying principle of implacable hatred to English rule," passes resolutions of condolence with Mr. Kruger, and denounces the recreant sons of Ireland who disgraced their country

by joining the ranks of the "hired assassins." This sounds very serious, no doubt, and might make a too trustful Englishman fear the most dreadful consequences. But bring one practical test to bear on the revolutionary sentiments of the grocer, and the bubble bursts. Let us say that he goes home from the meeting full of the spirit of orthodox patriotism. Arriving at his shop he takes up the local paper just issued, and sees there a paragraph stating that the War Department had decided to withdraw the garrison from the barracks in his town, as they considered the presence of troops in that locality no longer necessary. Immediately a change comes o'er the spirit of his dream. Paul Kruger and his Irish Brigade fade into insignificance before the prospect that now confronts him. The departure of that garrison ("hired assassins" though they be) means the departure of scores of pounds sterling annually from his patriotic purse. It bears the same meaning to the butcher, and the baker, and the spirit dealer. So these worthies get together once more, but *this* time poor old Paul is entirely neglected. The business on hand just now is the drafting of a memorial, couched in the most servile language at their command, praying the Lord-Lieutenant for Ireland to move the War Department with a view to annulling the order for the transfer of the troops. So much for "the immortal spirit of Irish patriotism."

The Irish shopkeeping class have very considerable influence (indeed in the country districts it is second only to that of the priesthood); and this influence would certainly *not* be used on the side of sedition. They may shout the accustomed shibboleths as loud as any, but they have a pretty clear idea of the side on which their bread is buttered. A shrewd observer, who visited Ireland some years ago, gave it as his opinion that the Irishman, with all his *blarney*, has as keen an eye to the main chance as the children of Israel. Any one acquainted with the people will agree that this is a very fair estimate of the national character. The Irishman is a lover of sentiment, and absolutely must have something to cheer about; but when it comes to putting deeds in place of words he can generally be trusted to look upon his own material interests as the most important consideration.

The influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood, which, though decidedly on the wane, is still great, would also be thrown into the scale against rebellion. To begin with, the preparations for such an undertaking would have to be effected through the agency of secret societies, which are under the ban of the Church. Apart from this, however, and much more significant, is the fact that every thinking man in the priesthood recognises quite clearly that anything in the nature of a revolutionary movement would, in the event of success, prove fatal to their interests. As it is, the more sober churchmen make no secret of their misgivings concerning the trustworthiness of

the present political leaders from a Church standpoint. They will certainly not encourage the creation of a state of things which would place their people entirely beyond the reach of their influence. Revolutions have never been very favourable to the advancement of Christianity as made at Rome, and the Irish priesthood, who already feel themselves losing ground, are not disposed to take any fresh risks.

The greatest safeguard against treasonable tendencies, however, must be the increasing intelligence of the people. Within recent years education has made great strides, and the philosophy of common sense is more widely studied than in the past. The young men of Ireland are beginning to understand that the most intense love for their native land is quite compatible with deepest loyalty to the Throne which, in the providence of God, possesses the right to rule them. The speedy spread of this spirit may be confidently anticipated, as there is a growing feeling of dissatisfaction with the methods of the professional agitator. With the healthy public opinion that is springing up on every side, there will be little danger of any insane attempts at separation from England.

It would, of course, be idle to deny that there are elements of disaffection in the social condition of the country, and that while this is the case there is always the possibility of an outbreak. But it can be confidently asserted that such a possibility is most remote, and an outbreak worthy to be dignified with the adjective serious quite out of the question. The Young Ireland party appealed to arms in '48 at a time when Ireland had real reason to be discontented; yet their force, if such it might be called, went to pieces in a day. The "rebellion" was fittingly described in Thackeray's ballad:

> "They beat the ratatoo,
> And the 'peelers' came in view,
> And that ended the shaloo,
> Upon the Shannon shore."

From such tea-cup storms the ship of Empire has nothing to fear, notwithstanding the vapourings of Mr. Michael Davitt and Miss Maud Gonne.

This objection once disposed of, what bars the way to the enrolment of Irish volunteers? Nothing whatever; but everything to favour such an establishment. From the Imperial standpoint its desirability is incontestable. Ireland has long been regarded by Continental Powers as the most vulnerable point in the armour of England, and the formation of an efficient fighting force ready to take the field in the event of invasion is surely a matter of the highest expediency.

But what is more important from the purely Irish point of view is that it would entail the expenditure on her shores of no incon-

siderable sum annually. At present she contributes her share, an as the Financial Relations Commission found, more than her shar to the support of volunteers in Great Britain. A farthing of th sum never returns to her by any channel, direct or indirect. No this is no sentimental grievance, but one that deserves earnest atte tion. Its removal would certainly do more to settle the Iri question than tinkering with University education.

We believe that the introduction of the volunteer system wou have the effect of deepening the feeling of loyalty to the Crow The Irishman of fifty years ago, fed on the fables of ignora demagogues, looked to France as the land of freedom, and wou doubtless have welcomed the descent of a French force; but t Irishman of to-day reads the daily press and possesses the advanta of a wider view of the world's affairs, so that he knows very well enjoys the most perfect liberty, civil and religious, to be found the face of the earth. He is not going to barter his birthright f a mess of pottage by allowing stupid, unworthy, and un-Christi prejudice to interfere with that loyalty which he owes, by eve law, human and divine, to the Crown and Constitution of the realms. If the Legislature should place their confidence in t manliness and integrity of Irishmen, and entrust them with t duty and the privilege of defending their country in her hour need, we feel sure it would not be abused. And if, in the days come, a foreign foe should dare to attempt an invasion of the islands, it is safe to surmise that they would get a very wa reception from the Irish Volunteers.

THOMAS E. NAUGHTEN.

THE WORKING CLASSES AND CONSCRIPTION.

Now that the military proposals of the Government have been placed before the country the people know what they have to expect. The one announcement that the working classes will take to heart and ponder over is that portion of Mr. Brodrick's speech which contains the ominous declaration with regard to conscription—that dread alternative which has always been looked upon as contrary to all the instincts of Englishmen. It has certainly been advocated time and again by writers in the monthly reviews since the present war assumed such serious proportions, but there is little doubt that the average working man has deemed the resort to compulsion as quite outside practical politics. If he has ever thought about it, he has contemplated such an expedient as an unbearable anomaly to which only his *confrères* of the Continent were subject, and for which they deserved his earnest commiseration. Industrial and social problems were more to him than this nebulous phantasm, conjured up by a few military men in order to distract his interest and attention from the problems he had at heart. What his feelings were when he saw the prospect held out to him by the Secretary of State for War can be imagined. Instead of the calm indifference with which he has been accustomed to view this topic, a keen personal interest will be aroused, and after a time—not just yet, for your typical working man takes time to ponder over such matters—a feeling of intense indignation will spring up as he realises what this revolution in the British military system will mean to him and his dependants. Lord Salisbury, with all his cynicism and contempt for modern susceptibilities, had some idea of what this feeling on the part of the British working man would portend, when, last year, in the House of Lords, at the time that Lord Wemyss's motion for the enforcement of the Militia Ballot Act was before the Chamber, he declared that the enforcement of the Act would carry consternation to many families in the land, and that its effect would be to send young men into other countries, where they would be beyond the reach of the law of impressment. It would be interesting to know the cause which led Lord Salisbury to take up another attitude on this question in the present year. It may of course be urged that military exigencies compelled the Government to adopt the view expressed by Mr.

Brodrick, who stated that compulsion would only be resorted to after the resources of the voluntary system had been exhausted. That seemed explicit enough as far as it went, but by the tenor of Mr. Brodrick's speech the only assumption left was that every inducement that could be offered in order to secure an efficient army, recruited by voluntary enlistment, had been offered. The average man can judge whether this is so or not by the fact that the question of the wages of our soldiers does not form part of the Government scheme, and also by the views expressed to the contrary by many members well qualified to judge, including several on the Ministerial side of the House.

As to the details of the scheme, my opinion, being that of a layman, may not be valuable, but it seems to me that the Government intend to reorganise the army on a principle diametrically opposed to the lessons taught by the South African war. In giving expression to my feelings thus, I am emboldened by the knowledge that during the last six months innumerable critics, both inside and outside the army, have put forward their own pet schemes, no two of which agree on a given point. The keynote of the Government scheme is the importance which is attached to military training, especially manœuvres. Now, if there is one thing which has been thoroughly demonstrated in South Africa it is the uselessness of military drill as ordinarily understood. We have been told repeatedly during the course of the present war, on unimpeachable authority, that the causes of most of the disasters to our troops have been the individualism of the Boers and the facility with which they take advantage of cover when attacked, together with their mobility. It is absurd to say that the experience gained in South Africa has been embodied in the scheme for the reform of the British army. The Government have certainly made a few concessions to sentiment in this direction. They say there is to be less barrack-square drill and that more attention is to be given to musketry practice. The increased Yeomanry force and the better arrangements for commissariat and transport are presumably the means by which the mobility of the army is to be improved. But although the mounted branches have been strengthened, the bulk of the army will remain unmounted. The scheme, indeed, has the appearance of imitation of the Boers on a very small scale and a very general adoption of German methods. Whether the latter is likely to result in an increase of the efficiency of the army is open to doubt. The object-lesson provided in the German expedition to China, and its lamentable lack of organisation when it reached that country, does not seem to bear out the contention that the German military organisation is so very much better than ours. The fact of the matter is that the victory of Germany in the war of 1870–71 provides an effectual mask for all her military shortcomings in much the same

way as the laurels gained by the British army in the Napoleonic campaigns, which culminated at Waterloo, gave us the prestige shattered by the South African war. Nations, like individuals, depend to a large extent for their existence upon the name they have made for themselves. When they lose their reputations a brief period elapses before they are relegated to the limbo of extinct nationalities.

But, putting such generalisations aside, the Germanising of the British army is a serious matter, and, for many reasons, impracticable. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who probably knows as much of the army as any other member of the House of Commons, emphasised this when he drew attention to the fact that army corps were impossible in this country, and in this respect the conditions in this country differed widely from those of other countries, notably France and Germany. Another point which seems to have been overlooked by the Government is the guardianship of our shores by the navy. It would seem that the wild talk about a French descent upon Woolwich Arsenal and London, in which some of our alarmists have engaged, has shaken the nerves of our Government, who were, perhaps, also somewhat intimidated by the scheme for the invasion of England invented by General Mercier. In this connection a letter which appeared in *The Times* some time ago, from a correspondent who signed himself "Navalis," strikes at the root of the matter. As the writer remarks, if the British navy is capable of defending our shores, where is the necessity for a large army? If, on the other hand, the navy is not effective for the purpose named, of what use would the army be? The army cannot defend itself against a naval blockade by foreign Powers, even were it six millions strong, for if such a contingency happened no pitched battles would be fought. The only battle would be against starvation, which all the armies of the world could not prevent if the navy were overpowered, to say nothing of the ruinous effect of the complete stoppage of Britain's foreign trade. It would be useless in that case for the Colonies to rally to our aid. Even leaving the possibility of the stoppage of our food supplies out of the account, the defence of the British army would not avail to protect our homes, for, given that a foreign army could effect a landing and maintain their communications, what hope would there be that they would be driven from our shores until, at any rate, they had inflicted enormous loss upon the country? There is a great deal said in Mr. Brodrick's plan about the defence of London, but when we are obliged to defend our capital then it may safely be said that we should indeed be at the point of extinction as a nation. The position would, in fact, be analogous to that of France in 1871, when Paris was in a state of siege; and if we are ever to be placed in such a plight it would be crass folly to endeavour to defeat the besieging force or other

armies by methods of regular warfare. Our resource would then be guerilla fighting, that alternative which all peoples who have combative instinct left in them adopt at the last gasp. That it is effectual we know to our cost, and so do the Americans, who are now as far off as ever they were from completing their conquest of the Philippines, the capture of Aguinaldo notwithstanding. Spain has been taught the same lesson, and so have Austria and other nations. If we go back to Imperial Rome we find there the same lesson emblazoned on her history by bitter experience. In Mark Antony's campaign against the Parthians the latter's use of guerilla warfare was only too effectual. The superior knowledge of the character of the country possessed by the defending force is always an immense advantage if turned to proper account, and if not nullified by the mechanical precision of drill and discipline of modern armies, which undoubtedly deprives them of initiative and prevents them from making that individual resistance which is the most essential qualification for irregular warfare.

No doubt technical experts will discover numerous defects in the above line of argument, but at any rate the facts as shown by history, and as still exemplified, cannot be shirked. With regard to the militia ballot, I view it as a particularly objectionable form of conscription, inasmuch as it combines "the press-gang and the roulette-table," to use Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's phrase, while at the same time absolving the rich from liability to serve by allowing them to pay for substitutes, a course of action the working man would not have the means to adopt.

ANTI-JINGO.

LAND OWNERSHIP, OR THE RIGHT TO LAND.

Now that Land Law Reform bids fair to become the all-absorbing social question in our political future, now that greater facilities for compulsory purchase by public bodies, taxation of land values and even single tax or land nationalisation are daily pressing for the attention of voters with greater and greater vigour, questions regarding the rights of individuals and how such measures will affect them must force themselves upon the minds of all thoughtful people.

While one party urges that private ownership of land is wrong, another that the unearned increment of land should be taxed, and a third that it should be taxed out of existence (as private property), a fourth points out that the rights of individuals must be respected, that it is not fair to tax the ground rents which men have bought in good faith under existing security, much less to confiscate their entire annual value.

The whole question turns upon the meaning of a "right"—the right of the landowner to his land OR the right of the people of a nation to the land of that nation.

What is this right, and why is it? Let us try and trace the right of the landowner to his land. He has either bought it or inherited it. As purchase with the produce of man's honest labour is often believed to confer a right in the thing purchased, let us examine this statement first.

Now, can a man buy a proprietory right in a thing unless the seller had that proprietory right himself? Obviously the right of the purchaser is just as good as that of the seller and no better.

And so also with inheritance. If I steal a watch and sell or bequeath it to a friend, the only person who has any right at all to the watch is still the person from whom I stole it, though it be withheld from him for twenty years.

What then were the original rights of private property in land to which every landowner must in the end trace back his present title? Simple appropriation. Not theft from some one else, for that would only lead us to discuss the rights of the person robbed, but simple appropriation of land hitherto unoccupied by man.

We have therefore merely to consider the true value of this

original right of an individual to appropriate land which probably n one else wanted at the time.

To the writer it appears that there can be but two sources of suc right (1) the right of might, the power to take and keep the lan against all comers and (2) the right of expediency, or the fact th such private ownership was of benefit to the individual himself an to the community of which he was a member.

To take first, the right of might. If might is to be our basis o right let us see what this leads to. Obviously theft, if the thief ha ability or might not only to steal but to keep. Also murder, if th murderer has the might to kill and escape the consequences. An if theft and murder, why then, on the same ground, every othe anti-social act which we are accustomed to consider "wrong." I thin this sufficiently disposes of the so-called right of might as a basis fo political or other action.

Now, as to the right of expediency. Let us grant this for th sake of argument and note only one of its consequences, namely tha as soon as the appropriation, fresh or merely continued, of land ceas to be expedient it must cease to be right. I need go no farther bu may discuss at once the question of private property in land, on th ground of pure expediency, and in the process I shall show what believe to be the true ground of all rightness.

Now we all know, or ought to know, that human laws are an must always be futile if they run counter to the laws of Nature—the laws of God.

Where we discover the operation of natural forces we know a once that to succeed we must conform to them.

There is, as we all know, a natural force which we call th evolutionary power of Nature which by slow processes, often so slo as to escape our observation altogether, improves and develops thos men and nations which best adapt themselves to circumstances o circumstances to them and at the same time gradually deteriorates an destroys those who do otherwise. In short, this evolutionary forc protects and fosters those who obey the laws of Nature and degene rates and destroys those who disobey them.

If we make progress towards more and better life among me (Stallard), if we attain to greater and greater human happiness, w know that we have, on the whole, obeyed Nature's laws more tha we have disobeyed them.

Now if our knowledge of natural law were perfect it might b possible to teach individuals how to live so as to progress continually towards the truest happiness. In a large measure we can already do so. But in another large measure we cannot, or perhaps we each think we can but differ as to methods.

But whether we know exactly how we should live so as to progress continually towards happiness or no, and judging by results

we certainly do not, the fact remains that Nature is and always must be the sole judge of our success, and natural forces will operate without our assistance and in spite of our opposition. If we possessed the sum of all possible knowledge it would be unnecessary to thrust the resultant conclusions as to human actions upon individuals by force because disobedience to them would be visited upon them by Nature. If we do not yet possess all the required knowledge we have not the rules of conduct to force upon or offer to individuals and we must therefore leave them to act for themselves on such knowledge of Nature as we are able to impart. In either case we leave to natural forces the verdict.

The conclusion to which we are forced is that all that is required for the evolutionary forces to work out their ends upon us for the best is free play. Nature must be our judge in the race, and all that is required is fair play and no favour, *i.e.*, no artificial favour of our own imposing. What favour Nature may have seen fit to distribute in the shape of individual abilities we have no option but to accept; but it is useless for us to attempt to give any one competitor a start in the race over another. If Nature likes not his running, no matter though he breast the tape before others, the Judge is not deceived.

What does fair play and no favour mean? *In*equality only in men and therefore in the produce of their labour. Equality of opportunity (start), freedom of action and security of possession in the consequences of individual action (the prizes awarded). For if we attempt to deprive the winners of Nature's prizes and give them to the losers, we declare the verdict of Nature wrong and our own judgment better. We think to improve society by preferring the unfit at the cost of the fit. Have we not here a meaning for what is right and at the same time for what is expedient? Nay, is not that right which is expedient and that expedient which follows Nature's laws?

And if then we fail to progress towards greater happiness is it not because somewhere we are failing to discover or failing to obey Nature's laws?

But let no one, be he Individualist and Evolutionist, Socialist or Anarchist, argue that this freedom of action which is essential to progress has no limit and that therefore we are reduced to the right of might which we have just discarded.

The very assertion of freedom in each one *implies* a limit upon it where it interferes with the equal freedom for others.

Let us see what more it implies. Man cannot act but upon nature (outside himself).

Equality of opportunity and *equal* freedom of action imply equal shares of the manifestations of natural opportunity for action which Nature affords, that is, of the objects and forces which concern our globe, or, as the Economists call them, "land."

Equal freedom of action has no meaning unless it implies an equal share of opportunity to act. Otherwise it is the freedom of a fish to swim in the air, of a bird to fly in a vacuum.

Now when, as in a primitive society where land is plentiful, the appropriation of any land by one man does not interfere with the appropriation by every other of what land he desires, our condition is fulfilled. But so soon as one appropriates land which by excluding others from its free use compels them to be satisfied with land which is of inferior usefulness, or with none at all, our condition of right and expediency is violated. The appropriator has no right to that land. It is inexpedient that he should be allowed to monopolise it.

"But," some one will object, "how is every one to be satisfied and what if there is not enough land to go round?"

So soon as there is not enough of the most desirable land to satisfy every one equally, some land acquires a price.

So soon as there is not enough land to go round, and apparently some one must go without, all land acquires a price.

The price or value of that land is the measure of the inequality of natural opportunity which its use affords.

Any one may avail himself of the natural opportunity to fish in in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, because his so doing deprives no one of the right to do so to his heart's content. The maximum of opportunity to fish there is open to all and therefore acquires no price.

The rents of earth's surface in the City of London are the measure of the superiority of opportunity which the possession of such city land affords over that enjoyed by the fisher in the mid-Atlantic. These values are arrived at by free competition in open market, *but* at present they are appropriated by individuals. The economic rent of land enjoyed by the private owner is the value of the share of natural opportunity which he enjoys over and above what is open to a landless man.

Our principal of right and expediency is here violated. We are handicapping the landless man and giving the rent receiver a start in the race of life other than his personal abilities afford. We need not delude ourselves that we can deceive Nature. If the landless man is one whom, given his equality of natural opportunity, Nature would have chosen for a prize winner and we hinder him or destroy him, we are so acting that evolutionary forces will produce something else than that maximum of happiness which is admittedly the aim of all. If we give a start in the race to one to whom, given only his equal share of natural opportunity, Nature would award no prize, we favour the less fit at the cost of the more fit, to the detriment of the sum total of human happiness and progress.

Now we see that, far from disproving the right to private property

in land, we have asserted it and given it ground, only that the right is equal in all men, and the share of the land for each must be equal.

How is it possible for us to divide land equally among a population? The proposition has a ring of absurdity about it. Is it to be divided according to area, an acre a piece? And who is to decide between the numberless disputants, each claiming a particular plot? The answer is easier than it seems! It is the free and open market. Land, as now, must go to the highest bidder, but the bid must be an annual payment of rent and not a capitalised present value of all future rents. Thus each will pay for what land he holds, just as men do now, the excess of its value over that of land which he may obtain for the asking, and all will be reduced to the level of those occupying natural opportunities the least advantageous. But whereas under our existing system of private land monopoly the privileged few receive the whole of that rent of land which represents the measure of inequality of natural advantage between various land holdings, under a system based upon the true right to land which we have stated, every individual having an equal title to this surplus or rent is therefore entitled to have an equal share of it.

We see that the only manifestation of natural opportunity, land (*i.e.*, all nature outside man himself) can only be measured out into equal shares by its value in exchange or rent! Now the fact of two quantities having a common price in open market indicates that they are on an average valued equally. If, therefore, we give to each individual either an equal share of land (equal in price) *or* its equivalent—the price itself—we fulfil our condition of equality of natural opportunity. He can realise the price in the form of any equally valuable share of land available if he cares so to do.

To divide up land itself into equal shares would be a cumbersome, useless, and at best a temporary expedient. Every year it would require fresh division.

To divide up economic rent into equal shares requires only that such rent shall be paid into a common fund instead of to individual monopolists as at present.

The constantly varying amount of a share presents no difficulties. It can be varied, say annually, at will. Observe how the equality of natural opportunity is thus insured. The man who leases a thousand acres pays the market annual value of the advantages which its use gives him over and above those enjoyed by the man who uses no land at all, or rather hires none for his own exclusive use. If these were the only two we have to deal with, equality of opportunity would be assured by dividing equally between them the economic rent which the first pays; and so it is though millions go to make up society.

Let us sum up. We have concluded (1) that what is expedient, *i.e.*, makes for more and better life among men (Stallard) is right.

(2) That the free working of natural evolutionary forces towards the betterment of the species requires equality of natural opportunity outside man himself; (3) That the only manifestation of natural opportunity is "land" (defined as including all natural agents but man); (4) Its only measure economic rent.

This conformity of abstract right with expediency, great truth as it is, does not, as some suppose, justify whatever seems at the moment to be expedient; it proves rather the old adage "Honesty is the best policy." Instead of proving that whatever *seems* within the present limited horizon to be expedient must be also right we have proved that, looking over the whole horizon ever scanned by the human race, we are able to recognise that *only* strict justice between man and man as a practical principle of political or other action can be right.

FRANKLIN THOMASSON.

MAX MÜLLER.

(PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.)

It would be like trying to exhaust a sea if, in the short space of an essay, an attempt were made to describe the vast activity of Max Müller in the domain of the science of language, of mythology, of folk-lore, and of philosophical speculation. Hence I only wish to give here, in a rapid sketch, a number of personal recollections about the world-famed scholar, the ingenious explorer of enigmatic philological problems, and the spirited and influential writer, with whom I have been, for years past, in friendly intercourse on questions of learning as well as on political affairs—partly by correspondence, now and then also by fullest conversations.

The extent of the liberating influence exercised by Max Müller, both at Oxford and on the intellectual development in England at large, only those can estimate whose memory goes back to a goodly number of years. The Oxford, at whose University formerly, even down to the seventies, no one not belonging to the Established Church could occupy a post or receive an emolument, is to-day, in comparison with the time when Max Müller's activity began there, scarcely to be recognised any longer—so great is the change wrought, although that change is still far from the German idea about the true character of a University.

A free-thinker in the proper sense of the word he certainly was not. But it was just this which made it possible for him to bring about a gradually loosening effect on the semi-monastic fetters in which that seat of learning was kept, and to spread some light among those social circles of the country which were averse to free inquiry, or tainted with cowardly hypocrisy in matters of science. The combination of deep erudition with a splendid style facilitated that task for him. In his manner of writing there was sometimes a subtle poetic charm, perhaps an inherited quality from his father, the singer of the *Griechen-Lieder* and the *Müller-Lieder*.

Dry pedants might scold him for such a style, which they declared to be an unbecoming violation of the strict rules of learned explanation. Even so wittily nimble a Sanskrit scholar as our late friend Professor Goldstücker, who often expressed a wish to introduce me into the study of the ancient Indian language in his own

house, could not refrain from such cavilling censure. As the learned—similar in this to other "men of the same trade"—can never agree, Goldstücker dissented from various views propounded by Max Müller. From that to a blame of his fellow student's fine style there was but a step. Among members of the London Congress of Orientalists in 1875, at which I was present, fault-finding remarks of the same kind could often be privately heard. I, however, confess that I have never believed in making known the results of scientific investigation on the "deterrent theory," as the expression is in criminal jurisprudence. On such occasions of absurd criticism, I have, therefore, always opposed those unjust attacks against Max Müller.

Little as he inclined to thorough free thought—albeit his studies in comparative religion and philosophy freed him, of course, from all grosser prejudices of creed, into which we are, so to say, born and driven by education—his opinions, which in Germany were held to be greatly lacking in broadness, yet gave much offence in backward Oxford. To him, the most distinguished Sanskrit scholar in England, the chair for that language and literature was not awarded there. When the vote on the appointment was taken, all the reactionary parsons and petty minds of the country who were members of the University, hastened to Oxford, in order to cast their vote against the "foreigner" (who was a naturalised British "subject" after all, as the English term is), of whose "damned intellect," as one of them called it, they would not hear.

Max Müller had at first to content himself with a Professorship at the Taylor Institution, which is not so much a branch of the University as a by-establishment of learning. Later on, he obtained a chair for Comparative Philology—but not for Sanskrit! And what a hullabaloo was raised when, in the beginning of the seventies, on the invitation of Stanley, the mildly rationalistic Dean of Westminster Abbey, he gave some lectures, in the sacred halls of that ancient edifice, on the "Religions of the World," at which we were present as listeners. Such chips from a German workshop, produced in what is called a hallowed God's house, the canting devotees could not digest.

II.

In the many letters of his, which are before me, concerning learned subjects, I was glad to find that he often expressed assent to what I had written in that line. When Gladstone made an unbecoming attack upon the Homeric Aphroditê, declaring her to be simply a Hellenised Ashtoreth, calling her a person "not better than she ought to be," and adding the astounding assertion that she was not even a Goddess of Beauty in the Greek epic, I showed up

these errors in the *National Review*, with chapter and verse from classic sources. I proved that the golden-haired daughter of the Dodonaean Zeus and of Dionê, two Homeric deities in the north beyond Hellas, is not to be confounded with the Babylonian Goddess who came later into Cyprus. I pointed out that Gladstone, in his strangely ignorant description, had not even understood the difference between the Babylonians and those Thrakians of Asia Minor, the near kinsmen of the Teutons and of the Scandinavians, among whom that Aphroditê of northern origin was also worshipped.

On that subject Max Müller wrote to me:—

"Best thanks for your interesting criticism! I, too, will not allow myself to be robbed of Anadyomenê, in spite of Gladstone, *et hoc genus omne.* We know so little of mythology; why give up even the little which we do know! I will still break a lance, if my strength is kept up. There will be no want of others to continue the fight, and for Truth there is no need to be in a hurry. My wife asks me to give best greetings to you and your wife. We hope that you and Mrs. Blind have not forgotten your promise to pay us a visit in Oxford. My wife will write to you as soon as we have made our plans. Oxford will then be in its best condition."

Another time he wrote:—

"I am very grateful to you for your article in the *Vossische Zeitung*. . . . The fact of your having convicted Gladstone of a blunder in English is highly amusing. He has to be considered in England, for he is always quoted; but his views about Greek antiquity are truly very bad (*allerdings sehr schlimm*). He is so easily persuaded, and then he swears *in verba magistri.*"

I may mention here what Max Müller told me about a curious experience he had when staying in Gladstone's own home at Hawarden. The conversation naturally turned to matters Hellenic; and in the course of it Gladstone made a grammatical mistake in Greek. His learned guest mildly tried to correct him; but Gladstone rather haughtily maintained that he was perfectly right. After another fruitless attempt of Max Müller, Gladstone became so imperative in his assertion that his guest quietly answered: "Well, we can easily solve the difficulty. No doubt you have a Greek grammar in the house. Let us look into it!"

Thereupon Gladstone rose in a huff. No Greek grammar was brought down, nor did the great statesman appear himself any more on that occasion. It was a most painful scene for Max Müller. Mrs. Gladstone tried her best, in the meantime, to apologise for her husband's behaviour. "I am sorry to say," she remarked, "that he cannot brook contradiction. I hope you won't mind it."

Perhaps I may be allowed to add an experience of my own. When I had published an essay ("The Disestablishment of the Greek Pantheon") for the purpose of proving how erroneous

Gladstone's views where about the Homeric Aphroditê, I proved incidentally that he had even unduly referred to a well-known Greek-English dictionary (Liddell and Scott's); for one of his assertions could be refuted from that very work upon which he had taken his stand. Presently Gladstone returned, after this, from Hawarden to London. Arriving at Euston Square with his wife, he left her there to go to Downing Street by herself, whilst he hurried to the British Museum, evidently for the purpose of verifying his quotation from Liddell and Scott. But he did not find that he had been right, and no answer to what had been written against his idea about the Homeric Aphroditê was forthcoming. Otherwise, he was never remiss in answering an antagonist, when he thought he could safely do so.

On that Thrakian question, in which the very figure of Aphroditê —often called "the Thrakian" by Greek poets—is involved, I had repeatedly some correspondence with Max Müller. The vast Thrakian race once filled Eastern Europe and a great part of Asia Minor. It had its offshoots even in Northern Africa. Herodotos learnt from the priests at Memphis that the Egyptians believed the Phrygians, one of the numerous Thrakian tribes, to have been the aborigines population of the Nile country long before they themselves had come into it. This statement has received a curious illustration—first, by the discovery of a burial-place of light-haired people in Upper Egypt, made some twelve years ago by Professor Flinders Petrie; and again by the quite recent unearthing of the well preserved corpse, supposed to be about 8000 years old, of a tall warrior, on whose skull reddish locks can still be seen in the British Museum.

Tall, reddish or golden-haired, blue-eyed, highly martial, as well as musical, and otherwise gifted, the Thrakians were, according to classic testimony. For many years past I have endeavoured to prove, from history and from the remnants of their language, that they were, so to say, Eastern Teutons, kindred to Germans, Norsemen, and hence also to Englishmen and to their kith and kin in the United States of America. The Thrakian Getes were clearly the forefathers of the Teutonic Goths. This is a view held since Jornandes, the Gothic historian, by a great number of learned men in various countries.

On this subject Max Müller wrote after having read one of my essays: "I believe you are quite right: the Thrakians are kindred to us in language." He added: "I even believe that the name 'Thrakians' is identical with that of the Franks." I myself had stated this in my essay. Max Müller then entered into a philological argument as to the frequent interchangeable character of the "th" and the "f" both in Greek and in English pronunciation, and the insertion of a nasal sound ("n") in order to prove the linguisti

equation between "Thrakian" and "Frank." I had myself pointed out that in Norse the word Frank is spelled and pronounced "Frakk." On Max Müller asking who had first propounded this equation, I gave him the reference to Rudbeck, the Swedish scholar of the seventeenth century.

A German writer having tried to make out that the Makedonians were aboriginal Greeks, I put together, from Hellenic and Roman sources, all the proofs of their non-Greek, Thrakian, that is, Gothic, Germanic, kinship. On this occasion, too, Max Müller expressed his full assent in a letter. Discussing Germanistic questions with him by word of mouth, he wished to learn my opinion about the attempt of Sophus Bugge to explain Norse mythology as a medley of classic and Christian traditions, mixed up with Odinic lore. I told Max Müller how little I thought of this attempt. He, on his part, said that he had also been struck by the fact of many assertions of Bugge being quite untenable. Shortly before Max Müller died, I had occasion to oppose Bugge, in the *Deutsche Revue*, in regard to his equally untenable views about the German, Anglo-Saxon, and Norse *Tale of Wayland the Smith*. Max Müller's state of health was, however, then already so sadly shaken, that no answer could be expected from him on that subject.

III.

There was the same agreement in views between us in regard to the now notorious work: *The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ* (*La Vie Inconnue de Jésus-Christ*), by the Russian traveller, Nicolaus Notowitch, which appeared about six years ago. At a first glance, one could certainly imagine that in a Buddhistic cloister, in Tibet, a new Gospel would probably have been fabricated. A gap in the Biblical life of Jesus might thus apparently be filled up; the object being to create an opinion that the Son of the Virgin, during the years of which nothing is said in Scripture, had been in India, where the doctrine of Buddha, which harmonises with early Christianity, was once widely propagated. Such forgeries in the domain of religions are frequent enough. One need only remember the passage in Josephus concerning Christianity, which was formerly so much quoted and thought of, but which is now given up, as a falsification, even by orthodox theologians.

Notowitch professed to have found that Gospel in a Tibetan cloister, where he said he was taken care of, after having injured his leg in travelling. When his book came out at Paris I was much in correspondence with him; but gradually doubts were awakened in my mind as to the genuineness of his alleged discovery. A Sanskrit scholar at Tübingen, whom I had consulted on a certain point, was rather convinced that the report given by Notowitch had a solid

foundation. But the more letters I received from the Russian adventurer, the more did I become confirmed in my scepticism.

At last I addressed myself to the Abbot of the Tibetan cloister himself, leaving him the choice of an answer either in Latin or Greek, in German, English, Dutch, Danish, French, Italian, or Spanish. Finally I received a reply to the effect that Notowitch had never been in the cloister, and that the whole Gospel tale was simply a fabrication.

Even when I communicated this result to Notowitch, the man was bold enough to insist on the genuineness of his discovery. He answered that he would go back to Tibet very soon, in order to obtain further evidence. His book had in the meanwhile been published also in an English version, and created much stir. I went straight at it in the English and German press, and then it was doomed. Five years have passed since, and Notowitch has not been heard of any more.

On this subject Max Müller wrote to me :—

"Best thanks for the articles on Notowitch. I had not seen them before. You have most effectively disposed of him; yet it is impossible to kill him (*er ist aber nicht todt zu machen*). The editor of the *Nineteenth Century* writes to me that he will bring out another article on Notowitch, and he requests me to add a few lines. But is it not a pity to spend powder and shot on the man?"

On one point Max Müller was wrong. The Russian adventurer *has* been morally killed. His book is dead.

In the same letter Max Müller said :—

"The days of Glyn Garth were most beautiful, and I rejoiced specially to have made your closer personal acquaintance, as our ways had formerly brought us but rarely together. I am again hard at work, having four books in the act of printing: a new edition of the *Gifford Lectures*, ditto of *Chips*, the first volume of *Sacred Books of Buddhism*, and *Atharva Veda* in S.B.E. (Sacred Books of the East). At the same time I am occupied with a larger work on Mythology. But will that ever be finished? Who knows? Here I have never any rest; and yet I am old enough for rest."

This same complaint he ever and anon made. "I am deeply engaged in toil; often the waves are beating over my poor head."

IV.

At Glyn Garth, on the Welsh island of Anglesea, Max Müller, with his amiable, highly cultured wife, who speaks German with the purest accent, like a native of the Fatherland, and I, with my wife, were a few years ago together, as guests for a week, in the splendid country house of Mrs. Salis Schwabe, who had been connected by friendship with the Empress Frederick. The husband of Mrs.

Schwabe had been a great friend of Richard Cobden. Situated at the Menai Straits, whose waters wash the shore of the hillock on which the country house is built, Glyn Garth offers a splendid view of the opposite mountain chain, from the famed Snowdon to the Penmaenmawr and to the Great and Little Orm's Head—that is, the Worm's or Dragon's Point. This double foreland, evidently so named by conquering Northmen of old who came to Wales, encircles the fine bay of Llandudno, in which many will see a likeness to the Bay of Naples. Such far-fetched comparisons, which only spoil real enjoyment of separate scenery, are to be met with everywhere.

It was in the last days of September, when usually sea-bathing is long over in those northern climes, that I swam out several times in the early morning before breakfast into the Menai Straits, accompanied by General Schwabe, the son of our host. Such an unexpected performance in autumn filled Max Müller with amazement, and he declared himself perfectly shocked. He was not inclined to rough pleasures of that kind, nor even to walking tours. Being a passionate smoker, he, on his part, could not pardon me, in a jocose manner, for being, and always having been, strongly averse to the *stink-giftige Rauchkraut,* as tobacco has been called by counter-blast men. He often forgot this peculiarity of mine, and again offered me cigars. I then expressed my regret at the discovery of America, a regret only mitigated by the later foundation of the United States as a Republic; and I said that, in regard to tobacco, I was at one with the smokeless ancient Germans. Then he asserted that even they must have smoked something, even if it had only been oak-leaves from their vast forests.

As Max Müller rarely came to London, I had only met him until then occasionally in English and German scientific societies, although we were in correspondence by letter. During a former visit at Oxford, where I had been invited to the famous Boar's Head Dinner at Queen's College, in order to enjoy and to study this old Germanic Yule custom *in loco,* Max Müller, to my regret, had happened to be out of town. Thus it was that first in Wales, and later on, when we were as guests for some days in his own home, a more intimate intercourse arose. From that time he repeatedly sent me the new issues of his valuable works.

In society, among friends, he easily unbent, comporting himself with as much pleasant joviality as simplicity: a true sign of real intellectual greatness. At table, when he showed himself a connoisseur of good wine, he was easily disposed to humorous remarks; sometimes with a dash of sarcasm of the milder kind. All possible things in science and politics were discussed on the Welsh island and in Oxford, from questions of ethnology, of language, of history and literature to German affairs and the condition of Turkey, where his son at that time occupied a post in the Embassy. And though

I need scarcely say that our standpoints in religious and political matters lay much apart, yet, suddenly, there often appeared an unexpected agreement.

To his endeavour to awake interest in me for the meeting at Chicago, where representatives of the most various creeds came together, in order to try to arrive at a kind of union, I could not possibly yield. Max Müller avowed himself an adherent of Kant. This position, however, was not in harmony with much that he wrote about religion, especially in later years. To the ancient Indian thinkers he certainly gave just praise for the courage they showed in working out their theories (in which really everything has already been forethought, which the later philosophy of the West thought again) to their last consequences, whether these thinkers were idealists or materialists, monists or dualists, theists or atheists. He admired them for this strong firmness of theirs. Their reverence before truth, he said, was greater than their reverence before anything else. In this matter they are truly worthy of imitation. I will only mention Kapila, the freethinking forerunner of Buddha, who may be called a Darwin and a Feuerbach of Indian antiquity.

In Glyn Garth, Max Müller was still occupied with a new edition of his *Chips from a German Workshop*. The extensive new preface to it he communicated to me there, with a wish to hear my opinion. This honouring desire of the great scholar I readily complied with. Having observed how willingly he listened to the opinions of others when he found them supported by good arguments, I was not astonished that at least in one passage he adopted the alteration I had suggested.

His views about the origin of mythology and the connection of folk-tales have been much attacked; in England especially by Andrew Lang. Whilst on philological grounds Max Müller acknowledged the doctrine of evolution in language, he was little inclined to admit, in religious matters, the ascending evolution from fetish and animal worship to that of divine figures. My own opinion was different from his on that question. But the attacks against him were often exaggerated; and I gladly took occasion, in speaking of his works, to point to passages in which he had considerably approached the views of his adversaries.

V.

During our table talk at Glyn Garth, Max Müller repeatedly urged me strongly to tell those present something of what I had gone through in the years of revolutionary storm and stress. I would rather have avoided it; but when we came to mention the imprisonment which my wife had suffered in the year before the great national

upheaval, Max Müller said: "Every good German has been once in prison for political matters."

He then told us a well-known experience of his own during his student years, when he, too, was arrested for a little while. By letter and by word of mouth he repeated his suggestion that I should say more of what I had experienced in dungeon, in battle, and in exile. It was owing to his hints that I resolved upon interrupting other work now and then, and to give in a London monthly magazine a series of such descriptions.

Seeing how frequently Max Müller was in contact with princely personages, it may seem strange that he should have made such a suggestion to me. He had, in this, something of the manner of Varnhagen and Humboldt. Outwardly, so to say, of diplomatic appearance, or, as his German countrymen in London generally said, of the cast of features of a *Geheimrath*—he, in an intimate circle, showed himself very agreeably in a freer mood. In English politics he was a Liberal Unionist. And this, no doubt, was one of the causes of his having been made a member of the Queen's Privy Council, by which appointment he received the title of "Right Honourable."

In his house there stands the life-size bust of the present German Emperor, William II., as a present from that monarch. Whenever the students of Oxford won in the boat-race on the Thames, against those of Cambridge, the Kaiser sent a wire to Max Müller by way of congratulation. This Imperial partnership in English student contests must have been rather an embarrassment for Max Müller, in so far as the telegraphic jubilation over the defeat of the sister University had to be published by him.

For athletic exercises and games the distinguished scholar, who was deeply engrossed with his laborious studies, does not seem to have had much liking. As we were walking together in his garden —he smoking, as usual; I enjoying the smell of the flowers and the vegetation, so far as this is possible amidst tobacco fumes—we heard from afar the loud clapping of hands. It came from a cricket ground. "How can one," Max Müller exclaimed, "take such a passionate interest in these things? All that I have not the least taste for!" (*Das Alles liegt mir so ferne!*)

It was on this occasion that we spoke for a good while on the Eastern Question and the Russian danger. Max Müller, who, with his wife, had been received with great honours by the Sultan, told me that, in spite of that reception, he had been shaded at Constantinople by detectives. The Armenian trouble was then in full swing. "The Turkish secret police," he said, "never lost sight of me. Still, that did not prevent me from paying a visit to a learned Armenian, however little the authorities may have liked it."

In the main we were at one as to the necessity of keeping Russia out of Constantinople. It did not seem as if Max Müller had studied these questions very specially. But he listened attentively to what I said about the danger which, from the establishment of Muscovite autocracy at the Golden Horn, would accrue to Italy, to Austria-Hungary, and therefore prospectively to Germany, as well as to English rule in India.

When we were as guests in Max Müller's house, a grandson of Lord Lawrence who had played a prominent part during the Sepoy Rebellion of 1857 in India, was also present with his young and charming wife. Indian and Russian affairs naturally suggested themselves, therefore, all the more as themes of discussion. On these subjects I once had had, before the last war of Russia against Turkey, an hour's full conversation with Mr. Disraeli at the House of Commons. I had been dining there with Sir Tollemache Sinclair, the then Liberal member for Thurso, who was a personal friend of Disraeli; and when the Tory leader, during a division for which Sinclair had to leave the dinner, heard of my presence, he expressed a wish to make my acquaintance. I am compelled to say that I found Disraeli strangely unacquainted then with much that he ought to have known about Russian designs in Asia and Europe. His questions repeatedly betrayed that want of knowledge.

During our peripatetic walk in the garden, Max Müller, rather to my surprise, suddenly spoke out very strongly against Bismarck. At the time of the war of 1870-71 he had, by letters to the *Times*, properly and firmly stood to the cause of his native country against French aggression, as we all had done. I had done so as a Democrat from the national point of view. He had put the names of King William I., of Moltke, and Bismarck in the forefront of his utterances. Now, however, disappointed by the ever-increasing illiberal home policy of the Berlin Government, he said of Bismarck: —"He has brought much mischief upon us!" (*Er hat uns viel Unheil gebracht.*)

Considering his want of interest in athletic games and adventurous enterprises, it is no wonder that Max Müller should have remained a stranger to the knowledge of many things in that line, of which one might have expected that he would have at least a general notion. In a German magazine, *Nord und Süd*, I had spoken of Wilfrid Fonvielle's work: *The Siege of Paris, from a Bird's Eye View*, in which that old friend had described the aëronautic ascents he had taken part in as a scientific specialist. With him, Mr. Glaisher, the Director of Greenwich Observatory, and a number of famed French aëronauts, I had once made an ascent in London in a gigantic balloon. That airship afterwards came to grief by suddenly breaking away from its moorings and shooting up like a cannon ball. Fortunately this happened just before it was

intended to make a second, nocturnal, ascent for the purpose of meteorological investigation, in which I had wished to take part. During the siege of Paris, Fonvielle came out from the beleaguered town in a balloon, and one day appeared in my house. He had come over to work upon public opinion in England in the interest of France, though originally he had disapproved of the declaration of war against Germany. Whilst, of course, I wholly dissented from my old friend's purpose, I had him amicably to dinner.

Now, on the subject of aëronautics, Max Müller wrote to me:—

"I have read your essay with great interest. How many things there are of which one knows nothing! Until now, aëronautics were wholly out of the range of my knowledge; I had no idea that they had a future, nay, even a historic past. And again one sees how History is written!" This referred to an erroneous statement of Fonvielle, concerning our meeting in London, shortly before the outbreak of the war in 1870. "You ought to write down more of your experiences."

As to Max Müller's political views in regard to Germany, I have already stated that, being rather of the ideas which were supposed to be represented by the Emperor Frederick and his wife, he looked with dismay upon the mode of government of the first Imperial Chancellor. In letters to me, he expressed himself in the strongest imaginable terms against Prince Bismarck, against Lothar Bucher, who had become a renegade from his democratic principles, and against Busch, who was ever ready with his pen to do obedient service to his powerful master. Max Müller had been attacked from that side in the most indecent way. Under date of January 15, 1899, he wrote to me:—

"I have read Busch's three volumes with a deep feeling of shame. That B. was a coarse fellow (*ein roher Geselle*), I have known long ago. Still, I should not have thought him capable of such meanness (*Gemeinheit*). And what accomplices (*Helfershelfer*) he has had! I knew Bucher in London, and could tell so many things about him before he sold himself. As often as he mentions me, he produces the most ridiculous inventions. But I was loath to touch him. He has nailed himself and his friends to a pillory of disgrace (*Schandpfahl*) erected by himself; and there he may be left. As to the rest, it is simply financial speculation. *Beatus ille qui procul!* I hope you have had full recreation in beautiful Scotland. I myself only go on in a middling way of health; but work is proceeding with quiet steadiness."

He then went on:—

"I have just read Abeken's *Life*. That was, after all, still a gentleman of the old stamp. Though he had his weaknesses, B. has treated him scandalously. That was quite in the infamous nature of the latter, who was an able jockey, for whom the chief

thing was: 'the German people under arms.' The jockey pocket the money; and the horse is led back to the stable."

It is not difficult to make out who is meant by "B."

Again, on February, 10, 1899, Max Müller wrote strongly to m in the same strain about Busch, Bismarck, and Bucher. He adde a wish to see Bucher dissected (*seciren*) for once, so as to show u the "utter untruthfulness, combined with stupidity," of which h said both Bucher and Busch had become guilty towards himself.

Evidently, Max Müller suffered deeply from the indignities thr heaped upon himself by the three "Bs."

As to the last days of his life, only the deep regret may b mentioned which was universally expressed in his native count when he set his face against the cause of the South African Republic and even attacked the Germans as a nation on account of sympathi which are shared by the noblest minds, as well as by the masses, a over the civilised world on this and on the other side of the Atlanti I will not refer to the bitter words that were then launched again Max Müller throughout his native country. One of his articl appeared in the New York *Forum*. Another, published in German gave rise to a controversy with the eminent historian, Mommse who expressed opinions and feelings existent in Germany at larg as well as in Austria-Hungary, in France, in free Switzerland, the Netherlands, in the Scandinavian countries—in fact, everywher including a section of Englishmen themselves.

Max Müller was not cut out for a politician. It is a pity that t cloud of obloquy which thus suddenly overshadowed his name shou have dimmed the lustre of his renown near the very end of h laborious life.

His last pronouncements in politics could not prevent me fro entertaining, and expressing in correspondence with his accomplish wife, the warmest wishes—wishes unfortunately not realised—f the recovery of the highly meritorious scholar with whom it ha always been a sincere joy to me to be in intellectual contact. I him we have to deplore the loss of a man of most powerful know ledge and of a scientific world-renown that will outlive many meretricious glory.

KARL BLIND.

IS THE SENSE OF DUTY THE OFFSPRING OF SELF-LOVE?

A STUDY IN ETHICS.

ONE of the many forms of the theory that conscience is a figmentary emotion, the result of external impression and natural acquisition, is that moral conduct has by practical experience been found so beneficial to man's welfare that for selfish considerations he has come to regard it as sacred, and to feel that it is so intimately connected with his interests that he *must* pursue it; just, in fact, as when ill one feels one must take medicine, or on a wet day carry an umbrella. To this theory, though very popular among English philosophers, many objections may be raised.

1. Waiving the fact that we often approve as morally venerable actions which have no appreciable bearing upon human happiness and utility, it would seem that, were the theory correct, not only morality, but also many other laws or schemes of beneficial precepts, say those relating to health, should likewise possess or to some approximate extent participate in this felt sanctity. But experience shows that the case is very different. The greatest of useful inventors, regarded only as such, altogether fails to excite in us the feeling aroused by a moral genius of corresponding celebrity. We realise that there is no analogy between the value of a moral virtue and that of the Peruvian bark, and our detestation of the Jesuits because of their alleged crimes makes us forget our regard for them as the discoverers of that important drug. The contempt that we feel for the man who sacrifices his duty to his interest plainly shows that we do not regard as the worth of duty its identity with interest. It is fatal to any theory that it attempts to explain facts by denying their existence, or by shuffling radically different facts under one category in order to make the same explanation serve for both; and this we claim to be the fault of the doctrine here in question.

For as well might one attempt to deduce the sense of hearing from that of sight because vibrations in the air are the common medium of both, as deduce the perception of moral sanctity from that of practical utility because actions with a tendency to human well-being are the common medium for the exercise alike of prudence and morality.

2. History and experience go to prove that the sense of duty has not been created by the perceived utility of the actions composing moral conduct. In different ages and among different peoples the most contrary notions regarding the morality of certain actions, often those of prime importance to human happiness, have prevailed; yet in all these cases the sense of the sacredness of duty has remained uniformly alike. Now, if the respective doing and avoiding of certain actions has a natural tendency to make men happy, and the respective not doing and not avoiding of these actions has a natural tendency to make them miserable, how can it possibly be pretended that the people who in this matter take directly contrary courses, some acting in the way that leads to happiness and others in that that leads to misery, should all be alike happy in consequence of their conduct, and because it thus ministers to their happiness value it as something peculiarly sacred, and in this way come to regard it with what is called the sense of duty?

3. This theory overlooks the essential difference between the idea of the *ought* and that of the *must*. The latter term, taken either in a logical or a physical sense, implies such a connection between antecedent and consequent as excludes, both speculatively and practically, the possibility of contingency in their relationship. Thus, if the major and minor of a syllogism are correct, the conclusion necessarily follows. If a ball be thrown into the air the law of gravitation necessarily brings it down again. In the *must*, therefore, the perception is of such a nature that the percipient feels that a contrary perception is an impossibility. And this is true, whether the perception be one which has no effect upon the will, or whether such as determines the will to action. But as regards the perception of the *ought*, though there is the same feeling of certitude in the percipient arising from the same apparent certainty of the perceived, yet an element of contingency enters in cases where, and at the point when, the perception proceeds to affect the will to action. Thus, the necessity of the *must* consists (*a*) in the untenableness of the antithesis to the perceived, and (*b*) in cases where action is possible, the unthinkableness of acting counter to the perception.

The necessity of the *ought* is valid only as regards the perception; not as regards the inevitableness of the will obeying the perception. We feel that in accordance with our laws of thought we are compelled to believe that under given circumstances given lines of conduct should be pursued, but owing to the constitution of the will it does not follow that because we have this perception we therefore act upon it. If we seek the cause of the phenomenon we find that besides the moral feelings which accompany and dynamically enforce certain perceptions derived from the pure reason as interpreted by the understanding and its inherent laws, there are in man the idiosyncrasies of his personal being, qualities of temperament and

disposition, common in general to the race, yet so modified and compounded in each individual as to produce the infinite variety of character that we see around us. These qualities, which constitute the personal being, impel the will to action in all cases where the sense of duty is not the determining cause; hence by association they acquire a certain pseudo authority, and in moral judgments which are opposed to our inclination they assert this authority, and thus prevent the will from obeying the perception. In this way, paradoxical as it may seem, in violating moral law man acknowledges and even pervertedly obeys moral law. For he yields obedience, the first of moral qualities, to an arbiter whose decisions he is almost constantly carrying out, namely, to the principle of his constitution, as symbolised in his personal will. Hence the contingency of the *ought* arises from the antithesis between the subjective authority of the personal will and the objective authority of the perception. And this antithesis is one of the conditions which potentiate moral action in man, for it affords him the opportunity of performing the moral act of obedience by sacrificing his personal will to the objective perception which has for him a moral content proper to govern and define his conduct.

Besides this difference regarding contingency, there is another and even more striking distinction between the *ought* and the *must*. The *must* simply declares that because certain realities are constituted in a specific manner, the nature of some other reality dependent on these for its existence is shaped and determined by them in a particular way, and thus could not be anything but what it is. The *ought*, on the other hand, decides not from the actual nature of certain things what is inevitably the nature of some other thing or things dependent thereon and thus conditioned thereby, *i.e.*, it does not judge from premises; but it acts far more wonderfully, for in the province over which it presides, it exists before any given reality whatever, and dictates the form that the things it is concerned with should assume on their coming into being; since if traced far enough back the "should," as defining what the character of a thing *ought* to be, will always be found antecedent to the thing itself.

This is the reason why, although the desires and emotions may draw or drive us to do certain things as being congenial to our nature—and although public opinion and judicial penalties may deter us from certain actions as being such as owing to them must be attended by painful consequences—yet in neither case is there anything analagous to what transpires when the perception of the ought, with a sublime indifference to our likes and dislikes, our interests and disadvantages, commands us to pursue the conduct it dictates. A system which ignores or confounds this difference violates the first principles of thought and language.

4. In identifying the *ought* with the *must*, and in attributing the perception of the latter to man's having made a generalisation regarding the utility of moral conduct to himself, this theory obviously traces the feeling of duty to the sense of utility. But if the nature of the *ought* be that which in the last objection it was shown that it logically must be, then utility is certainly not the reason why man is bound to moral conduct. For if, as we have seen, the *ought*, in virtue of its priority respectively to that which is *oughted* by it, decides beforehand the nature of what this is to be, it follows that man's conduct, as far as it is mapped out for him in the moral economy of which he forms a part, had been arranged and determined before his advent, and that hence he was bound to the obedience thereof by the intrinsic nature of the law itself, and not by the advantages which essentially or accidentally it might procure for him. Thus there is a very real distinction between the sanction which in our mind the moral law receives from its evident utility, and the motive that ought to move us to obey it. This distinction, again, is what comes to consciousness every time a man acts against his own interest from a sense of duty; and it seems an illogical assertion to say that the very thing that in its own nature is recognised as being essentially independent of and superior to utility, owes its unique power over us to nothing else than our perception of its utilitarian advantages.

Another form of the theory that the sense of duty is the offspring of self-love is that it arises in consequence of pain having been incurred through wrong-doing, more especially that kind of pain which law and society inflict upon the evil-doer. In explanation of this we are told that the aversion originally due to the fear of punishment has outlived its real cause and been transferred by association to the acts that occasioned the punishment. Waiving the fact that psychological observation shows that just as our love of the good differs from our approval of the useful, so our fear of the evil differs from our dread of the injurious, the following objections may be alleged against the present theory:—

1. That such a doctrine is flatly opposed to experience. For criminals are often caught and punished over and over again even for the same kind of offence—so far is punishment from inspiring them with a fear of the law, much less with a feeling of moral veneration for it. In fact, all such criminals think about is using their past experience as a means of instruction to evade the law in future. For unless there is a sense of moral guilt, the culprit will always regard law and justice as his natural enemies, and therefore gratify his pride, cunning, and vindictiveness by seeking to outdo them. The same thing may be observed in children. Those whose parents seek to implant the seeds of virtue at the tail instead of

the head, desire nothing but the time when age and strength shall have put them beyond the power of such a discipline. Those who by the force of virtuous example, assisted by kindly and tactful admonition, are brought to understand that right conduct is something holy and binding in itself, something that every good child, just because it is good, will gladly do without needing to be drawn or driven by sugar-plums and birches, are they who carry through life a moral principle capable of supporting them amid the dangers and temptations of the world and the manifold seductions of their own hearts. From all these cases of common experience it should be obvious that a sense of servile fear such as this theory specifies can never have been the cause of man's attaining a disinterested regard for, and pure veneration of, moral virtue.

2. The enactment and penal enforcement of laws, however crude such may be, is an attempt to gratify the moral instincts, whose expression is influenced but whose nature is unaffected by the existing circumstances. Hence, a desire to ensure what was regarded as morality, rudimentary as the conception might be, was the cause of punishment being affixed to immoral acts, precisely as the sense of justice was the reason why in primitive societies arrangements were made for securing that an injured person or his next of kin should be recompensed in proportion to the damage done. According to Paul Ree, the great advocate of the present theory, this making of restitution or giving of a recognised equivalent for injury, was originally considered only in the light of indemnification, and not as being of a punitive nature, though it afterwards came to be regarded as of that character, and thus laid the foundation of punishment and the dread thereof, to which in turn may be traced the origin of moral veneration. But in making such a statement Ree practically sacrifices his whole position. For he tacitly acknowledges that a reverence for justice preceded the fear of incurring the penalty imposed thereby on acts of wrong-doing; and thus admits that moral veneration is antecedent to the fear of punishment for immoral acts. The truth is that Ree overlooks the circumstance that resembling effects may have differing but contributory causes, and hence that in the same person there may be a dread of acting wrongly produced partly from moral and partly from egoistic motives, these being so blended that a mind unused to introspection is conscious only of the effect but not of the constituent causes.

This being so, as an unknown number of factors may determine in any single instance the preponderance of this or the other motive and bring it into consciousness or perceptibility, the man himself, or those who observed him, might draw the erroneous inference that the one manifestly present was the only motive; in which case, on the other cropping up at a future time, it wou'd naturally be referred

to that already known, either as being identical therewith or a specific modification thereof. Now, although as the moral consciousness unfolds, morality is seen to preside over and give meaning and dignity to the entire life, yet it is indubitable that in the opinion of the majority of people the largest number of human acts are either exempt from or but remotely connected with morality, and are therefore prompted solely by the egoistic motives leading man to seek pleasure and avoid pain, or simply and more generally to gratify his non-moral instincts; hence it is very natural that a superficial observer, or precipitant theorist should, when the moral motive manifests itself, refer it to the other and more conspicuous, as being either one and the same or an arbitrarily differentiated offshoot.

Finally, if it be said that the reference of the sense of duty to egoistic causes affords a safeguard to morality by procuring it an irresistible sanction, it may well be replied that not only is such a doctrine—as the history of moral phenomena abundantly shows—opposed to lofty achievements in the way of virtue, but—also as daily experience testifies—an unsafe principle to rely on even for the faithful performance of ordinary duties.

For he who has learned the sacredness of morality only from the punishments enforcing it will evince a shameless disregard if this exterior sanction be withdrawn; and once make a man believe that self-interest is the sole aim of virtue, and he will soon begin to doubt the utility of being virtuous in cases where the only crown that virtue has to offer is a crown of thorns.

CHRISTOPHER C. DOVE.

CIVIL SERVICE INEQUALITIES AND ABUSES.

THE British disasters in the Transvaal have brought a fierce light to bear upon the administration of the War Office, and many reforms may be forthcoming in the near future. But the War Office is not the only department under Governmental control that requires reform or investigation. The severe remarks recently passed by Mr. De Rutzen upon Post Office methods of confidential inquiry, the constant agitations among postal officials, second division clerks, and Inland Revenue servants suggest the need for a thorough inquiry into the organisation and management of the Civil Service. With the new Parliamentary session has arrived the time for reviewing and removing various inequalities and abuses.

A Government appointment secured by competitive examination is neither the sinecure nor cornucopia described by cheap magazines and certain interested educational syndicates. Age has furrowed the brow and whitened the hair before lucrative appointments are gained, unless one has entered by the privilege door of the Class I. examination. Rarely is the second division clerk promoted above his class. When such phenomenon occurs seniority rather than responsibility or merit is the determining factor, whatever the Treasury Minute and the circular to Civil Service candidates may say.

Reform has long been needed in the disproportionate distribution of clerks for the despatch of public business in the different departments of the Service. The principal offices are inefficiently manned, while some, especially in Whitehall, offer a premium to idleness by their needlessly large establishments. At the savings bank department of the General Post Office a fixed amount of work is distributed daily to the second division clerks, their boy assistants, copyists, abstractors, &c. The satisfactory performance of this labour requires either a much larger staff or a longer period than seven hours (the official day). The result is frequent "overtime" until 8 P.M., and even then the work is "scamped" though not a moment be wasted. As a contrast, take the Education, India, Patent, or Inland Revenue offices. In these branches second division clerks can find opportunity for about two hours' private study or recreation. At one of the offices mentioned it has not infrequently happened

during the summer, that a clerk "signing on" at 10.15 A.M. (more often 10.30 A.M.) has left at 1.30 P.M. in order to enjoy a river excursion or cricket match. In another it has not been uncommon for assistant examiners and sometimes second division clerks to invade each other's lavatories or official rooms with wetted towels (the property of the Government), for want of better employment. In the secretary's office at the General Post Office, a supplementary clerk has obtained a day's leave *with full pay* to take part in a cycle road race to Brighton, while a telegraphist has difficulty in obtaining leave to attend a higher Civil Service examination, and is obliged to forego his salary *for the whole period of leave.* Considering that these two cases are from the same department, that the telegraphist works under greater difficulties, longer hours, and for a much smaller remuneration, the need for a special inquiry into rights, privileges, and abuses will be, I think, unreservedly admitted.

Annual leave is usually granted in the West-end offices of the services between May and September. In the Post Office all clerks except those of the higher division are compelled to choose between March or April and November (December was included until about a year ago, while the telegraphists' limit was January to December). The junior telegraphist, male and female, has at present no choice, being obliged to take the beginning of the year, and often only at a few weeks' notice. Other holidays at the West-end offices include three days at Easter, two at Whitsuntide, three at Christmas, the August Bank Holiday, Queen's Birthday, Coronation-Day, the Derby or the Oaks day, and every Saturday from 1 P.M. The same class of clerks at the Post Office do not get Derby or Oaks day (why should they be given at any public office?). The telegraphist or postal servant is entitled only to Christmas Day and Good Friday. If Christmas falls on a Sunday he gets no compensation. Rarely does he obtain a Saturday afternoon, and only once in about five years does he secure a Bank Holiday.

Another inequality in the Service is in the regulation (or want of regulation) for meals. The second division clerk always takes more than the regulation half-hour, and in the West-end takes a long walk after having enjoyed his lunch in the time allowed by the department. The telegraphist, when he requires a noon-day meal, has to wait often till three o clock, and then to be content with what the Government provides for him at whatever price it fixes.

These are but a few of the less-known inequalities and abuses prevailing in the public service. The inadequacy of the stipends of the Civil Service rank and file—especially in the Post Office—opens up a subject with which I shall not attempt to deal, as it is one which the clerks themselves bring before the public to the exclusion of all others. But in this, as in all other grievances, the Post Office

is the greatest sinner, and I cannot conclude this exposition without calling attention to recent iniquities of that department.

Youths have been enticed into entering the Service with the remote prospect of £190 per annum. The Tweedmouth Commission have curtailed even that remote prospect, and offer the munificent sum of £160 a year as a maximum wage. A more recent breach of contract is the compulsory employment of telegraphists with four and five years' service in the sorting office, where they lose even the few privileges they enjoyed. In the sorting office the supervision is not only in the hands of rough, rude, and uncultured officials for whom it is difficult to feel any great respect, but it is carried on in a manner detrimental and degrading both to the staff and to the officials who are directly responsible. The worst feature of this supervision is that known as the spy system. The employés in this department of the public service are considered so untrustworthy that they can scarcely move without being secretly watched. I am informed by men who have passed through the experience that not even the lavatories and such private places are immune from the ever-vigilant Paul Pry employed by the Post Office from the public funds. Of late this department has been developing into a mere profit-making concern of the Treasury. Retrenchment has been taking place in many quarters; but like most official reforms, the economy is misdirected. The offices to which large salaries are attached have been multiplied; the actual working staffs have been cut down. The recent delays in the postal department received due attention from the press, but it may not be generally known that in the telegraph branch an extra point for the despatch of business may not be opened until there is thirty minutes' delay. Compulsory overtime is frequent, though constantly repudiated in Parliament; and a great waste of public money is made by giving a free tea to the supervising staff and head officials at 3.30 in the afternoon, in addition to that given by the department to the whole staff after 5 P.M. in lieu of giving half-an-hour for the staff to obtain the meal. This latter arrangement is, on the whole, useful and, I think, economic; but the extra tea at 3 30 is pernicious and extravagant.

Finally, it is whispered that the withholding of a higher wage for operators has been influenced in no small degree by the holding of shares in the Eastern and other private telegraph companies by the higher Post Office officials. Be that true or not, the necessity for a Royal Commission of Inquiry will, I think, be apparent. From that Commission the officials should be, as far as possible, absent.

ASHLEY DE BURGH.

AN ETHICAL BIRTH-RATE.

IT is strange how differently a man and a woman regard the same subjects; for both being human, one might suppose that there would not be any great divergence of opinion. But on reading an article on "England's Population"[1] I was struck by the almost impassable gulf that at present separates the feminine from the masculine view of a given fact.

It appears from statistics that the average yearly birth-rate in the United Kingdom is rapidly decreasing; and though at the same time there is a corresponding decline in the death-rate, pessimists are loud in their prophetic warning that the sceptre is departing from Britain, and that the Anglo-Saxon is on the same road to ruin as that so successfully pursued by the Latin races. Fifteen per cent. fewer children born every year! Can any national calamity be greater than this reprehensible shortcoming on the part of the maternal half of the community? Maternity is dying out, woman is forsaking her one and sole vocation in life! Can she, as child-bearer to the nation, be brought to a sense of her duty and the magnitude of the disaster awaiting the land of her birth, if she persistently restricts her family to the vanishing unit of John Brown's ten little niggers?

Before, however, totally annihilating the culprit with the virtuous wrath of an unnerved patriotism, we will consider another set of statistics, where we find the following equally disquieting figures:—In 1897, 4250 deaths of women occurred from child-birth and puerperal fever, 143,589 children died within the first year, and it is calculated that nearly half of all children born die in infancy, while the proportion in crowded cities rises to even three-fifths. Of 2983 deaths in infancy registered in 1889, 2968 were due to starvation and want of breast-milk, of which more than half were babies under three months old. It appears, therefore, to be a question, not of more children being born, but of more children living. We do not want a higher birth-rate, but less mortality. And this *desideratum* cannot be achieved until an ethical birth-rate is established; until it is recognised that the true progress of a nation depends, not on the majority that are born, but upon the minority who survive as the fittest and most capable. An ethical birth-*rate* would insure to every

Democracy, February 16, 1901.

child a birth-*right* of being born *well*—sound in mind and body. Man has been slow in learning, through the light of intelligence, the ethics of sexual relations, as already strictly observed by the superior instincts of the animal creation; yet the natural law of sex and of reproduction is so plainly written on the face of nature that he who runs may read.

In exact ratio to the complexity of the organism the period of gestation lengthens; and according to the period of gestation and the subsequent dependence of the offspring on the mother is the interval between each birth, which, taken roughly, is three times the length of the pre-natal life of the embryo. Thus the elephant produces one calf in four years, the period of gestation being one year to fourteen months; the anthropoid apes bring forth a single young one at birth after a gestation of nine or ten months, the intervals between the births being three years or more. No such hideous spectacle is seen in the animal world as a mother suckling her young, developing a fœtus in her womb, and being at the same time an instrument for the sexual extortions of the male. Yet this is a common sight in every crowded street of our civilised Christian cities. Though, reasoning by analogy, in the light of the same natural law of sex, no woman, taking into consideration her supremacy as the most highly complex of living organisms, should bear more than six children during the prescribed period of child-bearing. Biological science would limit the number to four, with intervals of six years between each birth.

No animal in a wild state dies in giving birth to its young. Parturition is a natural painless function, not a pathological crisis. Moreover, the young are born neither prematurely nor malformed. Nature, by the most rigid restrictions, insures to the mother's creative organs complete freedom from excitation during the continuous harmonious growth of the embryo. The offspring, when born, claim also as a right the full nutritive powers of the mother, until they can fend for themselves.

We will now glance at the human regulation of the same supreme duties, by referring to a simple table of figures.

From 1891 to 1897, 18,479 women died in childbed in England and Wales alone, giving an average of 2508 in each intervening year; and 14,257 in the same number of years died of puerperal fever, due to unhealthy surroundings and improper treatment.

Turning to the children, we find the average of births from 1891 to 1897 is 914,000 per annum, rising to 921,693 in 1897, against a *decreasing* death-rate of 541,487, in comparison with that of 1891, which amounted to 587,925. We may therefore take it that the maternal functions were exploited to their fullest working powers as

regards race-production. It is not, then, a question of driving the national machine faster, but of rendering it capable of turning out better articles. The deficit does not arise from the insufficiency of material, but from the inefficiency of the product, of which statement the following figures give ample proof:

From 1851 to 1897 the average of deaths under one year of age per thousand births was 154·1; thus, in the year 1897 alone 143,589 children died under a year old, bringing the sum total of deaths of children under five years of age up to 210,072.

If our consciences cannot be roused by these appalling statistics, this holocaust of innocents, our degeneracy has indeed set in, and there is very little hope for the future development of the English race; for it can be amply proved that more than three-quarters of this death-rate is preventible. No other female organism is so unmercifully exploited as the human, with the inevitable result of incurring a terrible death-tax, not only upon both mothers and infants, but upon the vital energies of the children who survive a few short years. They are born undeveloped, starved in body, mind, and spirit. Physically they are immature through disease, intellectually they are deficient in the higher faculties, spiritually they have not evolved beyond the brutes, because, not to one per thousand has been secured the natural heritage of every other living species of being produced according to the immutable laws governing reproduction, maternity, nutrition, and environment.

When we consider the great increase of children born of incestuous unions in our swarming cities and crowded labourers' hovels, because no law in the English code renders this form of bestiality penal; when we remember that the average working woman toils, often as the sole breadwinner of the family, until the pains of labour overtake her; that she returns to work within a fortnight, that she weans her child before the month is out, that she often has to bear the pangs of childbirth within a year of her last confinement, with her frame still weak and her nervous system shattered—I ask, is it surprising that only a few children survive, not as the fittest, but as the least weak? For what is the condition of the residue?

Beginning with the higher classes, in October 1898 it was asserted in the *Times* that 64 per cent. of the boys joining public schools between the ages of thirteen and fourteen were physically in a bad condition. Turning to the masses, according to the Government returns in 1898, of 60,000 youths who presented themselves for enlistment, 34,000 were rejected as physically unfit; while, from the Lunacy Commissioners' reports, we find insanity so much on the increase that neither public nor private asylums can cope with the number of patients, the pauper asylums being notoriously over-

crowded; moreover, the institutions for the blind, the dumb, the epileptic, the mentally weak, and the physically malformed, are full to overflowing. It is obvious, therefore, that not only is the birth-rate far above the standard of natural production, but, in consequence of the reckless breeding of children in season and out of season, without any due regard to the health of the mother or the welfare of the child, a large percentage of the children born are utterly worthless to the nation at large, and a grave source of constant expense and solicitude. We must also remember that these statistics do not include the still-births; these, if added to the sum total, would swell the numbers to gigantic proportions, and would demonstrate still further how great is the abuse of the vital energies and creative powers of maternity. On a rough calculation, at least 200,000 children are annually brought into the world that should never have been in existence at all; they are born but to die. Moreover, the State is spending upon the incapables who survive, more than is expended upon education, or upon defence, or upon religion. One quarter of the expenditure for those who should never have lived would be ample to provide for the aged to die in comfort.

It may be argued in extenuation of this waste of human vitality, such is the law of nature, which is always profuse. For one seed that matures thousands perish. Granted; but we also find a law counterbalancing this apparent waste among the lower organisms. The more developed the individual the less profuse is the expenditure. Taking the higher species of animals, where the rate of reproduction is slow, it may be doubted if any of the young are born either diseased or malformed; or if, barring accidents, death ever comes except as the result of the natural decay of vital force from old age. Neither are the mothers weakened by the functions of maternity; on the contrary, the females of all animals are the healthiest and longest lived. And there is no natural law which would exclude woman from the enjoyment of the same feminine prerogatives.

We want, not an increased birth-rate, but an ethical code, regulating the birth of children according to the wise restrictions of the natural law. We do not want greater abuse (as implied in an increased birth-rate) of the maternal functions, but such conditions as will insure health, strength, and well-being to both mother and child. We do not want a further supply of undeveloped abortions, due to an unnatural over-strain of the mother's reproductive organs, but we want only such children born as will grow, through the inherent vigour of their vitality, to the full beauty and capacity of manhood and womanhood. We want a purposeful maternity that would scorn the production of inferior offspring. We want men and women to regard sex relations as the given means to the highest

ends, *i.e.*, the repeopling the world with sane, healthy, moral agents, capable of forwarding the higher evolution of the race.[1] This supreme good can only be achieved through quality, not quantity; and by regarding woman, not as a race-producer, but as a race-developer—a great cause of a greater effect.

FRANCES SWINEY.

[1] The Senate of Indiana has just passed a Bill (March 6, 1901) designed to prevent ill-chosen marriages, by obliging those persons who wish to marry to undergo a physical examination and to give particulars regarding their parents' health.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRADITION.

ALL science is based on experience; so is all tradition. But that is the only point of resemblance between them, and at that they part company, and the divergence increases at every step forward. In the one case the fact is observed, and the why and wherefore of it examined, and finally a definite law is laid down as to its cause and consequences. Many of these facts are kindred in nature; they are connected with some specific natural phenomena, such as mind, and unconnected with others, such as acoustics or electricity. And when the facts relating, say, to mind have been collected and examined and the laws governing them definitely formulated, they become a science—the science of mind; and the whole body of sciences, depending almost entirely for their connection upon the fact that they are sciences, constitute what we call philosophy.

With tradition the case is different. The fact is observed, but the observer does not trouble to subject it to any scientific examination. He simply, if it possesses any peculiar interest, communicates it to his friends, and they to other friends; and, instead of the cause and consequences being scientifically examined and reasoned out, the fact acquires in the process of communication many entirely foreign additions and embellishments; until its appearance becomes so changed, that the aid of philosophy has to be called in to discover the underlying truth, the source of fact from which it originally sprung. Such was the origin, not only of the beautiful legends of ancient mythology, but also of those traditions of the dark ages, many of which, to us wiser folk of the twentieth century, seem so absurd, and the belief in which not unfrequently led to tragic conquences. There is not one of these legends and traditions, however illogical or ridiculous in appearance, that, if it could be scientifically examined, might not have its origin traced to some fact of experience as surely as a man might trace his genealogy back to Adam and Eve.

The traditions that have been handed down to us from the past are, as I have indicated, of two kinds, and each kind has its own distinctive character. The ancient Greeks, when they discovered some fact in nature, or an idea was suggested to their minds, were wont to communicate it, not in the form of a scientific law, but embodied in some work of art—a story, a poem, a statue, or a

painting. Take the beautiful story of Pandora for instance. It is the Greek explanation of how trouble came into the world—it came into the world, they said, through the medium of woman. Compare this with the story of the Fall in the Bible, and the identity of origin is apparent. And Dean Farrar has told us that we are not to accept that story as anything more than an allegory. As he puts it, it is absurd to suppose that pain and misery and death came into the world because a man was persuaded by a woman to eat an apple. It is nothing more than an abstract idea communicated in the form of a story. Or let us look at the idea of that opposite school of philosophers, who believed that women were the "souls of men." In both ideas there is the germ of truth, the recognition in woman of something distinct from man, of the higher spiritual nature to which she can attain, of the subtle influence, acting on his emotions and intellect, which, as she did then, the weak unpractical woman exerts over the stern, rugged temperament of man to-day. Prometheus, again, bringing down the fire from heaven; Minerva (wisdom) springing at birth, full grown, from the brain of Jupiter—they are but the recognition by the Greeks of the source of wisdom in the Great First Cause of all things, whose seat they placed in heaven, and whom they believed in, equally with ourselves.

Another form of tradition is embodied in the national idea which exists among civilised nations to the present day. Just as the idol of the savage is his idea of the Supreme Being he recognises graven in wood, so the Thor and Odin of the Scandinavians, the William Tell of the Swiss, the John Bull of England, and the statue of Germania on the banks of the Rhine, all represent the national idea, handed down by legend, or carving, or picture. For William Tell is supposed now never to have existed at all in the flesh, but to be simply a legend typifying the indomitable courage and unfaltering resistance to tyranny characteristic of the Swiss as a nation. And this is the "reason of being" of all statues and monuments not strictly of the portrait type. They are traditions handed down to us, ideas embodied in stone, just as the Greek sculptor embodied his idea of the perfect woman in the Venus of Milo.

But it is to another form of tradition that I wish now to draw the attention of my readers—the belief in witchcraft and magic, whose foundation of fact is to be found in the mysterious phenomena of what we now call mesmerism, hypnotic suggestion, and telepathy (thought-transference). These phenomena, I may mention, are no new discoveries of to-day, for records relating thereto date back even to the times of the ancient Egyptians and Phœnicians. The origin of the tradition about the "evil eye" or the touch for "king's evil" is no puzzle to the student of animal magnetism or hypnotic suggestion. Another popular tradition of the Middle Ages was that of the witches who stuck pins into wax models of intended victims, who

thereupon suffered pains in parts of their own bodies corresponding to those on the model so pricked. This sounds ridiculous to us, but it is simply a garbled truth, a fact not scientifically reasoned out, based on the eternal verity of telepathy, the principle of which is that mind can communicate with mind through other than the known channels of sense.

And here I will beg leave to digress awhile, in order to afford some little (as it seems to me) necessary explanation. For some reader may ask, supposing telepathy to be messages from brain to brain, what part the wax model and pins would play in the operation. Well, he may remember the crystal glass which old Dr. Dee used to read for the benefit of good Queen Bess, whose reputation for sagacity ought to somewhat justify her belief in the marvel, absurd though it seems to be. Will the said reader be surprised to learn that the crystal is extensively studied to-day, and Mr. Podmore, in his book, *Thought-Transference and Apparitions,* describes several successful experiments with it. I mention this, in order to introduce two quotations from his book, which I think have some bearing on the question we are actually discussing. He says in one place:

"There is, of course, no magic in the crystal; a glass mirror, a paper-weight, a glass of water" [I think I may add, "the fire on a winter's evening"] will serve the purpose equally well."

And in another:

"The exact part played by the crystal, glass, or water, or other object, in facilitating the hallucination, it is not easy to determine. In some cases, no doubt, it acts by furnishing a nucleus of sensation, round which the hallucination may develop. It is probable also that the mere act of fixing the eyes on one particular spot may, by shutting out other sources of sensation, help to bring about the state of quietude necessary for the experiment. And yet, again, it is likely that the intrinsic virtue of the act [of gazing through the crystal] *is enhanced by the self-suggestion that it will prove beneficial*, if, indeed, its virtue may not in some cases be altogether due to that cause. It should be remembered in this connection that fixation of the eye on a small bright spot is one of the readiest means of inducing hypnosis."

Let the reader substitute "wax model and pins" for "crystal" and "thought-transference" for "hypnosis," making, of course, the necessary allowance for the altered circumstances, and he will need no further explanation. The wax model was simply the nucleus of sensation; the real agent was the witch's brain. That is, supposing the story to be true; for at present it is only a tradition.

Physiognomy is another science that has suffered largely at the hands of tradition. From the earliest ages man has looked into the face of his fellow-man, to read there joy and pain, hatred and love, and has sought to draw thence conclusions, both curious and of practical use. Then he went on to seek in the heavens and among the stars relations between the constellations and our features,

on which he erected an odd edifice of judicial astrology—a veritable white magic applied to the study of the human face. I have before me a plate of the head of a man, on whose forehead seven lines are drawn, consecrated (proceeding from above) to Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Mercury, Venus, and the Moon. As the lines were straight, oblique, or curved, so the response varied. Another plate represents the head of a man, who, according to the signs on his forehead, was doomed to die by hanging or by drowning. And here I will ask the reader's permission to make a quotation from Mantegazza's beautiful book on *Physiognomy and Expression*, and I do so, because, though the author is referring to one particular branch of philosophy, his remarks will serve to indicate the exact relation between science and tradition far better than anything that I could say would do. Speaking of the physiognomical observations just referred to, the author says:

"There is no untutored people, no rudimentary language, which has not incorporated in some proverb the results of these first sports of divination: Humpbacks, squints, sparkling or dull eyes, the varying length of the nose, the varying width of the mouth—all are honoured or condemned in popular proverbs. These proverbs are the first germs of the embryonic substance, which later on yield materials for a new science.

"In these first attempts we always meet the infantine inexperience of ignorance; sympathies and antipathies are there translated into irrefragable dogmas and verdicts without appeal; instinct and sentiment hold the place of observation and calculation. All is seasoned with the magic which is one of the original sins of the human family. This seasoning becomes more abundant in proportion as the need of new foods increases, and ends by being almost entirely substituted for the real nourishment, which is insufficient to satisfy the great hunger. . . . Magic demands a magician; he envelops himself in the inconceivable in order to explain the unintelligible, and magic becomes an industry, a trade which fattens a small number of knaves at the expense of a great number of fools.

"Such is the true origin, little honourable though it may be, of physiognomy. Then come the first writers, who collect from the mouths of the people, and in their proverbs, the scattered materials of the new science. They add numerous conjectures of their own, give a name to the new doctrine, and return to the ignorant crowd, in a dogmatic form, all that they first received from them. A literature in its childhood is always encyclopædic. Therefore the first germs of physiognomy are to be found in the Bible, in the fathers, in the philosophers, and in the poets. Dalla Porta was right when he wrote that 'Physiognomy was born of natural principles,' and he was justified in showing how the germs of the science of which he was beginning the study were to be found collected in the works of the great minds who had preceded him."

Geography, astronomy, medicine, law, are among the sciences that have suffered at the hands of tradition; but I have not the space, and neither have I the authorities handy, to enable me to recount the injuries in detail here. History, of course, has been a heavy sufferer, both on its sacred and its secular sides, and I still wince under the exposure of many of the cherished beliefs of my child-

hood. The stories of the Creation, of Joseph, of Samuel, of David, of Jonah, even of our blessed Lord Himself, furnish instances in point of such mis-statements; though on the other hand there are not wanting instances from the Bible of supposed miracles (the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, for example) which are now understood to be the ordinary working of the forces of nature. Turning to secular history, I have already alluded to the William Tell fable, and I know now that Alfred never burned the cakes, though the true explanation of that story I cannot for the moment recall. I recently saw the advertisement of a book, *The True History of Mary d'Este of Modena, niece* (I think that was the relationship) *of James the Second, the original of Nell Gwynne*—and forthwith Nelly Gwynne, the frail orange girl of Drury Lane, the good-hearted comforter of Merry Charles, was to me nothing more than a pretty fiction. Wellington never said "Up, Guards, and at them," at Waterloo, for the order that decided that battle was an instruction to the Guards at the moment when the Imperial Guard of France was making its last charge, and it was given by one of the subordinate generals, and not by the Iron Duke at all. I could go on multiplying such instances, but I forbear, for I think that I have said enough to justify the small esteem in which I sometimes hold tradition.

JOHN F. SIMPSON.

HOOLIGANISM AND WORKING BOYS' CLUBS.

READERS of Dickens will recollect that Mr. Snagsby had on infallible remedy for every variety of distress or misery with whic he came in contact—the gift of half-a-crown. The British publi confronted with a previously unsuspected social or economic evil, i inclined to put faith in the same specific as the little law statione Attention has recently been prominently directed by magisteri comments, by letters in the newspapers, and by articles in th magazines, to that growth of street ruffianism which has come to b known as "Hooliganism"; and, astonishing as it may seem at firs sight, the usual Snagsby prescription—a Mansion House fund—ha been suggested to deal with the lounger and loafer of the street by subsidising clubs for working boys, and kindred institutions.

While it may be doubted whether the multiplication of clubs will succeed in abolishing an evil which is new only in name, but which has really existed ever since the growth of the great towns, it is undoubtedly true that such a fund wisely administered may be of great service to the community, *if it subsidises the right sort of club;* and it is the object of this article to consider very briefly what is the ideal working boys' club, how it should be managed, and what useful work it may be expected to accomplish.

An interesting book on the subject has lately been written by Mr. Paul Neumann,[1] and this book may conveniently serve as a peg on which to hang the following suggestions and criticisms.

In the first place, it should be clearly understood that under no circumstances can the club be considered as a *cure* for "Hooliganism." This later nickname is used vaguely for all sorts of street rowdyism. The boys who, excited by their study of cheap romantic literature, work off their surplus energy by faction fights with the lads of an adjoining district, are dubbed hooligans, equally with the hardened ruffians who knock down women and old men and then rob them; and it is absurd to imagine that the remedy which may be efficacious for the one class will be of the least use for the other. But it is doubtful whether the boys' club will succeed in taming even the "faction fighter" unless he is caught very young; at any rate, he would be a bold club manager who would undertake to keep decent

[1] *The Boys' Club in Theory and Practice.* A Manual of suggestions for workers. By B. Paul Neumann. David Nutt. 1900.

order in a room full of nearly grown up street loafers. On this subject Mr. Neumann speaks words of wisdom and experience:

"A big lad of sixteen or seventeen *may* prove as amenable to discipline as a boy of thirteen, but the probabilities are all against it. The independence into which the working-class boy steps as of right when he leaves school and becomes a wage-earner, ages him rapidly. A couple of years on the streets, and the orderly habits acquired at school have well nigh disappeared. . . . A few such lads will increase a manager's difficulties a hundredfold. . . . Six months before leaving school the boy should become eligible for the club, and it is a salutary rule to confine the membership to those who have not left school more than six months. I would emphasise this principle of age limitation, because I believe that most of the difficulties and failures in work among boys are due to its neglect."

It will be seen, therefore, that the proper function of a boys' club is to attract little boys when they first leave school, and to train them into decent, self-respecting, law-abiding citizens, and that the perfected hooligan must be dealt with by other and much less gentle methods. The first rule, therefore, that I would venture to suggest to the administrators of the proposed fund would be, "Don't be deterred from subsidising a club because the members appear to be too respectable: they are respectable in appearance just because of the success of the club work; had they not become club members they would possibly have grown into thorough-paced hooligans." On this subject Mr. Neumann may be again quoted with advantage:

"The strange thing is this, that while the young criminal is cared for—after a fashion . . . the thousands of boys who are poor without being destitute, and tempted without having actually fallen, are left comparatively unnoticed and uncared for."

The second great principle on which the fund should be distributed was recently emphasised by Canon Barnett in an article in the *Westminster Gazette*, and may be formulated as follows: "Don't look to the club equipment, or to the number of members on the roll; the one important thing is the character, the enthusiasm, and the capability of the club manager." A club may appear to a casual inexperienced visitor to be flourishing, the rooms may be bright and well filled, and all the time it may be doing, not good, but harm. The only way in which boys can be influenced for good is by coming into daily intimate contact with men who are their superiors in education, in willingness to sacrifice themselves for the common good, in enthusiasm, in one word, in what is known as *character*. Example is the Alpha and the Omega of club work; gymnastics, cricket, classes, and entertainments are only the machinery. But while it is very easy to lay down this main principle that it is the club with the right sort of managers, not the club with the longest roll of members or the most attractive premises

that deserves financial assistance, it will probably be found extremely difficult to apply it in practice. The heaven-born club manager is almost as rare a bird as the divinely-gifted musician, or perhaps it would be a better comparison to say that he is as difficult to discover as the thoroughly capable public-school headmaster. The qualifications—apart from scholarship—are much the same; but the headmaster has many advantages over the club manager. His boys have usually come from refined homes, and have been carefully prepared for the influence of the school; he has the co-operation of an ample staff of well-trained assistants, and, above all, the boys are compelled to submit to his rule and to obey his behest. A headmaster may on occasion deliberately face unpopularity in stamping out some old-established evil; he can punish those who rebel, and trust to time to prove to his boys that he knows better than they do what is good for them. The club manager has none of these advantages. His boys are probably rougher material, but he has no power of compulsion. If he cannot guide his boys by tact and force of character alone, his resources are at an end. Temporary unpopularity of the head, which means little to the school, may spell ruin to the club. And yet the manager is of little good unless he can —on important matters of principle—guide the boys the way he wishes them to go; of no good at all if he meekly follows where he ought to stand firm.

The distributors of the proposed fund will therefore be obliged—if they are only to assist clubs with managers of *character* (and I have tried to show that these are the only clubs worthy of assistance) —to be intimately acquainted with the inner history of each institution, and to assure themselves of the thoroughness and reality of the work accomplished. This will be no armchair occupation, no affair of casual inspection, or of study of printed reports; it will require regular systematic visits at frequent intervals, and full information about every detail of the various clubs, and it can be satisfactorily done only by those who are themselves experts, who know how such institutions ought to be managed, what they ought to attempt, and what they can expect to accomplish.

As soon as the character of the club manager is understood, and his personal influence on the boys is of supreme importance, we are in a position to consider a practical question of great importance. What is the proper size for a boys' club? Mr. Neumann recommends that one should start with no more than a dozen boys, that the progress should be slow, from twelve to twenty, and from twenty to thirty. This is perhaps a counsel of perfection: it is seldom possible to start on quite such humble lines, and it is certainly out of the question, unless the new club is to be for some time what is popularly know as a "one-man show." That is to say, a devoted man of the right calibre who is prepared for a lengthy period to give up his entire spare time to running a new club, and who

makes no public appeal for funds, might conceivably start on this scale. But usually there is some sort of a committee formed, and money has to be collected, and under these circumstances it will be found necessary to be somewhat more ambitious. But the principle is nevertheless a sound one. There should never be so many members in the club that every individual lad cannot be intimately known by the regular workers. I do not mean merely known by name, but something must be understood of his character, of the nature of his occupation and the influence of his home surroundings, of his tastes and his temptations. Every boy also should have opportunity of learning to understand and to trust the manager, and then he will be willing and anxious to come to him for advice and assistance in his difficulties and trials. It is inadvisable to dogmatise on the question of size, but without going quite as far as Mr. Neumann, or laying down any hard and fast rule, it may be said that no club should start with more than forty to fifty members, and that one hundred to one hundred and fifty should be the maximum even in an old-established institution, with a strong backbone of trained and trustworthy members.

But while the club manager must be a man of character and principle, and while his main desire should be the formation by force of example, of character and principle among his lads, it will be obvious to any one with the least knowledge of boy-nature that the object will be at once defeated if it is prominently obtruded. The man who gives an impression that he is trying with all his might to do his duty, and that that duty is a somewhat unpleasant one, had better take to something to which he is more fitted, for assuredly he will never be any good as a leader of boys. The question therefore arises, what is the machinery by means of which the boys' character may best be formed, or in other words having got the club premises and a nucleus of members to fill them, what are the best methods of retaining the members and of influencing them for good?

Mr. Neumann, for his part, is strongly of opinion that educational classes of the Evening Continuation School type should be made the principal feature of a working boys' club. In his own club he has a compulsory entrance examination (the membership), and a regular schedule of work which might be got through by an average boy in three years, but in practice generally takes longer, ending up with a final examination (the fellowship), after which, he says, members are quite in a position to avail themselves of the advantage of University Extension lectures. Now, even at the risk of being told that the clubs I recommend are "little more than pleasant, though somewhat noisy, lounging-places," I cannot help insisting that all this elaborate educational organisation is entirely out of place in a boys' social club. If this is heterodox, at any rate I am sinning in good company, for of the ten typical London boys' clubs described by Mr. Neumann, no fewer than eight are blamed for the

poorness of the educational element, and of the remaining two, one the "Old Northeyites," is in reality an Evening Continuation School with a social side added.

The first objection to making the social club a "natural sequel to the primary school," is clearly stated by Mr. Neumann himself; it is "the difficulty, or, as some would say, the impossibility of providing efficient teachers." The amateur teacher—however great his theoretical knowledge—is, as a general rule, useless, and even the secondary schoolmaster often finds himself quite at sea with a class of street urchins, and deprived of his usual authority to punish. For example, some years ago a working boys' club was started in connection with one of the important London public schools; a considerable number of the most experienced masters in that school took an active part in the work, and were very keen advocates of the educational side. With praiseworthy energy they undertook to look after classes themselves, and attendance at at least one class was made compulsory; but the experiment was a complete failure, and while the club still exists and flourishes, the classes have, I believe, long ago been abandoned.

A second objection to making the social club in London into a compulsory school is that it is a waste of energy. The Free Evening Continuation Classes of the London School Board are excellently managed, they have sufficient masters accustomed to the class of boys they have to teach; and with all deference to Mr. Neumann, I have never seen in such classes as I have visited, that these teachers are wanting in freshness, brightness, or energy, because they have been teaching smaller boys in the daytime. It is doubtless true that the attendance in "night-schools" is deplorably small compared to the number of boys of suitable age who might with advantage be present, and that of those who join at the beginning of a session many attend irregularly, and leave altogether before the completion of a course. It would be outside the scope of this article to consider fully how improvement in these respects may be arrived at, but it may be suggested that the attendance and punctuality are probably best in those districts where there are energetic school managers who keep in touch with the children as they approach the termination of their school career, and who continue to look after and take an interest in them when they first go to outside work. The utility of clubs of the Old Northey Street type, which are primarily schools, but add on a recreational side, is also undoubted; but these appeal to quite a different class of boy to those who should be attracted to the purely social club.[1]

[1] This article was written before the recent decision in the Appeal Court in the case of *Rex* v. *Cockerton*. If that decision is maintained, and, as a result, the evening classes of the London School Board are closed, an imperative necessity may arise for developing the educational side of club life. But, in the view of the writer, this will provide an unsatisfactory substitute for the evening school, and will also be a hindrance to social work in the club.

And this brings me to the main objection to making school work compulsory: *you will not get the class of boy you want if lessons are insisted on.* Educational and disciplinary your club must be if it is to do any good at all, but education and discipline can be taught the errand boy and apprentice as well in the cricket field and gymnasium as in the class-room. One need not be suspected of despising education, or of holding reactionary views about keeping the lower classes in their proper stations, if one expresses a doubt whether the primary need of a boy who for ten hours has been delivering grocery, or handing bricks to his "boss," is an accurate knowledge of the intricacies of G.C.M., or a smattering of French, or even of the history of architecture.

Some club members no doubt will be benefited by attending night-school, or polytechnic: the intelligent manager will be on the search for these, and will induce them to attend regularly and to benefit by the instruction given, and this no doubt is being systematically done at present in some of the clubs where Mr. Neumann says that the educational side is deplorably neglected. (I have heard of one case where several managers are at present coaching a brilliant lad for the London Matriculation.)

But while I deprecate making classes compulsory, I do not for a moment maintain that mental development need be entirely neglected: there will often be a few boys who prefer a class in the club to going outside for instruction. For such, provision should, if possible, be made. Occasional magic lantern lectures on historical or geographical subjects will be interesting to all intelligent boys. Reading circles will perhaps improve the literary taste,[1] and properly conducted debating societies, where there is a good opener and a strong chairman, may give an insight into contemporary politics, and teach clearness of thought. Such subjects as wood-carving, carpentry, singing, and even violin playing will also often be popular. But the main features of a club for town-bred boys must and should be athletic. Cricket and football, gymnastics, boxing, swimming, and rowing, will not only help in developing the body, but will also, if properly supervised, be an excellent training in self-reliance, pluck, and (what the London gamin wants most of all) *esprit de corps.* Even the boys' brigade, notwithstanding Mr. Neumann's contempt for sham militarism, may be and often has been a most valuable branch of club activity.

What is the best method of governing a boys' club?

Mr. Neumann mentions three possible methods. "Genuine democracy, disguised autocracy, and frank autocracy." The first

[1] The reading circle in a boys' club were recently asked to write an essay on the *Vicar of Wakefield.* One small boy praised up the book in his essay, but confided to a friendly manager (not the one who conducted the class) that he really thought it "tommy-rot." He also showed his political leanings by stating in his essay that the character of Squire Thornhill was typical of the average member of our modern House of Lords!

he dismisses as impracticable—a conclusion in which most "old hands" will concur—the second he disposes of summarily, by an aphorism of Mr. Thring's, "*No falseness in the government, no falseness in the working plan can make boys true,*" and he strongly supports the third alternative of simple autocratic government by the managers. I cannot however help thinking that it is possible, without any suspicion of hypocrisy, to give the boys a considerable share in the management of their own club. And seeing that in a few years after the senior boys leave, they will be trusted by the State with a vote for Parliament and for all sorts of local bodies, it seems not unimportant to give them some preliminary training in the task of government. Certain hard and fast rules must, of course, be laid down: no manager for instance could allow such questions as the permissibility of gambling, or the sale of intoxicants in the club to be even discussed; but in the ordinary routine of club life, details may with advantage be settled in a mixed committee of managers and boys; and the wisest manager is he who interferes the least *ex cathedrâ*, but who at the same time knows exactly when it is necessary to put down his foot. Knowing nothing of the club which is reported as "managed by an elected committee, the managers retaining the right of veto, *exercised once in twenty years,*" I am inclined from this one fact alone to fancy that it must be wisely and judiciously governed.

The question of finance remains to be considered. I myself took part for several years in a conscientious attempt to make a non-residential working boys' club entirely self-supporting. We very nearly succeeded in the experiment (in one year the deficit was only about £30), but I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that "the game is not worth the candle." Too much of the attention of the managers has to be given to the process of cheeseparing; the desirability in a boys' club of making a charge for the use of the billiard and bagatelle tables is open to grave question, and it is perhaps not altogether wise to be continually directing the attention of young boys with voracious appetites and strictly limited incomes to the fact that it is patriotic to "eat" the club into solvency by a frequent patronage of the club bar. It is probably better frankly to face the fact that a subsidy is necessary. At the same time, the hackneyed adage that what costs nothing is valued at the same price, is never so true as in a club, and a considerable proportion of the expenditure should be provided by the members themselves.

The amount of outside assistance required will vary much in different districts, and with different classes of boys, but a successful club of about 150 members can probably be run with economical management, if there is £50 income from subscriptions in addition to what is required for paying rent, rates, and taxes. This estimate assumes that there is no salary list, and that wages are

restricted to the hire of a caretaker who will also act as charwoman. In an educational club of the type advocated by Mr. Neumann it is, of course, impossible to do without paid teachers, but in the purely social club it is undoubtedly far better to rely on the assistance of voluntary workers only. And for this reason, quite apart from finance—the boys will always know quite well who is working for love, and who for hire: and the fact that on every night, whether the weather is good or bad, whatever other attractions there may be, even when the manager of the evening is weary from his daily occupation, still he turns up regularly and punctually "for the good of the club," is in itself a liberal education to many of the lads. Of course, I do not mean that the same manager must be present every night, but where there are half-a-dozen men keenly interested in a club, no practical difficulties should be found in arranging and maintaining a regular rota.

Nor are the remarks in an earlier page of this article about the rarity of a heaven-born manager meant to imply that there is not a sufficiency of useful work to be done by less highly gifted mortals. Every one will agree with Mr. Neumann when he says: "There is hardly a talent or accomplishment . . . that will not speedily justify itself in the club. Perhaps the only absolute disqualifications are fickleness and airs of condescension." Nor need any young man fear that the work will be found dull and uninteresting: it is no bad training for a public-school or 'Varsity man to widen his experience by mixing in the gymnasium, or the cricket field, or the swimming bath, with boys of a lower social grade than himself. He will find working lads to be made of much the same raw material as public-school boys of the same age, and with similar tastes and interests; and it is possible that in rubbing away class prejudices and enlarging his sympathies, the manager himself may gain almost as much as he gives.

To sum up in conclusion: Hooligans are undoubtedly to some extent an artificial creation of the State. We educate boys up to a certain stage, we insist when they go to work on their having a reasonable amount of spare time at their disposal, but up to the present moment little has been done to give them an opportunity of spending that spare time anywhere but in the street. It is not claimed that any conceivable increase of social boys' clubs will entirely cure the evil; but it is asserted by all those who have had practical experience, that it is possible in such a club to attract a class of lads who will never go to evening continuation schools or technical classes, and that these youths—who are just the raw material out of which hooligans are manufactured—will with proper training in most cases grow up to be self-respecting, honest, and useful members of the commonwealth.

ERNEST MORLEY.

THE LATE REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

In the Rev. H. R. Haweis there has passed away a unique personality, for he cannot be called a representative man, except in a very restricted sense. Theoretically he was a theologian of the Broad Church school, of which, in one respect, he was not so much a leader as the leader. On his return from America in 1895, he remarked that the whole world was his parish, and this, without any suspicion of braggart egotism, was true. Although a priest of the Church of England, he appealed to a cosmopolitan class of men who do not commit themselves to any particular school of religious thought, but who are none the less religiously disposed; for like us all in our thinking moments, they often ask themselves, "Whence came I, why am I here, whither am I going?"

"O God, if there be a God, have mercy on my soul, if I have a soul." Such were the actual words in which Mr. Haweis voiced the plaintive aspirations of the religious man in the street. In such men he awakened a responsive chord which the perfunctory and formality-stricken son of orthodoxy could never have done. Yet Mr. Haweis was no freethinker, and his heterodoxy was more nominal than real. Preaching on one occasion, after the delivery by the late Dr. Momerie of three lectures on the "Corruption of the Church," he administered a severe rebuke to the light-hearted satires of the merry doctor, and threw the searchlight of orthodox truth on the extravagant invectives of disappointed ambition.

"Sweep away the lot?" said Mr. Haweis, quoting from the reverend doctor, who would have demolished the creeds, neck and crop, root and branch. "Never; we cannot apply the principles of the French Revolution to the Church of England." "I love the Church of England," he has often said, "for in no other Church are the principles of religious liberty so respected."

It is not too much to say that it was as a preacher that Mr. Haweis won his reputation, rather than by his writings. It was a commonplace with him that nothing was out of place in the pulpit; and when the last word of criticism has been said on his methods and manners, it still remains that the secret of his power over an audience lay in his practical application of the principles of Christianity to the facts and events of everyday life, more than that, to the questions, religious, political and social, which in this, as in

other ages, agitate the minds of serious men. He has roused their curiosity and stimulated their interest by a well-timed touch of humour, which a prudish pedant would call irreverence, but he has restored solemnity and held his hearers spellbound by the serious sequel which he immediately drove home. A strong point of his was the religiously cosmopolitan solidarity of humanity. The best of us have our weaknesses, the worst of us our virtues. As an illustration of this, may be mentioned a series of sermons by him on misunderstood biblical characters—viz., Cain, Ahab, Pontius Pilate, and Judas Iscariot. He had no intention of whitewashing a reprobate or canonising a prodigal. The best specimen of real manhood is a congeries of conflicting passions, neither angel nor devil. Cain was a murderer, but he subsequently settled down, built a city, and called it after his son's name. Ahab forsook the worship of Jehovah, but he was a patriotic warrior. Pontius Pilate was unjust, weak, vacillating, but he was the only friend who dared to speak at the trial in favour of Christianity's Founder. Judas, though a coarse and treacherous materialist, had aspirations which culminated at least in an earthly Messiah. A knave is better than a fool, said Mr. Haweis, for there is some chance that a decided character, though perverted, may ultimately be converted. Good people, as he more than once observed, are sometimes very irritating, and we all know that the unlovely characters of many religious zealots have repelled others from Christianity.

Mr. Haweis laid great stress on what may be called the realistic side of Christianity. Si l'on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a. Though he did full justice to the High Churchman, he had scant sympathy with the soi-disant Catholic who resuscitated mediævalism and called it Catholic revival. His object was to reduce articles of faith to workable certainties, and where this was impracticable, the alternative is best described in his own words: "Away with all the books written on thorny theological problems and make a fresh start for yourself; instead of travelling along the lines of the least resistance, do the duty which lies nearest to you, for he that doeth the will of God shall know of the doctrine." Intimately connected with this was his breadth of mind and his relegation of insignificant details to their own insignificant position. He was no martinette, and in minor matters almost slovenly. But his horizon was a wider one than most men's. The mind of the average cleric is one of narrowed sympathies and restricted experience of human nature, more so than the average layman's. Mr. Haweis' strong point was that he was so unclerical. This was one of the causes of his popularity. He himself told the story of a schoolboy, who, being asked how many sexes there are, replied, "Three—men, women, and parsons." He blamed the exclusive and irresponsible attitude of the Church towards the outside world, and argued that

the imperfections of the stage, the press, the world of commerce, &c., were due to the unwillingness of the Church to answer the question put to John the Baptist, "And what shall we do?" "I will have nothing to do with you," was the virtual reply till recently. Naturally the stage returned the compliment. In a sermon on this subject, Mr. Haweis once quoted from Sidney Smith's opinion of a London play: "The clergy should all put on their biggest white ties and sit in the pit." He also related that Jenny Lind was once doing some shopping, and that she offered some tickets for a concert to the shopman, who replied in a tone of shocked surprise, "We never go to such places."

With regard to the world of journalism, Mr. Haweis has paid warm tributes to the general purity and integrity of the press; and warned his hearers to read both sides of a question. "Take care how ye hear," said the Founder of Christianity; "take care how ye read," was Mr. Haweis' present-day adaptation of the injunction. "Temper the *St. James's* with the *Star*," he added.

But he was unsparing in his denunciation of corrupt literature and "the gutter press," and he instanced the case of a newspaper at the time of the Franco-German war, whose war correspondent never left the Strand, but who concluded all his despatches with the words: "I am just off to the front."

A few words on Mr. Haweis' style and manner in the pulpit. These have been the occasion of much adverse criticism. A few years ago a leading comic paper produced a page full of various positions and contortions of the incumbent of St. James's in the pulpit, which, it must be admitted, were but slightly exaggerated. Possessed of many natural mannerisms, he exploited his own idiosyncrasies, and "thereout sucked no small advantage." On many occasions he evinced a marked tendency to play to the gallery. He was once much exercised in mind about the presence in the gallery of a mother and a shrieking infant, who distracted him for some moments and then disappeared. As soon as the mother and her offending offspring were beyond earshot, he remarked that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings there does not always proceed praise."

The worst of such eccentricities is that they invest with a plausible probability such future fabrications as the fertile wits of imaginative inventors may devise. Here is a spurious anecdote. Mr. Haweis is said to have mounted the pulpit one Sunday and said: "My friends, I have not been able to prepare a sermon for you to-day, but I will play you a tune on the violin instead." Mr. Haweis afterwards said that this piece of romance had even penetrated as far as a colonial newspaper.

Mr. Haweis appears to have drawn his theological views from the late Professor Dennison Maurice, and his political bias from

Garibaldi. From the former he frequently quoted the well-known Broad Church formula as to future punishment, viz., that the word eternal refers to the quality of the punishment rather than to its duration. He seems to have seen much of Garibaldi during the wars which accompanied the unification of Italy, with which he felt keen sympathy even before leaving Cambridge. He tells us how, like Zacchæus, who was little of stature, he climbed up into a tree to view a march-past of the victorious leader's army.

He met with much opposition from the organs of stereotyped orthodoxy. One journal referred to him as a "shallow-pated charlatan." No wonder that he said that if one wanted unadulterated bitterness and rancour, it would be necessary to search the columns of a religious newspaper to find it. He was undoubtedly severe on the average preacher who "vainly endeavours on Sunday morning to read something which he had written down the night before." But he did not hesitate to tell a story which must be placed to the credit of the other side. Sidney Smith was once conversing with a London merchant who said, "If I had a son who was a fool I should put him into the Church." "But," said Sidney Smith, "your father was not of that opinion!"

His less original brethren always looked askance at him with suspicion. It once happened that a country rector came to town and found himself one evening at a dinner party, "with a sober scholar of a bishop on one side of him and a smart little man on the other." His conversation with the latter induced him to visit St. James's, Marylebone, from which on the first Sunday he came away delighted and enthusiastic, charmed with the fresh and daring originality of his idol. A week later he paid a second visit, which produced less enthusiasm, and on his return from a third, he remarked, "I could do it myself."

In recent years Mr. Haweis' popularity was sadly on the wane. The causes of this decadence are not far to seek. In the first place, the original idea of a theological free-lance was not one which could be monopolised by a single individual, however eminent, so that it was impossible for him to secure even a life interest in a property for which he could not take out a patent. It was a game that two could play at, so that latterly there has been more than one Haweis in London. Secondly, travel, though it provides ample material for the lecturer, is not so fruitful an advantage to the preacher, and Mr. Haweis' tour round the world in 1894-95 added little to his charms and capabilities as a preacher, thus contributing no compensation to the drawbacks of declining years and the loss of his monopoly. Dead lions are not worshipped in the twentieth century, and hero-worship does not die so hard as it did even a few years since. A verger who held office in the church for a longer period than the late incumbent of it recently pointed to an

out-of-the-way pew in the gallery and said, "That seat was re for years by Lord ——, but now you can't get a servant gal t there."

But there can be no doubt that the net result of his preac has been to make the pulpit more respected. Not only had l regular congregation in which literature and science had a n than average representation, but he drew thousands to his ch who would never have listened to the feeble utterances of average preacher. That is no mean score. Moreover, he grudgingly recognised this faculty in others, few though they w But for the bishop's veto he would have held out the right hand fellowship to Dr. Parker, and that alone prevented his accepting latter's invitation to preach in the City Temple. He even respon to the request of Father Ignatius, and placed his church at disposal of that eccentric luminary, though the latter, with qu tionable taste, abused the hospitality thus extended to him criticising his host's conduct of his service in his own church.

We have said that his reputed heterodoxy was more nomi than real. This was due to his materialistic conception of spirit truths quite as much as to any latitudinarian interpretation them. There was a natural inclination to attempt to express t infinite in terms of the finite. To some extent this has been t fault of every age and of most men; but we cannot locate the jew of divine mystery in the swine's snout of scientific formula, for t Founder of Christianity has taught us that divine truth is spiritual discerned, though it can be adumbrated in parabolic languag Mr. Haweis used frequently to say that these things were s "simple." Therein lay the error. The doctrine of the Trinity, fo example, he illustrated from the pulpit lamp, in which, whe lighted, there were present flame, light, and heat. "Alle güt Dinge sind drei," but we cannot get much beyond this without im pairing the dignity of the mystery. Mr. Haweis' sermon on "th definite indefiniteness" of God was conceived in a happier vein and restored his theological equilibrium. With the sacrament Mr. Haweis made short work: in the Eucharist the mystic elemen was eliminated in favour of the Zuinglian doctrine of a mere com memorative feast. Similarly in baptism "we are baptized becaus we are sons of God, not that we may become so." Here, perhaps he stood on stronger ground, and his own illustrations of th monarch's crown and the wife's wedding-ring were well-chosen As a natural corollary of this, his sermons on doctrinal Christianit were few in proportion to those preached on its more concrete an secular side. This, we may admit, was wise, for he interested hi hearers thereby to a greater extent, and consequently sowed som good seed. Many such will occur to the minds of those who hear him frequently, *e.g.*,

Literary: "The Story of an African Farm," "The Sorrows of Satan," "The Foundations of Belief."

Artistic: "The Doctor," "The Good Shepherd" (the subject of a new east window in the church).

Political: "Royal Marriages," "War."

But there were some brilliant grapplings with subtler and deeper questions. In such he was guided by a fixed principle best formulated in his own words; "This is a time for modifying the old statements, for rescuing and resetting the truths which they once enshrined, but which they now conceal." This principle he applied to the "Last Judgment" and its eschatological results. He discredited the Apocalypse, remarking that very poor music could be obtained from harps of gold, and that a trump sounded in Berlin could not be heard in London. But that "there is no finality about this world, and may not be any finality about heaven and hell," that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," was no less true to him because he rejected the mediæval phraseology, though such rejection might disturb "the deep slumber of a decided opinion." "To work out our own damnation without fear or trembling is worse than fire and brimstone." He frequently quoted the passage ending—"more life and fuller, that we want," and found himself shaking hands with Ernest Rénan, whose words he borrowed: "Providence leads us to the greatest possible good through the least possible evil," and (a future life) "c'est une nécessité morale."

It will be gratifying news to many that Mr. Haweis' views on the divinity of Jesus Christ would pass muster with the most exacting champion of orthodoxy. In a sermon delivered on December 15, 1895, he weighs the pros and cons of each of the rival theories, and sums up the situation in terms characteristically clear and concise: "The controversy lies between pre-natal infusion and post-natal transfusion." "I am a little old-fashioned in my conservative modes of thought, and I am content with the later tradition of the Virgin-birth as the only admissible doctrine." Any reference to the "conservative modes of thought" of the incumbent of St. James's, may provoke a smile on some faces, but they are the faces of those who knew him least. No one had a keener sense of humour than he, but it was conscious and undisguised. The truth is that the Radicalism of many men, in and out of the political world, is confined to a limited number of questions in which they take special interest. So it was with Mr. Haweis; and this is one more proof of his virtual, though not always apparent orthodoxy. "God under the limitations of humanity" was his own oft-repeated formula.

He once preached a sermon on "the Universal Church" to a Presbyterian congregation in Scotland. He frequently enlarged on this in London. He drew attention to the practice of the

antiquated pathologist, who prescribed bleeding for every malady, and pointed out that the English Church had been weakened by similar action since the Reformation on the part of ecclesiastical authorities, who had robbed the Church of its best blood. "Bleed her," said the bishops at the expulsion of the Independents in 1662. "Bleed her," they said at the Wesleyan revival a century later. "Bleed her," they said at the Anglo-Catholic movement in the next. "Last of all the woman died also," said Mr. Haweis.

Perhaps the best abused sermon he preached was one on the Bible, delivered to undergraduates at St. Mary's, Oxford. It was one of a course arranged informally, but with the vicar's sanction, for a late hour on Sunday evenings during term-time as long ago as 1891. It was, as he himself described it, "a moderately liberal sermon," but it shocked the vicar, whose subsequent irresolute and vacillating conduct must be taken, we suppose, as the external exponent of his own theological convictions, for he first peremptorily stopped the course and then allowed it to proceed. The preacher's points were mainly these: that living doctrine must take the place of dead dogma: that the Bible is not the word of God, but that the word of God is in the Bible: that the Bible is not an inspired history, but that it is the history of an inspired people: that "it is a progressive revelation of God's dealings with man and His purposes towards the race." This is the Catholic faith in substance, if not in terms. He pointed out that this was the view taken by Bishop Colenso, by Mr. Gladstone in his *Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*, by the writers in *Essays and Reviews*, and to a great extent by the writers of *Lux Mundi*. He warned people against aping the ways of the "bible-thumber" and the "illiterate ranter."

On the question of Sunday observance, Mr. Haweis held advanced and, we may add, enlightened views. He always advocated the opening of museums and picture galleries on Sundays, and argued that the truest recreation consisted, not in idleness, but in change of occupation.

"The Son of Man is lord of the sabbath," *i.e.*, that educated and morally-developed mankind is itself the best determining authority as to the most profitable occupation on the day of rest. "But," says the captious sabbatarian, "the opening of theatres and other places of amusement will follow, and what you propose is merely the thin end of the wedge." "Certainly," said Mr. Haweis, "we should not think of beginning with the thick end of the wedge."

His remarks on the amenities of social intercourse and outward demeanour to our fellow men are worth recalling.

He animadverted on the insincerity of many society conventionalities, and urged that we should save our sincerity, not by the abolition of conventionality, but by making the usages of society realities. "Many people take offence when none is intended, and

they are sometimes provoking enough not to take offence when it is meant." He enjoined the use of common-sense in the exercise of Christian charity; *e.g.*, "Love your enemies," but "you could not reply to a threat of legal proceedings by inviting a man to dinner." "Add to your virtue knowledge," "that is, it is no use being good if you are a perfect fool at the same time."

His views on spiritualism, cremation, marriage, music, and the lady choir, would all prove interesting, if space permitted, but the characteristics of the man and the lessons of his life lie on the surface. He was the apologist of progressive truth which, by the discoveries of each age and the march of events, becomes more discernible, if less definable; he held that the clerical "householder" should bring forth from his treasure things new as well as old; that "wisdom is justified of her children," *i.e.*, "that man possesses the faculty of verification"; that religion "is not a Sunday abstraction, put away with Sunday clothes"; that the Church is not a building made with hands, but a divinely-planted vine, which grows, loses deciduous branches and throws out new ones, so that dogma dies and doctrine lives. By such teaching he became, and for many years remained, the apostle and embodiment of rationalised Christianity.

E. WANLESS FRID.

HALT!

ERSTWHILE galled, impelled to scatter from the pastures where they dwelt:
Forced to trek by paths untrodden: driven from veldt to lonelier veldt.

Did they wrongly to resist us?—they the weak and we the strong:
Then were Switzerland and Holland, then were Greece and Poland wrong.

Praise we those who fight for Freedom? Aye, if others be their foes.
Do we shriek of Boers' subjection? What to us are Ireland's woes?

Ireland, forced to be disloyal—she who made our Empire great!
Celtic fury yet may rise and down our Cecil-burdened State.

Justice, Mercy, Freedom, Honour—how they set our hearts aglow!
We are Empire-doomed without them. Glory going—shall it go?

Will no Pitt, or Burke, or Gladstone, people's tribune, rise to stay
Pride that comes before destruction, bloatedness before decay?

Comes the time of the Millennium: past the age of Goths and Huns:
"And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

Widened? Narrowed! Inward focused, seeking mammon, seeking gain,
Till the scorching point shall shrivel all the good that may remain.

I can see our next historian, truthful, in a calmer age,
Jealous of his country's honour, weeping o'er the criminal page.

Half-defeated, half-victorious, are we great enough to yield?
Halt! Reluctant troops have trodden long enough th' inglorious field.

Wheel them back across the line—our brothers shamed by such a fight;
Let them pile their tyrant arms until they feel their cause is right.

Thus shall we, resistless, muster, and, Oppression backward hurled,
Plant the flag of Freedom firmly on the pinnacle of the world.

JAMES ARTHUR GIBSON.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

THE recent taking of the census has aroused considerable interest as to the methods employed for summarising the figures obtained. Hitherto there has been no book in the English language giving full information on this subject, although several continental writers have published fairly complete treatises. Now, however, Mr. A. L. Bowley has filled the gap with a complete and yet concise text-book[1] which will be read with interest by all those interested in statistics. All the methods in use for tabulating results are fully explained, and good accounts are given of the uses of averages and graphic methods. Of special interest is the account of the work of the labour department, and the description of the population census will be studied by all who are anxious to follow the progress of Great Britain.

Increasing attention has been given of late years to the sickness and mortality from preventible causes in various unhealthy or dangerous occupations. Much good progress has been made in devising means for protecting workers or in developing new processes free from the dangers of the older ones. There can be no doubt that many lives have been saved by the precautions taken in some of the more dangerous occupations; but there has been a tendency of late years to carry factory legislation to extremes, and to regard employers and employed rather as children than as adults who are quite familiar with the industries in which they are engaged. A good description of some of the risks connected with various industries is given by Dr. L. A. Parry,[2] who also discusses the usual steps taken to prevent injury to the workers. The medical part of Dr. Parry's work is much more thorough than the technical descriptions of the various industries, and from this point of view it meets a want which has long been felt by works managers. Should another edition be required it would be well for the author to obtain such technical assistance as would enable him to eliminate at any rate the more serious errors. A very superficial inquiry would show, for instance, that di-nitro benzole is not an ingredient of dynamite, nitro-glycerine, or gunpowder; *un*boiled linseed oil is not oxidised

[1] *Elements of Statistics.* By A. L. Bowley. London: P. S. King & Co. 1901.
[2] *The Risks and Dangers of Various Occupations and their Prevention.* By L. A. Parry, M.D. London: Scott, Greenwood & Co. 1900.

in the manufacture of linoleum; nitrate of mercury is not used for preserving skins, nor have we heard of any process for silvering mirrors by means of mercury alone. A vessel of milk seems an expensive and inefficient absorbent for sulphurous acid, and we do not think it is usual to refer to slag wool as silicate of cotton.

We are pleased to welcome another volume from the prolific pen of Dr. T. L. Phipson,[1] whose numerous and original contributions to natural science during the last forty years bear evidence of a busy life devoted to the pursuit of knowledge. In the volume before us Dr. Phipson explains his views on the origin and present state of the earth's atmosphere, and although most of the theories advanced have been referred to in previous publications, yet they are here collected and explained at much greater length. One of the most important theories of the author is that the oxygen of our present atmosphere has been derived from carbonic acid by the agency of vegetation, and that the original atmosphere of the globe was devoid of oxygen. There may have been a stage in the earth's history when the proportion of oxygen in the atmosphere was not so high as at present; but under the Kant-Laplace theory there was probably a time when the carbon existed, not in combination with the oxygen, but as carbides, which would at a later stage be decomposed by water. Some of Dr. Phipson's theories are based on rather slender foundations. For instance, an odour of sulphurous acid is said to be noticed when a ship is struck by lightning, and this is accepted as evidence of the existence of a certain amount of sulphur in the air. Perhaps Dr. Phipson's olfactory nerves are peculiarly sensitive, for in another place we are told that on passing from one country to another a different odour is perceptible in the atmosphere, and this is attributed to the various modes of life of the inhabitants. We must confess that, although we have crossed the boundaries of many countries, we have not been struck by any sudden change in the atmosphere. In spite, however, of this readiness to accept as general facts what may be but isolated phenomena, Dr. Phipson's book contains much that is interesting and will well repay perusal.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY

MR. WHITTAKER has given us a truly delightful essay in his book entitled *The Neo-Platonists; A Study in the History of Hellenism.*[2] The names of Plotinus, Porphyry, and Iamblichus are familiar to all readers of history, but their importance in the development of the

[1] *Researches on the Past and Present History of the Earth's Atmosphere.* By Dr. T. L. Phipson. London: C. Griffin & Co., Ltd. 1901.

[2] *The Neo-Platonists. A Study in the History of Hellenism.* By Thomas Whittaker. Cambridge University Press. 1901.

intellectual life of the modern world is scarcely sufficiently appreciated. For three centuries, as Mr. Whittaker reminds us, Neo-Platonism was the one philosophy of the Graeco-Roman world, and though apparently defeated in its struggle with Christianity, it powerfully influenced the system which displaced it. The spirit, if not the actual doctrines of Plotinus revived in the renaissance, and even more directly in the Platonist movement at Cambridge two centuries later; and much that is considered original in idealism in our own day may find its counterpart in the school of Plotinus. Mr. Whittaker sketches in three short chapters the growth of Greek civilisation and philosophy and the religious developments in later antiquity, thus preparing the ground for his particular subject. A fairly full account is then given of Plotinus and his doctrines and of his most famous followers. No one who reads these pages can fail to be impressed with the lofty intellectual and moral level attained by some whom it was once the custom to sneer at as pagans and charlatans. Few Christians have equalled, and it may be doubted if any have surpassed, these masters of religious philosophy, except such as have, consciously or unconsciously, been their debtors.

The Influence of Christ in Modern Life,[1] might be classed rather as a religious work than a theological one, and therefore scarcely comes within the scope of criticism. Much of its contents might be described as Theistic rather than as in any limited sense distinctively Christian. Though the name of Christ appears in these pages, Christian dogmas are conspicuous by their absence. We may say of this as of other similar works, that it would greatly contribute to their lucidity if the writers would tell us in plain terms what they mean by "Christ." It is often impossible to tell whether the writers are referring to a person or to a purely subjective conception to which they attach a personal name. The present writer, however, wisely insists for the most part on the influence of the teaching of Christ, and but rarely touches upon theological doctrines. His style is bright and epigrammatic, and his pages overflow with historical and literary allusions; he has not read Emerson in vain.

Making allowance for the fact that the Bishop Seraphim insists upon regarding the romantic story of Balaam as strictly historical, and passing by his strictures on those critics who deny or doubt its authenticity, we may admit that he has given us a very interesting and picturesque study of a curiously inconsistent personage.[2] The geographical and ethnic situation is well described and a most interesting and, on the whole, trustworthy account is given of the origin and meaning, and examples of magical cursing in ancient

[1] *The Influence of Christ in Modern Life.* Being a study of the New Problems of the Church in American Society. By Newell Dwight Hillis. London and New York: Macmillan. 1900.

[2] *The Soothsayer Balaam, or the Transformation of a Sorcerer into a Prophet.* By the Very Rev. Seraphim, Bishop of Ostrojsk. London: Rivingtons. 1900.

times. If the story were true we should be inclined to think that Balaam never intended to curse the Israelites, and would have preferred to have held his tongue. But as Balak insisted he should undertake the task which was so repugnant to his inclination, he acted his part with considerable ingenuity. As to the possible reality of the power of a curse or a blessing, the author seems to have some doubts. He does not altogether deny it, but at the same time hints that it might be no more than the effect of mental suggestion, such as is seen in hypnotic experiments. It will be gathered that this work is not entirely without value, but it needs to be read with discrimination.

A distinctly valuable contribution to Church history is made by the Rev. C. M. Roberts in a *Treatise on the History of Confession until it developed into Auricular Confession A.D.* 1215.[1] The treatise is a short one, but Mr. Roberts writes with knowledge and authority. The point of interest he establishes is the fact that beyond all question confession in the early Church was voluntary and public. It was intended to maintain the purity of the religious by the discipline of its members, but was not incumbent upon every one of them nor compulsory on any. The great change indicated by the practice of compulsory secret auricular confession took hundreds of years to effect. In the twelfth century it had not been settled whether it was sufficient to confess to God only or whether it was necessary to confess to the priest also. The question was determined at the Fourth Lateran Council in 1215 by Innocent III., who made the rule absolute for all who desired to be considered faithful members of the Church. The book is not polemical, but it should be a powerful instrument in the hands of the opponents of the practice of compulsory auricular confession.

The Society of Friends is not given to advertising itself, and most people know little about its members except that they are advocates of peace and still call their places of worship "meetings." Those who wish for more information will find something to begin with in Mr. Rowntree's *The Society of Friends: Its Faith and Practice.*[2] The book, a small one it should be said, is divided into convenient paragraphs, which will assist the reader when he wishes to refer to any particular topic. The declaration of faith is extremely orthodox, but is of American origin, and, as we are given to understand, has not been formally adopted in this country. The Friends, like other Dissenters, have survived persecution and have made their mark on the life of the nation.

In a modest-looking volume, entitled *The Meaning of Good,*[3] Mr.

[1] *A Treatise on the History of Confession until it developed into Auricular Confession, A.D.* 1215. By C. M. Roberts, B.D. London: C. J. Clay & Sons. 1901.

[2] *The Society of Friends: Its Faith and Practice.* By John S. Rowntree. London: Headley Brothers. 1901.

[3] *The Meaning of Good.* A Dialogue. By G. Lowes Dickinson. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Co.

Dickinson has endeavoured once more to solve the problem which has vexed mankind ever since the gods

> "Gave man speech, and speech created thought,
> Which is the measure of the universe."

It is, however, not "the," but rather "a" universe that the author strives to "measure"—the Good with a big G. There is a remarkable charm about the book. Mr. Dickinson in a sense challenges comparison with Plato, both in the matter and manner of his work. One may safely say that if there had been no "Republic," then *The Meaning of Good* had not been. Mr. Dickinson has even adopted the "dialogue" form, which in his case, as in that of Socrates, springs from a singularly fair and balanced mind, and a whole-hearted desire for truth. But whereas Plato sought for a good "man," and discovered that, to create him, he must first found a State, it is significant of the more modern writer that he is concerned to know what is good "for" man. Mr. Dickinson frankly adopts the view that it is natural and reasonable for man to desire, and above all things to seek for, happiness, but he is far from being a mere utilitarian.

A group of friends, all of them young, or at least not more than verging on middle age, have assembled for the summer vacation in a Swiss hotel. The personages are clearly drawn from life, but their actuality depends upon mental proclivities rather than on carefully observed physical or moral characteristics. Audubon, cynic and pessimist, the man whose life is reluctantly passed in active affairs, wherein he seems to others, though never to himself, to be eminently successful, is the most definitely conceived. Then there is Wilson, the scientist, with his formula of "nature"; the enthusiastic youth, Leslie; Bartlett, the practical politician; Ellis, the journalist; Parry, the barrister; and the author himself, who takes throughout the dialogue the part of Socrates. The friends lounge in the loggia of the hotel, in circumstances that conduce to physical well-being, and give men a chance to forget that they have bodies, by reason of the perfection of bodily environment. The conversation is pursued with eagerness, occasionally even with passion. The leader listens with infinite patience, and a charming courtesy, to the different theories, most of them preconceived, of his companions, gently disengaging them from the tangle of their ideas. The thread of the argument is kept upon a definite scheme from the beginning, but Mr. Dickinson shows a good deal of skill and artistry in the natural turn that is given to the windings of conversation. One is reminded of the conversations of *Friends in Council*, and again of the *New Republic*; but Mr. Dickinson's book is as superior in solidity and imagination to the one as it is remote from the frivolity of the other. The dialogue is not the agreeable distraction

of men of the world who talk for the sake of talking. It is imbued with what one must call an essentially religious spirit.

As is inevitable, the conclusions arrived at are not strictly logical, or even consistent. But this does not, we think, detract from the merit of the book. For though the author is earnest in the pursuit of truth, he is far from thinking himself to have arrived at a perfect system of philosophy, and would be the first to disclaim, we imagine, his right to be the founder of a sect. In Book I. the author inquires whether it is possible, from men's divers notions concerning "Good," to discover some criterion which would enable us to assert the principle that there is a "General Good." It may be observed in passing, that experience is appealed to throughout as the only guide to knowledge, the modernity of the writer betraying itself here more than in any other way. Thus he says of the "soul": "Her aim is not merely to know Good, but to experience it; so that along with her apprehension of Good goes her apprehension of her own well-being, dependent upon and varying with her relation to that, her object. . . . And this perception she has of her own condition is like our perception of health and disease. We know when we are well, not by any process of ratiocination, by applying from without a standard of health deduced by pure thought, but simply by direct perception of well-being. So it is with this soul of ours, which is conversant with Good."

However, some of the friends contend that our "ideas about good have no relation to any real fact," or again that we "have easy and simple criteria of Good—such as (*a*) an infallible instinct, (*b*) the course of nature, (*c*) current conventions, (*d*) pleasure." Finally it is suggested that all reality is good, and all evil is mere "appearance."

On the latter point—the unreality of "evil"—Mr. Dickinson has some pertinent remarks. "To God, as it seems, the world is eternally good; and in its goodness is included that illusion by which it appears to us so bad that we are continually employed in trying to make it better. The maintenance of this illusion is essential to the nature of the world; to us evil always must appear. But, as we know by experience, the evil that appears is just as terrible and just as hateful as it would be if it really were. A toothache, as Audubon put it, is no less a pain to us because it is a pleasure to God. We cannot, if we would, adopt His point of view; and clearly it would be impious to try, since we should be endeavouring to defeat His ingenious plan to keep the world going by hoodwinking us."

Man, in fact, whatever else he believes in, seems instinctively to believe in the devil. The persons in this dialogue hardly touch upon the psychological problem of the endurance of pain, &c., for religious convictions, not from any intention, we are sure, of

shirking a difficulty, but because the course of their investigations leads them in other directions. The conclusion of this part of the subject, so far as there is a conclusion, is that, though the "Absolute, somehow or other, is eternally perfect and good," yet so far as we are concerned "Good is something to be realised in the future," that in the "world in which we live (whether we are to call it Reality or Appearance) Evil and Good are the really dominating facts; and that we cannot dismiss them from our consideration, either on the ground that we know nothing of them (as Ellis was inclined to maintain), or on the ground that we know all about them (as Parry and Wilson seemed to think). On the contrary, it is, I believe, our main business to find out about them; and that we can find out about them is with me an article of faith."

In the second and concluding book, which, while no less interesting to the student of philosophy, will appeal more widely to the casual reader, an attempt is made "to examine some kinds of Good, to point out their defects and limitations, and to suggest the character of a Good which we might hold to be perfect—here referred to as "The Good." It is suggested that the Good we pursue must be conceived to be an object of consciousness. This being generally though not universally admitted, it is then inquired, For whom do we pursue it?

Some excellent observations are made upon the fallacy involved in the altruistic hypothesis. Wilson is for maintaining that what matters is "the good of the species."

After some attempt to drive him into a corner, Ellis bursts out: "There is no meaning to be attached to it (*i.e.*, the good of the species). The species is a mere screen, invented to conceal the massacre of individuals. I'm sick of these biologico-sociologico-anthropologico-historico treatises, with their talk of races, of nations, of classes, never of men! their prate about laws, as if they were the real entities, and the people who are supposed to be subject to them mere indifferent particles of stuff; their analysis of the perfection with which the machine works, its combinations, differentiations, subordinations, co-ordinations, and all the other abominations of desolations standing where they ought not, as depressing to the mind as they are cacophonous to the ear, and, worst of all, their impudent demand that we should admire the diabolical process! Admire! As though we should be asked to admire the beauty of the rack and the thumbscrew!"

The above is a fair sample of the style of the dialogue. Occasionally the writer, generally in the person of Ellis, reaches real eloquence, and there are passages of great poetic beauty. Leaving the question of the "species," the debaters continue to inquire into the different kinds of Good as conceived by individuals, bringing

out of each kind of Good its advantages and defects, in order, if possible, to arrive at something which might be free from defects, and so postulated as "The Good." They pass through the discussion of ethical and physical "activities" to "Art," concluding that in each set of activities defects are as much marked as advantages. There remain "Persons and our relation to them," *i.e.*, of course the "Good" of Love. Some of the speakers refer to the "illusion" of love, to which the author replies:—

". . . I should affirm that the truer the love the less the illusion. In what is commonly called love, no doubt, the physical element is the predominant, or even the only one present; and in that case there may be illusion to an indefinite extent. But the love which is based upon years of common experience, which has grown with the growth of the whole person, in power and intelligence and insight, which has survived countless disappointments and surmounted countless obstacles, the love of husband and wife, the love, as we began by saying, of friends—such love, as Browning says boldly, 'is never blind.'"

Thus we are led to the conclusion that Love is "the Good," and hence to the position towards which we conceive the author has all along been working, namely, that the only real Good conceivable by man is what the theologians call "personal immortality." For unless Love be eternal, it is hardly a "Good." The book concludes with a sort of allegory, in the form of a dream, to which it is impossible to do justice by quotation. It must suffice to say that at the end of the dream the speaker describes himself as "aware of nothing but a pure feeling, which was not of any particular sense . . . . but was rather, I think, the general feeling of life itself, the kind of diffused sensation of well-being one has in health, underlying all particular activities. In this sensation I seemed, as before, to be lapped as in an element; but this time the feeling did not pass. . . . I actually was in the river, leaping along with the other souls in such an ecstacy of physical delight as I never have felt before or since. . . . About me were grouped some of my dearest friends; and beyond and around stretched away, like infinite points of light, in a clear heaven of passion, the world of souls. . . . Hate there was as well as love, the one representing repulsion, the other attraction; and by their joint influence the whole system was sustained. It was not, however, in equilibrium; at least not in stable equilibrium. There was a trend, as I soon became aware, towards a centre. The energy of love was constantly striving to annihilate distance and unite in a single sphere the scattered units that were kept apart only by the energy of hate."

The brief but inadequate sketch we have been able to give will at least, it is to be hoped, encourage thoughtful persons to buy and read

the book for themselves. In spite of appearances, there are no doubt living at the present time men whose chief concern is to pursue with intensity some spiritual light rather than riches or honour or glory. Mr. Dickinson's book is not the only sign of such a disposition. It is as part of a general, though not perhaps an obvious, movement that we welcome his effort, as well as for the intrinsic attractiveness of the essay.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE.

VOLUME V. New Series of *Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*,[1] 1899, is equal in bulk to its immediate predecessor, and is perhaps of even greater general interest. The *Proceedings* for 1899 are unusually full, and contain appreciative obituary notices of the well-known historian of Canada, Dr. William Kingsford, and Canada's poet, Mr. Archibald Lampman, both Fellows of the Society. Here also appears the society's farewell address to their late Governor-General, the Earl of Aberdeen, and his reply. The *Proceedings* show the immense amount of work carried on by the society and kindred associations. Of the *Transactions* Section 1 deals with French literature, history, and archæology, and Section 2 with the same subjects in English. In the former are an exceedingly clever account of Quebec in 1730, by M. l'Abbe Auguste Gosselin; a short sketch of Félix Arvers and his famous sonnet by M. Louis Fréchette; a biographical notice of Jean Francois de La Rocque, Seigneur de Roverval, by M. N. E. Dionne, a note on Champlain, whose statue was recently unveiled at Quebec, of which an excellent illustration is given in the *Proceedings*, and an account of the expedition of the Marquis de Denonvile by Judge Girouard.

The *pièce de résistance* of Section 2, and indeed of the whole volume, is undoubtedly Sir John Bourinot's "Builders of Nova Scotia." In an appendix which gives short biographies of the early settlers, it is interesting to find that one of the first members of the Council was a Mr. John Salisbury, father of Mrs. Thrale, the friend of Dr. Johnson, and brother of Dr. Thomas Salisbury, the eminent civil lawyer. John Salisbury was sent out owing to the influence of Lord Halifax, with General Cornwallis, the first governor of the new colony. Part i. deals with the origin of the settlement from the earliest times, Part ii. with establishment of the various religious denominations, and Part iii. gives the personal reminiscences of

[1] *Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada.* Second series, Vol. V. 1899. Ottawa: James Hope & Sons. Toronto: The Copp-Clark Co., Ltd. 1899.

eminent personages in Nova Scotia for nearly the last half century, which, coming from such a man as Sir John Bourinot, with his varied public experiences and unique position, are of very special interest. Much valuable material is accumulated in the appendices.

Other valuable contributions to the national history of Canada are "Hochelagans and Mohawks; a Link in Iroquois History," by Mr. W. D. Lighthall; "Historic Sites in the Province of New Brunswick," by Dr. William F. Ganong; "The Probable Site of the Battle of the Plains of Abraham," by Mr. Arthur G. Doughty; and yet another paper entitled "Cabot's Landfall and Chart: Some Criticisms Answered," by the Most Rev. Archbishop O'Brien. This section is closed by "The Lines of Demarcation," by Dr. S. E. Dawson, relating to the demarcation drawn by Pope Alexander VI. in 1493 between the Old World and the New.

Section 4 contains a few short papers of interest only to experts, and the most important contributions to Section 5 are Dr. Ellis's "Canadian Geological Nomenclature," Dr. G. F. Matthew's "Studies on Cambrian Faunas," and a highly useful paper entitled "Recent Additions to the List of Injurious Insects in Canada," by Dr. James Fletcher, with an excellent series of illustrations drawn to scale. Indeed, the volume as a whole is splendidly illustrated, and the Royal Society may rest well satisfied with the current annual.

A Diary of The Unionist Parliament, 1895–1900,[1] by Mr. Henry W. Lucy, the well-known Parliamentary reporter, appeals not only to the "mere politician" but to the average citizen who takes a more than passing interest in current events. There are few diaries from which one cannot tear oneself away until they are devoured, but we are bound to say that Mr. Lucy's latest contribution is one of those rare ones in which the interest is sustained from first to last, and which one reluctantly lays aside. This is as it should be from such an "old hand" as Mr. Lucy, who commenced his series so far back as 1874; but nevertheless, when we consider how commmon-place and humdrum the average life of the House of Commons is, Mr. Lucy's latest biography is a remarkable achievement. With unerring instinct, born no doubt of long practice, Mr. Lucy picks out the salient features of the dullest sitting, and from his never-failing spring of humour invests the most ordinary incident with a distinctive and vitalising touch which arrests the attention even of the most blasé politician.

The book is dedicated to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, "who made possible the Unionist Parliament 1895–1900." We are not sure whether this is intended as a compliment or not. Posterity will probably say no. In any case, whether for good or evil, Mr. Chamberlain has been the central figure of the last Parliament, and

[1] *A Diary of the Unionist Parliament*, 1895–1900. By Henry W. Lucy. Illustrated by E. T. Reed. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith; London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd. 1901.

Mr. Lucy impartially delineates both sides of his character. His references to the famous *Chamberlain Birthday Book*, published by Mr. Arrowsmith a few years ago, are good reading; but when Mr. Lucy compares Mr. Chamberlain's political somersault to the respective change of opinions of Gladstone and Disraeli, he shows a sad lack of political insight. The analogy is absolutely misleading. Gladstone and Disraeli changed their views when young, and both were influenced to the last in some directions by their earlier and inherited opinions. Mr. Chamberlain, on the contrary, after holding Cabinet rank, after being the leader of advanced Radicalism, in the maturity of his political life turned his back on every principle, without distinction, which he had formerly professed, associated himself intimately with the party he had all his life attacked with that caustic and abusive bitterness of which he is master, and poured contumely and scorn upon those with whom he had for long years professed to have been working for the national good.

The few illustrations by Mr. E. T. Reed add somewhat to the interest of the book, but the publisher would have been wiser to have secured a series of Mr. F. C. Gould's caricatures, who easily distances all competitors in this line.

With conciliation of the Boers preached from almost all quarters, *Vengeance as a Policy in Afrikanderland*,[1] by Mr. Francis J. Dormer, seems entirely superfluous. And yet such a warning as this remarkable book conveys was never more needed. Of all the innumerable books on South Africa which have passed from the press we have seen none so well informed and so original.

Mr. Dormer in 1874 sailed to the Cape in the same ship with Mr. Rhodes, and, as first editor and then proprietor of the *Cape Argus*, through the influence of his fellow traveller above mentioned, he appears to have continued until 1897. It was about this time that Mr. Dormer, who had edited the Johannesburg *Star* for some six years, discovered that the man with whom he, in common with the rest of South Africa, had regarded as a hero, was bent upon a policy of personal vengeance. Allowing due weight to all the accumulated blunders of the British Governments since the purchase of Cape Colony from the Dutch, so far as personalities are concerned Mr. Dormer regards President Kruger and Mr. Rhodes as primarily responsible for the present disastrous state of affairs. In his opinion the war was not inevitable. It only became so through the misguided action of those two men. And, we might add, by the support given to Mr. Rhodes by Mr. Chamberlain and his party. Disclaiming any feeling of personal antagonism to Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Dormer says he cannot blind his eyes to the fact that Mr. Rhodes was the *fons et origo* of the conspiracy of 1895, nor can he ignore

[1] *Vengeance as a Policy in Afrikanderland.* A Plea for a New Departure. By Francis J. Dormer. London: James Nisbet & Co. Ltd. 1901.

the evidence of his senses that he it was who engineered and m inevitable the collision that occurred in 1899. From the leader w was formerly regarded as the "man indispensable," he has m himself for the rest of his natural life the "man absolutely imp sible." To such a pass have personal hatred and a deep-sea desire for revenge reduced Mr. Rhodes, that with the ball at his f in South Africa, he allowed his passion to subvert his reas Distrusted by his former associates, Dutch and English alike, he wrecked by his impatience and loss of self-control the situation South Africa, and set back the clock for at least a generation. have long suspected some such action, and we can now see who influencing Mr. Chamberlain's mad scheme of a Crown col administration.

Against the declared intention of both parties to throw a la portion of the cost of the war upon the mines Mr. Dormer stron protests. He denies that it was the mine owners who agitated the war, and we think he proves his case. He contends that su a course will prove inexpedient as well as unjust and impractica into the bargain. We have not space to deal as we should h liked with these and other important questions, but we must dr attention to Mr. Dormer's scheme of settlement after the w Briefly it is electoral reform, so that a rural minority may no lon usurp the majority of representation, and a confederation in So Africa with two Houses, one elective the other for the pres nominated. Every one interested in this great South African p blem should read this book whether he is satisfied with Mr. Dorm as an authority or not upon personalities.

Industrial Social Organisation,[1] by Mr. J. C. Van Marken another proof, if one is needed, of the feasibility of the prof sharing system. But the industrial companies established by M Van Marken at Hof Van Delft, Rotterdam, Schiedam, and Bruges a something more than mere commercial concerns. They are soci organisations as well. With the inception of the parent compan the Netherlands Yeast and Spirit Company, Limited, at Delft, i 1870, this social organisation was commenced.

Mr. Van Marken has set forth his scheme of social organisation i the form of a "table," so that all who run may read. Part one dea with work and wages, including the various classes of wages, pre miums, insurance, gratuities and profit-shares, hours of labour, an holidays. Number two is headed "material interests," which treat of voluntary and compulsory savings banks, shares in company capital, hygiene, baths, workmen's dwellings, allotments, stores, sic funds, hospitals, old age pensions, insurance, and fund for commo purposes. Under the third head comes "intellectual and mor

[1] *Industrial Social Organisation.* By J. C. Van Marken. Translated by S. I Jastrzebski. Delft: Van Marken Press. 1901.

development," which is concerned with the care and education of the children and apprentices of the community, and the provision by way of libraries, reading-rooms, and meetings, for the adults. Part four, the "spirit of comradeship and community," regulates the places of recreation, fêtes, clubs, athletics, meetings, exhibitions, and competions, and part five deals with the organisation of the directorate and various committees.

This is no mere paper organisation. It has stood the test of daily practical experience for thirty years and is a remarkable achievement, rivalling the famous *Maison Leclaire* of Paris on its commercial, and surpassing it on its social side. The illustrations with which the book teems demonstrate unmistakably what no amount of fine writing would do, the complete success of this scheme; and, indeed, the text is a mere businesslike expansion of the Table already mentioned.

Mrs. Gilman's latest work, *Concerning Children*,[1] is based, consciously or unconsciously, for no acknowledgment is made, on the principles inculcated in Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Education*. At the same time there is much originality in the treatment of this most important subject. Although admittedly the earliest years are the most important, it is during them that the child receives least expert training. If the mother is a sensible, well-informed woman, of sound judgment and sterling character, the child may suffer no harm. But how many mothers fulfil these conditions? In the middle and upper classes children as a rule are left to the care of ignorant servants wholly wanting in moral and intellectual training, and even where the mothers themselves attempt to supervise or assist in the moral and intellectual development of their infants' characters, their maternal instincts cannot supply the necessary rules and principles for the formation of character. Mothers of all classes and conditions have much to learn from Mrs. Gilman's informing treatise.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most important expedition in the Antarctic circle in recent years is the voyage of the *Southern Cross* under the leadership of Mr. C. E. Borchgrevink, which sailed from London on August 22, 1898. Mr. Borchgrevink had already in 1894 in the whaler *Antarctic* crossed the Antarctic circle and effected a landing on South Victoria Land, but much still remained undiscovered. The present expedition was made possible by the generosity and

[1] *Concerning Children.* By Charlotte Perkins (Stetson) Gilman. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1901.

public spirit of Sir George Newnes, "one of those rare men," says Mr. Borchgrevink, "whose brains, heart, and funds were only equalled by his spirit of enterprise." One result of this expedition is the book before us, *First on the Antarctic Continent: Being an Account of the British Antarctic Expedition* 1898–1900[1] by its leader. Other solid results claimed by Mr. Borchgrevink are the proved capability of wintering in South Victoria Land, the approximate position of the South magnetic pole, new discoveries in biology and vegetation, fresh surveys, new islands, a careful study of the great ice barrier, and last but not least, the feat performed by Mr. Borchgrevink accompanied by Lieutenant Colbeck and Savio the Norwegian Lapp, in reaching 78° 50′ latitude, the farthest south ever reached by man.

It is eminently satisfactory to learn that only one life was lost, that of Nikolai Hanson, an experienced Norwegian hunter and collector, who died in their winter quarters at Camp Ridley and was buried 1000 feet up on Cape Adare. Another camping site was named Newnes Land, and a large bay Lady Newnes Bay, in graceful appreciation of Sir George's splendid patronage, who has thus the proud satisfaction of having his name indissolubly linked with one of the great scientific advances of the nineteenth century. The book is profusely illustrated with excellent photographs.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

MR. G. P. GOOCH'S *Annals of Politics and Culture* (1492-1899)[2] is a monument of learning and industry. The work was undertaken at the suggestion of Lord Acton, who contributes an introductory note. The need of a plain guide to facts and books has often been felt by those who are anxious to trace the causes which have tended to produce the modern world. Mr. Gooch's book to some extent supplies the want. History embraces ideas as well as events; and for that reason it is as important to know that in 1493 Wynkyn de Warde, of Lorraine, an apprentice of Caxton, and his successor at the printing office at Westminster, entered on a rapid course of publication as that in the same year Perkin Warbeck went to Flanders, and was received by Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, as her nephew. Perhaps the defect of the book is the enormous accumulation of details, without any comprehensive grasp of the

[1] *First on the Antarctic Continent: Being an Account of the British Antarctic Expedition* 1898–1900. By C. E. Borchgrevink, F.R.G.S. With Portraits, Maps, and 186 Illustrations. London: George Newnes, Limited. 1901.

[2] *Annals of Politics and Culture* (1492–1899). By G. P. Gooch. With an Introductory Note by Lord Acton. London: Macmillan & Co.

importance of certain memorable dates. The events connected with such remarkable cataclysms as the Reformation and the French Revolution are recorded in the same way as a heap of comparatively insignificant details. The work is, however, teeming with information, and we do not wonder that Mr. Gooch has to acknowledge his indebtedness to the assistance of Professor Sir R. Jebb, Dr. Garnett, Mr. Edmund Gosse, and others. The student and the general reader will find this book invaluable.

So much has been written about Shakespeare that a new book on the great dramatist may seem to many people superfluous. It must, however, be acknowledged that Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie's work, *William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man*,[1] contains much that is critically sound, and also much that is distinctly original. The author throws no fresh light on the mysteries of Shakespeare's life. He does not attempt to explain the riddle of the dramatist's relations with Anne Hathaway, or the dark side of his London career. The chapter on the sonnets contains no fresh or satisfactory theory. But in dealing with the ethical significance of Shakespeare's tragedies Mr. Mabie shows great critical insight. We may quote a passage: "To a mind of such breadth of view and deep vitality as his any kind of asceticism was not only a violation of instinct but of the nature of man; any kind of denial of the dignity of the body was as truly atheistic as any kind of denial of the reality of the experiences of the spirit. Into the regions of pure spiritual impulse and ultimate spiritual relationship Shakespeare did not penetrate; in that fact lies his limitation. If to his other gifts had been added the spiritual insight of Dante, he would have been not only the foremost but the ultimate interpreter of the life of the race." In the sentences just quoted we have an example of independent criticism which is refreshing after the blind hero-worship of which Shakespeare has been the object. It is time that the greatest of English dramatists should be viewed justly, with all his genius and all his imperfections. Mr. Mabie's book may help to adjust the critical estimate of Shakespeare.

The closing number of Professor Aulard's important work, entitled *Histoire Politique de la Revolution Francaise*,[2] deals with the rise of Napoleon, who has truly been called "the man of the Revolution." The reaction against the anarchy of the Revolution logically produced a military despot. It is shown that Napoleon in the beginning adopted the creed of the revolutionary leaders, but that eventually the exercised tyrannical sway over the people. The conclusions arrived at by Professor Aulard as to the real character of the Revolution are remarkable. First of all, he dispels the allusion that it

[1] *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.* By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[2] *Histoire Politique de la Revolution Francaise* (1789–1804). By Professor A. Aulard. Paris: Librarie A. Colin.

was the work of a few gifted individuals. Mirabeau was the only man of first-rate ability amongst the leaders of the movement. The Revolution was only partially realised for a time, for it was suspended during Napoleon's *régime*. Finally, the real merit of the Revolution was the political and social ideal which was sought to be realised by the French, and which helped not merely to regenerate France but to change and elevate the civilisation of every other country. Professor Aulard's book will furnish food for thought to every unbiassed student of history.

BELLES LETTRES.

THE fantastic productions of Miss Marie Corelli have one advantage, from the standpoint of the satirist—they can be parodied with the utmost facility. *The Master Sinner*,[1] which is announced on the title-page as "by a well-known author," is an admirable parody of one of Miss Corelli's books. It has enormously greater merit than any of her ridiculous "romances," but it can scarcely be taken seriously. It may, however, be useful as a *reductio ad absurdum*, and if it has the effect of demonstrating the stupidity, the fatuity, and perverse topsy-turvydom of Miss Corelli's works, *The Master-Sinner* will not have been written in vain. The picture of happiness in hell, which is denied to the evolutionary philosopher, is calculated to tickle the fancy of the most absolute agnostic. The letters from hell have a piquancy which all who love genuine wit and originality will appreciate. Looked at purely and simply as a parody, this is a very clever book.

Mr. R. Nisbet Bain has given us an English translation of another famous book by the great Hungarian novelist, Maurus Jókai. *Eyes like the Sea*[2] won the Hungarian Cabinet's prize of a thousand florins as the best Magyar novel of the year 1890. It is a book full of humour and originality. The heroine, Bessy, is almost unique in fiction. The translator in his preface compares her to Mrs. Desborough, in Robert Louis Stevenson's *More New Arabian Nights*. There are queer glimpses of journalistic life in the story, and the *dénouement* has a quaintly pathetic note. The translator's work has evidently been difficult, for the Hungarian text is rather puzzling; but the version reads very smoothly.

Sesa[3] by Mr. H. St. John Raikes is a ghastly story of a secret society. The cruel murder of two young girls of good position in

[1] *The Master-Sinner*. By a well-known Author. London: John Long.
[2] *Eyes like the Sea*. By Maurus Jókai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. London: Jarrold & Sons.
[3] *Sesa*. By Mr. H. St. John Raikes. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

order to secure their money furnishes the chief interest of the book. When reading the pages of Mr. Raikes' novel, one cannot help recalling the ingenious methods of secret poisoning peculiar to mediæval Italy. The author has concocted a modern "tale of horror," in which no sensible person will be inclined to believe. It is a most unhealthy and disagreeable story, though it may appeal to some persons of exceedingly morbid tastes.

Mr. Fergus Hume is inexhaustible. He revels in sensationalism, and apparently his readers like it. His new novel, *The Golden Wang-ho*,[1] is labelled on the title-page "a sensational story." This charming frankness is refreshing. The story deals with "the heathen Chinee," who in Mr. Hume's pages figures as a "fearful" and "wonderful" personality. The book is padded with the most improbable incidents, and the *dénouement* leaves the author's "puzzle" unsolved. Presumably, Mr. Hume will, for a long time to come, go on constructing conundrums in fiction—certainly not a high form of art.

Mr. W. B. Clive has issued a number of exceedingly useful editions of classical works in the University Tutorial Series. The edition of the second of Cicero's *Philippic's* [2] by Mr. A. H. Allcroft is clearly printed, and the introduction and notes are admirable.

The edition of the *Eumenides* of Æschylus [3] by Mr. T. R. Mills has the great merit of being quite free from superfluities. The notes are very concise, but, at the same time, indicative of first-rate scholarship.

It would be hard to praise *The Preceptors' Latin Course* [4] too highly. The book follows the traditional order of the parts of speech, except that for the sake of the exercises considerable portions of the conjugations of *sum* and *amo* are introduced at an early stage. The progressive system adopted will be of the greatest advantage to the student. Mr. Hayes has received much valuable assistance from Miss F. L. D. Richardson (Mrs. A. J. Herbertson), B.A. London, in the preparation of the exercises and vocabularies.

The Preceptors' Bookkeeping,[5] by Mr. T. C. Jackson, is an elementary book, but the information contained in it is of inestimable value. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Jackson states in his preface, that "many a shrewd man of business is greatly handicapped owing to his ignorance of accounts and its consequence upon others." It

[1] *The Golden Wang-ho.* A Sensational Story. By Fergus Hume. London: John Long.

[2] Cicero: *Philippic II.* Edited by A. H. Allcroft, M.A. Oxon. London: W. B. Clive.

[3] Æschylus: *Eumenides.* Edited by T. R. Mills, M.A. Oxon. London: W. B. Clive.

[4] *The Preceptors' Latin Course.* By B. J. Hayes, M.A. Cambridge and London. London: W. B. Clive.

[5] *The Preceptors' Bookkeeping.* By Thomas Chalice Jackson, B.A. LL.B. (Lond.). London: W. B. Clive.

might be a desirable thing to have all persons entering on commercial pursuits compelled to learn book-keeping.

The splendid edition of the *Three Literary Letters of Dionysius of Halicarnassus*,[1] which we owe to Professor W. Rhys Roberts, will delight all students of Greek literature. The Greek text is given with an excellent English translation, and the learned editor in his introductory essay on "Dionysius of Halicarnassus as a Literary Critic" presents us with a lucid biography of the Greek author, whose position he enables us to realise. It is manifest that criticism in the days of Dionysius was mainly verbal, and that the analytic study of literature was unborn. We find Dionysius comparing Plato with Demosthenes, to the disparagement of the philosopher. The modern critics of Plato understand him better than Dionysius did. The book is designed on the same general plan as the edition of *Longinus on the Sublime*, which was published by the Cambridge University Press in 1899. It is an important addition to the list of books designed to promote the critical and philosophical study of classical authors.

Dr. W. W. Goodwin, the Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University, has brought out an excellent edition of that masterpiece of Greek oratory, *Demosthenes on the Crown*.[2] The historical sketch of the period, from the accession of Philip to the battle of Cheronea, will enable students to comprehend the events discussed in the oration. The editor vindicates Demosthenes as a statesman and a patriot. The notes are luminous and scholarly.

The name of Count Leo Tolstoy has thrilled many earnest hearts in this age of doubt and pessimism. He is the prophet of a new evangel, which, according to some views, strikes at the very foundations of society, but which, according to another, and perhaps juster estimate, prepares the way for a higher morality and a nobler civilisation than any that the world has yet seen. Under the title of *Les Rayons de l'Aube*,[3] M. J. W. Bienstock has collected in a volume of over 400 pages all the philosophical articles written by this distinguished Russian writer during the past three years. The mind of Count Tolstoy is mainly occupied with social questions. He has suffered for his opinions at the hands of wretched bigots, who would gladly revive the system of mediæval torture if they could; but fearlessly he pursues his course, giving the most candid utterance to his convictions, and denouncing whatever he believes to

[1] *Dionysius of Halicarnassus: The Three Literary Letters.* The Greek Text edited with English translations, by W. Rhys Roberts, D.Lit. Cambridge: At the University Press.

[2] *Demosthenes on the Crown.* With Critical and Explanatory Notes and a Historical Sketch and Essay. By William Watson Goodwin, Har. LL.D. and D.C.L. Cambridge: At the University Press.

[3] *Les Rayons de l'Aube (Dernières Etudes Philosophiques).* Par Cte. Leon Tolstoï, Traduit du Russe. Par J. W. Bienstock. Paris: P. V. Stock.

be wrong. He is not only the enemy of modern vice and luxury, but of war, which he rightly regards as a crime against humanity. The solution of all political difficulties is simple, according to Count Tolstoy's creed. All men should refuse to become soldiers or to pay taxes, and then wars between nations would become impossible. The day may not be far distant when Count Tolstoy's ideals will be realised.

Le Bagne[1] is a terribly realistic record of the sufferings of a prisoner who was convicted of an offence of which he was innocent. M. Eugene Degrave, in his dedication to Madame Severine, says: "Je sais mieux manier un navire qu' une plume, mais, en vrai marin, je sais sentir, je sais admirer." He certainly does not pose as a stylist; but he tells his story with the directness and clearness of one relating facts and not mere fiction. His work is more marvellous than romance. It reminds us in some passages of Silvio Pellico. It is impossible to read *Le Bagne* without sympathy for the sufferer, and horror at his ill-treatment.

Mr. R. M. Thomas has written an admirable Welsh novel. *Trewern: A Tale of the Thirties*[2] is evidently a true picture of Wales seventy years ago. It recalls some portions of *Middlemarch*, though, of course, Mr. Thomas lacks the profound insight of George Eliot. The character of John Gwyn, the Radical lawyer, is a very interesting study. The hero in some respects lacks moral fibre, but as the supposed narrator of the story he necessarily figures as the most important personage in the book. We heartily recommend all who love healthy fiction to read *Trewern*.

Pages from a Journal[3] contains perhaps some of the finest things that Mark Rutherford has ever written. The essay on Byron and Goethe is a splendid vindication of the great English poet. The story entitled *Mrs. Fairfax* is really a compressed novel. Rarely has so much narrative power been displayed as in this most fascinating story. The *Letters from Aunt Eleanor* show deep knowledge of human nature. The volume is in fact one of the most interesting works of the kind ever published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

The writer of fiction or the dramatist can scarcely find a subject of more intense human interest than the story of Don Juan. A great English poet has expended on the treatment of the subject all the quintessence of his wit and genius. The opera dealing with the same theme is also a marvellous work. The subject has now been presented in a new aspect by M. Marcel Barrière in his elaborate and ambitious work, *Le Nouveau Don Juan.*[4] Although it is in three volumes, it is really intended only as the first work of a series which is to bear the imposing title of *Les Hommes de demain.* The

[1] *La Bagne (Affaire Rorique).* Par Eligéne Degrave. Paris: P. V. Stock.
[2] *Trewern: A Tale of the Thirties.* By R. M. Thomas. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
[3] *Pages from a Journal.* By Mark Rutherford. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
[4] *Le Nouveau Don Juan.* Par Marcel Barrière. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre.

complete original work, or series of works, will consist of three divisions, *Le Nouveau Don Juan, La Dernière Epopée,* and *Le Ro de la Question Sociale,* the entire being described by the autho *Trilogie Romanesque,* while three studies, *L'Art des Passions, Programme de Révolution,* and *L'Ame Universelle* will form *Trilogie Philosophiques.* It will thus be seen that M. Barrière a scheme large and comprehensive enough to be compared with literary framework whereon Balzac constructed his *Comédie Hum* and Zola his *Rougon Macquart* series.

The success of this great literary experiment is by no m certain. The first volume, *L'Education d'un Contemporain,* rem us of Rousseau's *Confessions.* The unveiling to a youthful min the mysteries of sex is a fascinating, if risky, theme. M. Ma Barrière has an admirable style, and is modern to his finger- His Don Juan is successively attracted by three different type women, representing respectively the adulterous wife, the i pendent woman, and the maiden. After having gratified artistic tastes as well as his senses, he is finally conquered by purity of Jania Carmine, herself the daughter of one who lived the "Don Juanesque" life; and love in its most ideal sublime sense triumphs in the end.

The second volume, *Le Roman de l'Ambition,* is a picture modern life and society. In the third volume, *Les Ruines l'Amour,* the dramatic interest of the work reaches its clim Prince Baratine is, indeed, a curious and brilliant study of hu nature. The work cannot fail to attract attention. If it is great, its design is grandiose, and it is written with power, tinction, and marvellous grasp of detail.

POETRY.

LOVE and patriotism find fiery utterance in the little volume of v entitled *Love Letters of a Fenian.*[1] The name of the author of volume is given as May Shorsa. The metre is somewhat monot ous, but there is vigour and tenderness in many of the best stan in the book. The following lines addressed to Ireland will find responsive echo in many Irish hearts:—

> "Oh! golden land of love and song! Land of romance
> And mystery! whose tears thy rare fleet smiles enhance!
> Would I could sing of thee as did thy bards of old,
> Who sang their songs for country and for king! Perchance
> God will one day have pity on thee, and will hold
> The vials of His wrath until thy tale is told!"

[1] *Love Letters of a Fenian.* By May Shorsa. Dublin: M. U. Gill.

THE

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

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ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS ABOUT THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

I.

WHO made this fatal war? President Krüger or the English Cabinet?

I hold a communication, fully authenticated, which sheds a lurid light on the subject. In July 1899, three months before the so-called "ultimatum" of the Government of the South African Republic, the ambassador of a great Power, accredited to the Court of St. James's, literally declared to a countryman of his, with whom he was in friendly intercourse: "*The English Cabinet has recently resolved upon taking possession of the two South African Republics as soon as possible.*"

The question of the justice of such an extraordinary procedure having been raised by the ambassador's visitor, the answer given by the latter was: "It will be said that the British Empire wants those two Republics; that it is a question of life and death, seeing that, if England did not crush the Boers now, she herself would be crushed later on by them."

The visitor then asked what the other Powers were expected to do if England did violently act in this sudden, high-handed manner. The reply of the ambassador was: "The other Powers will do nothing." He then explained fully the special reasons by which each Power, friendly or otherwise, would be guided in refraining from intervention.

Here we have the positive statement that war had been decided upon in London several months before the South African Republic felt

it absolutely necessary, in accordance with a well-known rule of inte national law, to ask the English Government to withdraw the troo it had been pushing up to the Transvaal frontier. More than this the formal resolve was, to make war upon the Orange Free State well, and to seize upon both Republics. And the hollow justificatio for this aggression, which has been publicly given since, tallie exactly with the prediction made by the ambassador who possesse that early and correct information.

"What imaginable cause had the Government at Bloemfontein"— is always hypocritically asked—"to mix itself up with the quarr between England and the Transvaal? Who ever thought of inju ing the Orange Free State? What business had that Republic join in the fray?"

Here, by the declaration of an ambassador who was in the secre we learn that the doom of that inoffensive and excellent Sout African Commonwealth was also pronounced beforehand. Of th criminal plan, we may be sure, the Government at Bloemfontein al had obtained previous knowledge, even as the ambassador in questio whom, for obvious reasons, I must refrain from indicating by nam Lest an erroneous impression should be made upon the mind of th reader, I will add that it was the diplomatic representative of Power friendly to England, who gave his visitor the information i question as early as July 1899.

II.

But, it may be said, how is this astounding statement to be teste for its accuracy in the absence of corroborative evidence, and i presence of the assertion, made a thousand times, that it was "M Krüger's frivolous ultimatum" which left to the English Governmen no choice, and that even then there was no intention on the part c the latter to hurt the Orange Free State?

Here a recent remarkable confession of Lord Landowne come in. Strange to say, it was not commented upon at the time by an journal of the great London press, although his speech contains one of the most enormous revelations perhaps ever made by a Minister bound to keep Cabinet secrets.

It was when the former Secretary of War had his parliamentary duel with Lord Wolseley in the House of Lords, on March 15 of the present year. Lord Lansdowne complained that the Commander-in-Chief had smashed his windows, and that, therefore, he was entitled to smash the conservatory of the noble Viscount! Perhaps, in doing so, he also smashed the reputation of the Cabinet, not to say of England at large, in the eyes of the whole world, wherever there are still feelings of right and justice to be found. But that is the concern of Lord Lansdowne and of those who elevated him to the post of Foreign Secretary.

Now this is what the Secretary of War revealed in the House of Lords, on March 15, 1901. He told his compeers:

"He (Lord Wolseley) wished us to mobilise an army corps. He *suggested to us that we might occupy Delagoa Bay*. . . . I would remind him that he pressed these measures upon me, as he says, *in the month of June* (1899) with the expression of his desire that the operations might begin as soon as possible. Why? In order that we might get the war over before the month of November, 1899. My lords, the idea of forcing the pace in such a manner as to complete *the subjugation of the two Republics* by the month of November, 1899, was, I frankly confess, one that did not at all commend itself to her Majesty's Government. But do not let it be supposed that all this time we were sitting with our hands folded! . . . We earnestly desired to have the country with us. We believe *the country was not ready for war in the months of June and July*, 1899."

Here we have a notable plan of campaign from the hands of the Commander-in-Chief. Delagoa Bay, the property of Portugal, was to be occupied, in violation of the law of nations, so as to attack the two Republics in the rear as well as in the front. Both these Republics were to be subjugated. Such was the scheme, drawn up four months before the South African Republic was at last compelled, by the daily increasing military danger at its frontier, to address a firm remonstrance to the English Government.

In the opinion of the London Cabinet it was, however, not advisable, in June 1899, to "force the pace" too rapidly. That Cabinet did not sit with its hands folded; but it saw that public opinion was not yet sufficiently worked upon, and egged on, by the well-known manipulations in which truth and fact had to be so cleverly handled. Contrary to the clearest documentary evidence—as all those know who are acquainted with the "new Treaty" of 1884, and with the declarations of Lord Derby as well as of the representative speakers of successive Liberal and Conservative Cabinets—Englishmen were to be deceived into a belief that the Crown still possessed a right of "suzerainty" over the South African Republic, and a right of interference in its internal affairs. Day by day this fabrication was dinned into the ears of an ill-instructed public. At the same time war preparations were carried on, so that finally the Wolseley plan, which was only a little "too previous," could be carried out.

Meanwhile the Government at Pretoria, over whose head the false "suzerainty" claim was continually held as a threat in each Chamberlain despatch, were to be goaded into an action which would apparently take the responsibility for the planned "subjugation of the two Republics" from the shoulders of the English Cabinet. Such was the Machiavelian or would-be diabolical policy.

It is true the Wolseley idea of seizing Delagoa Bay—though in the beginning of the war a great deal was said about it in many

journals which advocated the war—had to be given up. For it may be safely stated that foreign Powers would not have stood such piratical violation of Portuguese neutrality. No doubt the London Cabinet had soon learnt how matters stood in that respect, and that it could not venture upon so risky a course. Again, the notion that this country, albeit not ready for war before, might be ready after July 1899, has been sadly disturbed by the events of the last year and a half. There were not a few who imagined that the simple display of some English regiments would be sufficient to cow the Boers. Practically, the whole available military forces of this country have had to be locked up in South Africa ever since 1899, and the war still goes on.

III.

Another strange revelation! The same ambassador who gave, in July 1899, the information which has since been confirmed by Lord Lansdowne's indiscreet but valuable confession, said to the same visitor in March 1900:

"Write down in your pocket-book the following words: 'To-day the Ambassador of —— told me that by November next (1900) there will be war between Russia and England. The latter Power is tired of yielding. It thinks it has yielded quite enough. It cannot recede further. *The war will break out in the Far East.*'"

This matter was discussed for fully an hour between the ambassador and his visitor. A month afterwards, China was in an uproar. The ambassador could not make out whether this was purely accidental, or whether Russia, having learnt what England was going to do in eight months to come, had had a hand in stirring up the elements of dissatisfaction in China.

This statement, again, seems extraordinary. We are, however, reminded at once of the famous "long spoon" speech of Mr. Chamberlain. That remark was as much calculated to be resented at St. Petersburg as were at Pretoria the words about "the sponge that has to be pressed out," and "the sand of the hour-glass, which is fast running out." Such insults from Government to Government generally precede and lead to war.

Would Mr. Chamberlain, however, have said "He who sups with the devil must have a long spoon" if he had not thought that the subjugation of the two Republics would, after all—contrary to his own earlier and wiser opinion—turn out to be an easy performance, and that then, on the strength of the glory thus achieved, it would be feasible to beard also Russia up to the verge of war?

Now, imagine what an armed conflict with Russia would mean for this country without an ally! The Russia of Czardom, the Russia of the military and bureaucratic ring, which never ceases

moving towards the conquest of Constantinople and the overthrow of English dominion in India—an aim which only deplorable ignorance can deny—constitutes a paramount danger to the position of England. It is a great danger also, so far as the Mediterranean is concerned, to Italy, to Austria-Hungary, and thereby, prospectively, to the German Empire. The more immediate danger is to England herself.

Afghanistan, the bulwark of India, has already been successfully encroached upon by Russia, who tore off a good slice of territory. Manchuria, whose neighbourhood to Peking makes her doubly valuable, is in the grip of the Muscovite autocracy, or of the aggressive ring which virtually rules under that despotic ægis. All the greater reason for this country to concentrate her forces against a manifest great peril largely looming in the future. Instead of that, England has only been, and still is, showing to the world how severely her strength is taxed in a struggle against two commonwealths of yeomen, whose countries form a mere speck on the map of Africa, and whose aggregate white population does not reach that of a town like Cardiff, and scarcely exceeds that of Sunderland.

Was it wise, in the midst of this baneful war which has roused the indignation of the whole civilised world on both sides of the Atlantic, to alienate even whatever sympathies there are still existent in Italy? Yet this, too, has been done by a language decree in Malta as despotic as is the one by which the Dutch-speaking burghers of the South African Republics are to be robbed of the rights of their native tongue!

"The other Powers will do nothing!" said the ambassador quoted above in regard to the present war. He was perfectly right. These Powers preferred, and still prefer, watching the course of events. Nor have they been deceived in their anticipations, though these anticipations have even been surpassed by what has happened since 1899.

"Will not foreign Powers"—I have often been asked by Englishmen who are convinced of the unrighteousness of this war, and who stand aghast at the continued bloodshed, misery, and ever increasing costs—"will not foreign Powers at last make some strong representations, in order to bring about a cessation of hostilities and an acceptable peace?"

"No," I have always answered; "those foreign Powers which are bitter rivals of, or traditionally hostile to, England, prefer the continuation of a war which exhausts her forces. Other Powers, whose Governments are not influenced by such evil motives, have no desire to enter upon a thankless venture which the English Cabinet itself has deprecated from the very beginning, even in the case of the United States of America, when an inquiry as to the desirability of

mediation was made from that quarter in the most courteous terms."

Russia and France have rather an interest in seeing England's military forces engaged as long as possible in South Africa. The longer the war lasts, the better will they be able, some day, to do damage to England's position. Germany, which has two neighbours, in the West and East, in regard to whom she must always be on the watch, never thought for a moment of interfering in the South African struggle, though the sympathies of the whole German nation are certainly with the race-kindred freemen of the two Republics.

In so far, England may seem to be safe for the present. But the day, I am afraid, will come when she will have before her a terrible reckoning up. Then the opportunity for hostile Powers may suddenly arise.

IV.

The possessions of England are scattered all over the globe. In the heart of the Empire, in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, there is not even such a militia army, on the principle of universal service, as Switzerland can boast of. With a population of but 3,000,000, the Swiss Confederation has a military establishment, on a war footing, of 209,000 *landwehr* men, to which, in case of extreme need, a *landsturm*, or final reserve, of 276,000 men can be added. In Ireland, on the other hand, not even a volunteer regiment can be allowed to be formed, owing to political risks which must not be incurred.

The naval power of foreign States is rapidly increasing. In ironclads, Russia and France combined come up very nearly to the English fleet. In cruisers, Russia and France combined are comparatively somewhat behind this country, whose great strength is the navy, but which has to guard by its ships an enormous area.

In land forces, of a rather variegated and discordant kind, England can bring together, on a war footing, about 870,000 men. This includes coloured soldiers, many of whom might become shaky in their allegiance during a great war, whilst others, from climatic causes, would scarcely be available for European service.

Now, compare with this ill-assorted military establishment the armies of continental Europe. Even little Roumania has, on a war-footing, 200,000 men; Servia, 337,000. Germany can keep in time of peace, in round numbers, 580,000 men; on a war-footing she can raise 5,000,000 men. Austria-Hungary, respectively, 354,000 and 1,872,000 men. Italy, 260,000 and 1,509,000 men. In other words, the Triple Alliance can dispose, on a war-footing, of 8,381,000 men.

France has in ordinary times, 572,290 men; on a war footing she

can raise 4,053,000 men. Russia, 887,000, and 4,556,000 men. Together, on a war footing, 8,609,000 men. These are figures which afford material for reflection as regards the future, assuming even that England had formally "subjugated the two Republics," and thus created for herself a "second Ireland."

In presence of such facts, and of the grave defects and the frequent incompetency which the South African war has repeatedly brought to light in English military affairs, the recklessness of the would-be Machiavelian, but in reality ignorant, policy by which new enemies have been made and old friends been alienated all over the world, stands self-convicted. In the hour of England's coming danger, the confession of Lord Lansdowne will be brought up against her with terrible moral effect. It will be said that her statesmen, with fell purpose, criminally plotted the extinction of two free Commonwealths, forming, so to say, a Switzerland of South Africa, and inhabited by such a population of independent yeomen as this country, with its antiquated and baneful feudal system of land tenure, has lost long ago.

Who, then, on that dread *Dies iræ, dies illa*, will care to defend England's reputation, which was already similarly damaged years ago, when her statesmen and her governing classes sided with the American slaveholders' rebellion?

A True Friend of a Better England.

WHAT SHOULD ENGLAND DO TO BE SAVED?

THERE is an ancient Celtic legend, familiar in Scotland and Ireland, that a preternatural being or spectre, called a banshee, follows the fortunes of certain old families of distinction, and when the death of any of them is near at hand, comes—so the legend runs—in the darkness of the night, and raises a plaintive, wailing cry outside the windows of the death chamber.[1] Sometimes the apparition, which invariably assumes the female form, is seen, but not often. Many believe that when the cry of the banshee is heard, it is an omen of inevitable death. The Celtic race cannot, however, claim the exclusive privilege of this preternatural personality. The enlightened and matter-of-fact Saxon also shares the distinction, as appears by the following extract from a recent issue of a popular London daily paper: [2]

"THE 'BLACK LADY' OF WINDSOR.

"The members of our own Royal Family have a distinct spectre, with a distinct colour, all to themselves. The 'Black Lady' of Windsor is historic. She is supposed to be the wraith of good Queen Bess. Never does she appear but some great disaster befalls the nation or the Royal Family. It may be that the visit of the 'Black Lady' to the young Guardsman at Windsor Castle three years ago foretold the Transvaal War. Princess Beatrice placed such credence in the story that she had her room in the Castle moved to another wing, where she would be free from any mysterious visitations. Towards the end of last December the apparition appeared once again."

But the banshee of my lucubrations has other and far more serious things to cry over than the mere crossing of the line between time and eternity by any individual, however exalted.

No sooner has the twentieth century arrived than England is startled by a wail over the nation's departing greatness. The plaintive note has been raised this time, not under the windows of moated castle or lordly mansion, but in the erudite pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, by one who conceals the feminine identity of a British banshee under the masculine *nom de plume* of "Calchas."

[1] The late Lady Wilde ("Speranza") has given an interesting account of the Banshee in *Ancient Legends of Ireland*, Chatto & Windus. New Edition. 1899.
[2] The *Echo*.

Now, Calchas, as all the world knows, was a famous soothsayer who accompanied the Greeks to the Trojan War in the good old classic times when the world was still young. It will be remembered that Cassandra was the contemporary and rival of Calchas, being on "the opposition side," but unfortunately her predictions, though always true, were never believed until it was too late, to which unlucky circumstances all the disasters that befel her people and her country are traced. The Trojan War, of which England has the counterpart on her hands at the present moment, lasted, we are told, ten years, and, besides involving the loss of countless thousands of the mere rank and file, usually called "common soldiers," cost the lives of many

> ". . . Mighty chiefs untimely slain,
> Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,
> Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore";

as we learn from the authentic writings of a celebrated author, who bore the honoured name of "Homer." The burthen of the British banshee's wail being "Will England last the Century?" it is evident that the *nom de plume* of our fortune-teller, who may or may not be a veritable seer, versed in the mystic rites of the Taghairm, gifted with second sight and all that sort of thing, is well chosen; but, seer or no seer, this much is certain, Calchas is marvellously well equipped as an up-to-date observer and critic of current events—one who, from a lofty eminence, overlooks a wide, almost an illimitable, field of vision, and is, moreover, a very able and accomplished writer. When sitting down, pen in hand, Calchas evidently had well in view the name over which it was intended to enchant or mystify mankind, for the very first sentence penned has the true "Abracadabra" ring about it. Here it is word for word. "Will England last the Century? Is it the third volume or the last chapter? Every ordinary second, as Teufelsdröch urged, is a true division between the known and all the unknown and the solemn centre of eternity." This is very awe-inspiring. There surely must be some occult meaning concealed under this cabalistic phrasing, which is continued in a similar strain for several sentences, apparently as a sort of preliminary incantation. What can it be? The generally received opinion about eternity is that it has neither beginning nor ending, and to find the centre of it, therefore, appears to be an insoluble problem. Probably Calchas was thinking of

> "That narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas—
> The past, the future—two eternities,"

which, evidently, is the nearest approach to the centre of eternity anywhere recorded. Though by no means a disciple of "the true and amiable philosophy of optimism," Calchas appears to have very

strong Jingoistic proclivities—so strong that they detract considerably from the position of an impartial soothsayer, and, this notwithstanding, some exceedingly candid and outspoken utterances regarding the possibilities of a British *debacle* in the not distant future. To give an instance: it is said, "We have a record of achievement and dominion behind us that we can never excel ourselves, and that no power under the conditions of the future will ever be allowed to equal. . . . We have reached full development without the slightest sign of innate degeneracy; waste and the neglect of the racial material rather than its deterioration or deficiency are our dangers; and the extraordinary interest of our national problem is that it presents the widest possibilities between ruinous decadence and magnificent endurance that an empire has ever offered at any single moment in history."

This is all very fine and patriotic; as a piece of national self-glorification it is superb, but is it true? Has England really and truly reason to exult before high heaven over her record achievements in the murderous policy she has pursued towards weaker nations, including all the accompaniments of bloodshed, devastation, and ruin that invariably attend upon her flag, and are followed as invariably by famine and pestilence, of which Ireland in the past, and India and South Africa in the present, afford notable examples? Again, is there, indeed, no sign of "innate degeneracy of the racial material"? What about the depopulation of the country districts? What about driving the people off the land into the great manufacturing cities and towns, where they are packed from cellar to garret in lane-ways and slums like herrings in barrels, in order that deer forests may undergo the process of annexation or expansion, and that flocks and herds, "*quæ natura prona atque ventri obedientia finxit*," may have wider ranges to roam over, and more luxuriant pastures to feed upon. Has there been no "innate degeneracy" from this cause? Can it be contended, with truth, that the wretched toilers in the crowded factories, workshops, and sweating-dens all over England, wherever the raw material is wrought upon, be it wood, iron, wool, cotton, flax, or any other of the countless substances fashioned by human hands into marketable commodities, have not degenerated in stature and physical strength during the last half-century of England's development in wealth, commerce, and so-called military achievement? Will it be contended that the pale, undersized, frequently misshapen men and boys, and the haggard women and girls, one sees in the streets of certain districts of London, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and hundreds of other congested centres of population—the class of whom Tom Hood sung so feelingly and so tenderly, who, "with fingers weary and worn, with eyelids heavy and red," not seldom in distress, often in hunger and rags, and always in bodily weariness, have created the wealth of the

multi-millionaires of our day—are not the degenerate descendants of the stalwart peasantry referred to in Gray's sublime elegy:

> "Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
> Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
> How jocund did they drive their team afield!
> How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!"

Look at the unhealthy aspects and dwarfish forms of the thousands of weary workers, artisans, mechanics, labourers, who swarm in the smoke-begrimed factories, mills, and evil-smelling workshops, the hive bees who make the honey for others to enjoy: whose miserable lives are an unceasing round of daily toil from year's end to year's end; who pass a joyless existence in the endeavour to earn a wage barely sufficient to keep themselves and their families from starvation; in many cases, too, employed in "industries that kill" or are fatal to health; where such deleterious substances as phosphorus, arsenic, lead, and various poisonous chemicals and drugs are handled, then venture, if conscience permits, to repeat the fiction that there is no "sign of innate degeneracy" in the people of England. Is it not a fact that the standard height for recruits for the line regiments has had to be reduced again and again, in order to get men of any sort to enter the army? Neither can it be denied—for the printed records are in proof—that abnormal humanity in all its phases is continually increasing. In other words, the number of degenerates is growing larger and larger with each succeeding year. Criminals, tramps, inebriates, the debased, degraded, corrupt, and useless wastrels of both sexes. To which category must be added lunatics, idiots, imbeciles, epileptics, inmates of poorhouses, and of incurable hospitals, &c.; in short, to borrow the language of the Stock Exchange, heteroclites are "advancing" and normals are "steadily on the decline." To take those incapacitated by mental afflictions only as an illustration, they have increased in a few years from 48,000 to over 143,000, or by 95,000, giving an average increase in even figures of 2,400 annually in the three kingdoms during the last forty years. At the same time the rise in expenditure is appalling. The total sum expended up to the year 1878 in providing asylums for the lunatic poor was £9,603,231, but in 1893 the amount had risen to £18,291,790—very nearly double; while the yearly cost of maintenance doubled also, and is now in round figures £3,000,000. There is deep philosophy in the lines:

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

True, there is no diminution of numbers in England. The herding together of multitudes in the manufacturing districts has an opposite tendency, and the census returns tell their own tales of

annual increase, but there is a worse decadence by far than the decrease of numbers, the physical and mental decay of men!—a terrible reality, and traceable to that very accumulation of wealth to which Goldsmith so pathetically refers. How else could it come to pass that an army of 250,000 English soldiers, led by England's best generals, and with unlimited resources in money and all the equipments of war, was so often worsted in battle by 40,000 Boer farmers? The answer is only too obvious.

Calchas is alarmed, painfully exercised, at the prospect of England having, early in the twentieth century, to take a back seat in the great amphitheatre of earthly affairs instead of monopolising the best place in the front row which she has always hitherto occupied. We read: "The broad issue for the twentieth century is whether Great Britain or the German Empire, at the end of the next two or three generations, will possess the relative ascendancy in trade and its inseparable attribute of sea power"; then follows the premonition: "It is obvious that either or both may be surpassed by the United States." The obligatory "must" should have been used here instead of the ambiguous "may," there being no question of doubt about the matter, for an infinite variety of reasons, some of which Calchas, after the manner of a seer, puts hypothetically and in good oracular phraseology: "If we go on as we now do there need, of course, be no difficulty in drawing our horoscope"; and again: "If England is to remain the international ignoramus, and to be dependent more and more upon America and Germany for her electricians and chemists, and for all the newest appliances in her oldest trades, then the wavering balance in which the future of the country hangs must drop downwards." The oracle proceeds: "America cannot be prevented in any case from attaining at some period during the twentieth century the industrial leadership of the world." Then comes the final crash, which is best described as an impending cataractous cataclysm: "America seems destined to the inevitable attainment of a supremacy in production as overwhelming as Niagara." This spells utter and absolute ruin for Great Britain, which is admittedly depending, almost for very existence, upon her powers of production, especially in those very things in which she has always taken the lead. Leaving altogether out of sight the fact that America is, *inter alia*, the greatest cotton-grower in the world, this is how Calchas appraises the situation as it now stands. America "is already the first coal and iron producer, and possesses incomparably richer resources of both than we do. The vast scale of her business undertakings is accompanied by the most minute ingenuity in detail. She has everything she requires within her own frontiers . . . . with the largest amount of the best material, the greatest army of workers to manipulate it, the most distinctively mechanical genius that has ever characterised a nation, and the most colossal development of the

combined driving power of capital and ability that has ever been developed." This is put with great power and fairness—one might almost say it exhibits an excess of candour; nevertheless, it is no exaggeration, but it should have been remembered that a very large proportion of this vast army of workers is Irish. It will appear presently why this fact is introduced. Calchas has pointed out, sure enough, the precise quarter wherein the peril lies, but has made a bad shot at the etiology of the danger, not only missing the bulls-eye, but scoring a very bad outer.

It is perfectly true—no one has ever attempted to deny or conceal the fact—that there is deadly peril to England seething in the heart of the United States—peril exhaustless and inextinguishable as the fires that smoulder in the crater of Vesuvius. The wonder is how so sagacious an observer as Calchas has missed the point. The danger is distinctly traceable to—nay, is the actual outcome of—England's own crimes. If there is any truth in the aphorism that "crime brings its own punishment"—and we have the highest authority for believing that it is so—then the deeds of murder, rapine, plunder, and devastation carried out so ruthlessly in Ireland, and the expatriation of so many millions of the Irish race, must inevitably recoil upon England's head. Lest it might be thought my statements are untrustworthy or exaggerated, I will rely solely on the evidence of English witnesses whose testimony cannot be doubted on this point. John Stuart Mill, in his *Principles of Political Economy*, says: "The land of Ireland, like the land of every other country, belongs to the people which inhabit it. The legislature should have looked with a different eye upon the forced expatriation of so many millions of men; and when the inhabitants of the country leave it *en masse* because Government does not leave them room to live, that Government is already judged and condemned." Now let us see what are the feelings of the victims of this forced expatriation when driven from their own land to lands beyond the sea in search of the means to support themselves. Mr. Gladstone, speaking in the House of Commons on the Irish question, which, like the poor, "is always with us," said of the Irish emigrant, "He bears with him on the one hand a passionate attachment to the home he quits, and on the other hand a bitter and burning hatred to the laws and government he leaves behind." This is as true as Holy Writ. Professor Goldwin Smith, another unimpeachable English witness, gives us the reason for this intense and righteous hatred, in an article entitled "The Greatness of England," printed in 1878 in the December number of the *Contemporary Review*: "They [the Irish] are instinctively hostile to law and government as their immemorial oppressors in their native land"; and in the same article he writes: "The conquest of Ireland was completed with circumstances of cruelty sufficient to plant undying hatred in the heart of the people." This is plain,

very plain speaking on the part of prominent Englishmen, but there is yet another authority to be quoted upon the point under consideration, and an authority, too, which will probably have greater effect upon the minds of Englishmen of all classes than the statements of individuals, no matter how highly they may be held in public estimation. I allude to that great organ of world-wide repute, the London *Times*, which, without meaning any irreverence or disrespect, may be called the profane Bible of most Englishmen, in contradistinction to the sacred volume. Immediately after the great Irish famine, the clearance of estates, and the consequent rush to America —causes which, taken together, reduced the population of Ireland in a few years to about one-half of what it had been—the *Times*, writing on the subject, exclaimed: "The Irish have gone—gone with a vengeance!" Subsequently, panic-stricken at the fearful results of the policy of extermination, we find the *Times*, under date May 4, 1860, prognosticating as follows:

"Ireland will become altogether English, and the United States Republic altogether Irish. Yes, . . . there will be again an Ireland, but a colossal Ireland, and an Ireland placed in the New World. We shall have only pushed the Celt westward; ceasing for the future to be imprisoned between the Liffey and Shannon, he will spread from New York to San Francisco. . . . We must gird our loins to encounter the Nemesis of seven centuries of misgovernment. To the end of time a hundred millions of people, spread over the largest habitable area in the world, and confronting us everywhere by sea and land, will remember that their forefathers paid tithes to the Protestant clergy, rent to absentee landlords, and forced obedience to the laws which these had made."

These words have been fulfilled to the letter. Within a few years the Irish have actually spread from New York to San Francisco in their hundreds of thousands; and not alone are the stalwart sons of toil, the intrepid pioneers of civilisation, fearless, enterprising, undismayed by reverses, brave almost to a fault, everywhere in evidence, but the highest intellectual types of the Celtic race are also fully represented. The parents of Mr. McKinley, the present ruler of the greatest State upon the surface of the globe, were Irish. A few years ago a sterling Irishman from Queen's County, Mr. William R. Grace, filled the important and honourable office of Mayor of New York. Another gifted son of Irish parents, also hailing from Queen's County, the Hon. James D. Phelan, fills the mayoral chair of San Francisco at the present time with distinguished ability. These facts deserve mention, if only to show how accurate was the forecast of the London *Times* A.D. 1860. The philosophers of old were wise in their generation when they proclaimed Nemesis, the goddess of vengeance, to be the daughter of Necessitas. This is a classic version of the natural and fundamental principle inherent in crime. Crime necessitates punishment. It is followed inevitably by what is known as retributive justice. Calchas, having groaned in spirit

over the prospect of England's departing greatness, by reason of her commercial degeneration, becomes fiercely belligerent, and suggests: "If we had the courage to swallow the bitter medicine of the conscription, we should have gone further towards a cure for more than one of our complaints than any other remedy will carry us," and immediately proceeds to impart the information that "the United States and Russia could destroy us by suspending the export of wheat or raising the price." A very simple method indeed, if Calchas is a true prophet, of striking a death-blow at the heart of Great Britain. The crucial question asked by Calchas, "What shall we do to be saved?" was answered two thousand years ago, when the great act of expiation was on the eve of being consummated, by Him who was alone qualified to give the answer. It is not necessary to introduce in these pages the words of the divine wisdom. They were few in number, and are familiar to all Christian people. In substance all iniquity, injustice, and unrighteousness were forbidden, murder and bearing false witness being specially condemned. Calchas has quite other views as to the essentials necessary to secure the salvation of England; these are arranged under seven different heads, and elaborately expounded in seven pages of the *Fortnightly*. There is no intention, notwitstanding all the iniquities she has committed in every quarter of the globe, to advise England to cry *peccavi; mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.* Nothing of the kind. The cry is for more battleships, more soldiers, more taxes, and, as a *dernier ressort*, the conscription. Calchas has no more idea of saving the situation by repentance and amendment than had "Alp, the Adrian renegade,"

> "Whose heart was swollen and turned aside
> By deep, interminable pride,"

who, when called upon to humble himself and pray for forgiveness for his crimes, exclaimed:

> "No! though that cloud were thunder's worst,
> And charged to crush him—let it burst!"

The saving doctrines Calchas has to teach are thus prefaced: "If the external security of the Empire is to be absolutely secured and its internal efficiency promoted to the utmost, we shall have to reconsider our attitude upon many questions, including some which it is considered sacrilege or insanity to discuss." Having delivered this exordium, Calchas goes through the whole gamut of Government departments, and laments that "our military power is no longer dreaded. That is to say, we cannot invade. Formerly, in addition to supremacy at sea, *we could deliver the blow at the heart* by landing an army. That under present conditions is no longer possible." Oh, sanguinary Calchas! Here again your jingoistic tendencies are

revealed. Calchas, as already indicated, rightly regards America as the evil genius of England, and harps upon the theme with persistent and querulous iteration, occasionally interjecting a hopeful word, such as, "We are, in short, a nation in jeopardy, but we are not a nation in decadence"; just as the schoolboy who has to pass near a graveyard at the approach of night whistles to keep his courage up or to deceive silly ghosts into the belief that he is not a bit afraid. Here is another louder and shriller note: "The ordinary view of the Latins is that we are full of animal energy, grasping, healthy, a people still urged by appetite and unsatiated by success, and brutally virile rather than effete or degenerate." Then comes another ear-piercing ghost-layer: "Of degeneracy there is absolutely not a trace in the temper of the English people."

Writing in the *Nineteenth Century Review*, July 1889, the late Mr. Gladstone, whose strong point was plain speaking, gives an appalling description of the atrocities committed upon the Irish people by the armies of England just a hundred years ago, and in doing so tells Englishmen "they have been comfortably ensconced in the belief of their own habitual moderation and humanity, past as well as present; and they have, at least in their governing classes, cherished and handed onwards an assumption that the Act of Union bears on it no damning stain." This by the way, and as a jog to memory that England is not so impeccable in the minds of good Englishmen as the majority of Englishmen believe. Calchas concludes as follows: "The failure of our industrial greatness would make our dispeoplement, like that of Ireland, upon a greater scale. But our trade we shall not keep unless we intensify our education, quicken our application, harden our perseverance, and evoke a renaissance of the national spirit in which every citizen shall work in the thought that England's place in the world will be presently at stake, and that it still depends upon herself whether she shall sink or stand." The theories of Calchas won't hold water. Take a glance at the map of the world; what a petty little place is England, a mere blot on the globe's surface, in comparison with the vast area of the United States. England has grown old, her national virility is exhausted. She has arrived at the stage of senile decay, while the United States is just entering upon that of vigorous puberty. It is notorious that England's supremacy in the past depended upon her predominance in trade, whether the commodities consisted of opium for the moral destruction of the Chinese; or bad rum, worse gunpowder, vile muskets, metal idols made in Birmingham, pinchbeck trinkets, glass beads, shoddy, and all the rest of the rubbish with which England has bamboozled the ignorant aborigines, always securing her *quid pro quo* in the shape of gold, precious stones, ivory, rubber, palm oil, and various other valuable products of those wealth-abounding climes. If, as

Calchas presages, England is about to lose her monopoly of all these sources of fraudulent but highly profitable traffic, her game is up. Her fate will be like unto that of those sea monstrosities mentioned in the report of the *Challenger* expedition, which inhabit the all but unfathomable depths of the ocean, where they live and move and have their being under a pressure said to be about two tons to the square inch. We read that these hideous creatures, with huge, cavernous mouths, always open, ready to swallow all that comes in their way, keep swimming about to and fro, ever in search of prey, and that sometimes, in the eagerness of pursuit, they get out of their depth and rise to the surface, where, the pressure being removed, they swell to enormous dimensions and burst asunder. Let men and Empires that live and thrive by preying upon their kind, take the lesson to heart.

W. J. CORBET.

PENNSYLVANIA AND SOUTH AFRICA:

A CONTRAST.

IN confronting the many problems which affect the extension and administration of the British Empire in the present day, it may be useful sometimes to dip into the pages of the past, to examine the circumstances affecting the settlement of some of our first colonies, and to consider in what respects we are in advance of, or have fallen short of, the methods adopted by our various early Empire-builders.

Among those who deplore this present war—including those who question the justice of our cause, as well as those who are satisfied with it—there are doubtless many who consider that the good will outweigh the evil; that to extend the Empire, to make a united South Africa under the British flag is well worth the formidable loss of life and treasure. It is difficult to over-estimate the blessings of a free government and a pure judiciary, which are the just pride of our nation in all parts of the world. But does the end, great though it be, justify the means? Are we entitled to take advantage of the attack on our territory by the Boer Republics by punishing them to the extent of national extinction? And when these little states—who would doubtless have been ready enough to accept terms such as are ordinarily accorded to a vanquished foe—resent our action and decline the honour of incorporation in the Great Empire, are we entitled to bring them to submission first by ordinary warfare and, when that fails, by firing the farms and devastating the country? Is this the now accredited method of extending the Pax Britannica?

When this view is put forward in conversation, coupled with the suggestion that our present procedure in South Africa is in accordance neither with common-sense nor with Christianity, that war is an entirely barbarous and unsatisfactory way of settling disputes, and is, or at least ought to be, as antiquated as "trial by battle" or the duel, the usual reply is that the Quakers have beautiful ideas but talk nonsense; that as long as human nature remains there must be war, and that to talk of maintaining or extending our Empire otherwise than by force of arms is quite

foolish and unpractical. Our opponents in the argument have this great advantage over us; they tell us our views are all very well in theory, but not in practice. But is this fair? What opportunity have we of testing them by putting them into practice? It does not fall to the lot of many to control a State, or even to be a Cabinet Minister. One thing, however, these defenders of war forget, viz., that the Quaker experiment of Peace, absolute, unqualified, has been tried, and has succeeded. It is an old story, more than two centuries old, but it will bear repetition.

William Penn inherited from his father, Admiral Sir William Penn, a claim on the British Government for money advanced and services rendered to the amount of £16,000. When after many years the money was not forthcoming, Penn conceived the happy idea that the debt might be liquidated by land in America, where he might carry out the principles of government he had advocated in England. He applied to the king, and in the result, by charter of March 4, 1681, Charles II. granted to him and his heirs the country which became known as Pennsylvania, "a name the king would give it, in honour of my father," as Penn wrote.

The preamble to the charter declares that Penn's application for the territory arose out of "a commendable desire *to enlarge the British Empire*, and promote such useful commodities as may be a benefit to the king and his dominions; and also to reduce the savage nations, by just and gentle manners, to the love of civil society and the Christian religion." Penn was invested with very full powers under the charter, and was made absolute proprietor and governor of the province. How he established in it free and democratic government, which has formed the model of the constitutions of other States and of the Federal Union itself, affords a story full of interest, which is not, however, germane to the purpose of this paper. It is his foreign rather than his home politics that concern us—his relations with the Indians.

One of the fundamental principles of the Quakers then, as now, was that all war is contrary to the teaching of Christ; that it is therefore wrong for a Christian under any circumstances to take up arms. Yet here was Penn about to undertake, as governor, the burden of settling a province nearly as large as England. It was inhabited by Indians, and the Indians in other provinces had already come into conflict with the settlers. Would Penn venture to carry his principles into practice, when face to face with Indian tribes, or would he make use of the powers given to him by the charter as a "captain-general," to levy, muster, and train all sorts of men, and to make war by sea and land against barbarous nations, pirates, and robbers? However impossible it may appear to those who contend that war must co-exist with human nature, he chose the former alternative. His safety in choosing it lay in the fact that he was

determined to treat the natives with absolute justice. His attitude towards them may be gathered from the following letter of introduction given to one of his agents sent in advance to open up trade with the Indians. It is addressed to an Indian chief.

"The great God that made thee and me and all the world, incline our hearts to love peace and justice, that we may live friendly together, as becomes the workmanship of the great God. The King of England, who is a great Prince, hath, for divers reasons, granted me a large country in America, which, however, I am willing to enjoy upon friendly terms with thee; and this I will say, that the people who come with me are a just, plain, and honest people, that neither make war upon others, nor fear war from others, because they will be just. . . ."

Having sent forward several other representatives with like messages of peace and good-will, the Governor himself landed in his newly-acquired province in the end of October 1682, and it was not long before he met the Indian chiefs at Shackamaxon, afterwards known as Kensington, near Philadelphia, under a great elm tree, which was so venerated that during the War of Rebellion the British general placed a guard round it to protect it from injury. And in this historic manner he cemented his friendship with the native tribes in the "Great Treaty," which Voltaire described as "the only league between those nations and the Christians which was never sworn to and never broken."

It is believed that this treaty was committed to writing, but no copy of any such document has been found. Penn is reported to have addressed the chiefs in the following words:

"The Great Spirit who made me and you, who rules the heavens and the earth, and who knows the innermost thoughts of men, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with you, and to serve you to the utmost of our power. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. We are met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage is to be taken on either side, but all to be openness, brotherhood, and love."

He then unrolled a parchment containing the stipulations for trade and promises of friendship, and explained it article by article through an interpreter. The Indians took some time to deliberate, and eventually one of the chiefs advanced, and, taking William Penn by the hand, made a speech pledging kindness and good neighbourhood, and declaring that the Indians and English must live in love as long as the sun and moon shall endure.

And what was the result of this marvellous yet simple policy? It succeeded. The natives rose to the occasion. They were inspired by Penn's fair dealing and confidence in them, and they treated the white settlers accordingly. It was not until forty years after the

Great Treaty that a white man in Pennsylvania killed an Indian, and even then the Indians interceded for the murderer and begged that his life might be spared. It was not till seventy-two years after the Great Treaty that an Indian was guilty of the murder of a white man in Pennsylvania, and, according to Bancroft, no drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian in Pennsylvania.

This was in striking contrast to what was taking place in some of our other American colonies. Not ten years before (1675) a great war with the natives had been raging in New England. Bancroft describes the period as a tale of horrors. Twelve or thirteen towns had been destroyed; there had been a great loss of life and treasure; one in twenty able-bodied men had fallen; one in twenty families had been burned out.

Again, writing of the troubles of New England during the years 1705-7, more than twenty years after the peaceful founding of Pennsylvania, Bancroft says:

"There is no tale to tell but of rural dangers and sorrows: children as they gambolled on the beach, reapers as they gathered the harvest, mowers as they rested from using the scythe, mothers as they busied themselves about the household, were victims to an enemy who disappeared the moment a blow was struck, and who was ever present where a garrison or a family ceased its vigilance."

And *per contra:*

"[The Indians] could not be reduced by the ordinary methods of warfare; hence a bounty was offered for every Indian scalp; to regular forces under pay the grant was £10; to volunteers in active service twice that sum; but if the men would, of themselves, without pay, make up parties and patrol the forests in search of Indians, as of old the woods were scoured for wild beasts, the chase was encouraged by the promise of £50 per scalp."

If it be asked what would Penn have done if he had been placed in similar difficulties, if he had found that his policy did not succeed, and that the only way of obtaining a footing in the country was to make war on the natives and devastate their country, one cannot say. Possibly he and his followers would have returned to England to re-occupy the prisons where most of them had already spent some period of their lives for worshipping according to their consciences. One can only be certain that he would not have scalped the Indians or burned their wigwams. But probably the real answer is that his policy was bound to succeed.[1] If any should be tempted scornfully to apply to it the current epithet of "peace at any price," let them note carefully what was the real motive underlying Penn's policy. It is true that his conception of Christian teaching led to his being for *peace* at any price, but it also led to his being for

[1] Even in New England, it is stated that no Friend who stood faithful to his principles in the disuse of weapons ever suffered personal molestation from the Indians.

justice at any price; and hence it followed that, being absolutely j whatever it might cost him, there was no occasion for him to any further price for peace. True and prophetic were the follow words written by Penn of the natives shortly after the founding his colony: "Do not abuse them, but *let them have justice and win them.*"

A leading instance of his justice is to be found in his buying land of Pennyslvania over again from the Indians, not being sa fied with obtaining a title to it from Charles. Writing about province of New Jersey, which Penn with others had bought fr the Duke of York, he says: "We buy nothing of the Duke, if the right of an undisturbed colonising, for the soil is none of his, the natives' by the *jus gentium*, by the law of nations; and it wo be an ill argument to convert to Christianity, to expel instead purchasing them out of those countries." So Penn bought o again his province, or at least so much as he needed of it, bit by from the Indians.[1]

Among other instances of general provisions made by Penn for t fair treatment and protection of the Indians may be mention (1) That goods sold to the Indians or exchanged for furs were be exhibited in open market, in order that imposition might be pr vented, or frauds detected; (2) That land might not be bought fro the Indians except with the Governor's consent; (3) That sale rum to the Indians was not allowed; (4) That no colonist allowed to affront or wrong an Indian, without incurring the sar penalty as if committed against his fellow-planter; and (5) Th all differences between Indians and colonists should be settled by jury of twelve men, six of each side.

As particular instances of Penn's fair dealing, the following m be mentioned (1) His refusal of an advantageous offer for the mon poly of the Indian trade. In return for the exclusive right trading with the Indians between the Susquehana and Delawa rivers, certain company promoters as early as 1681 offered hi £6000 (more than a third of what he had paid Charles for t entire province) and two and a half per cent. acknowledgment rent. Penn, in writing to a friend of this says it was "a gre temptation" but he refused it, and adds, "But, as the Lord ga it (the country) to me over all and great opposition, and that I nev had my mind so exercised to the Lord about any outward substanc I would not abuse His love, nor act unworthy of His providence, a so *defile what came to me clean.*" A letter written at the same tir (September 1681) from James Claypole, who became largely inte ested in the colony, confirms this story, and shows that it was or

[1] According to evidence given by my uncle, the late Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, bef a Committee of the House of Commons in 1837, William Penn gave for land ab £20,000 to the Indians, who were still at liberty to settle as his subjects in m parts of the land so bought.

a part of Penn's policy of fair dealing as between the settlers. "He is offered great things, £6000 for a monopoly in trade, which he refused, and for islands and particular places great sums of money, but he designs to do things equally between all parties, and I believe truly does aim more at justice and righteousness and spreading of truth than at his own particular gain. I tried him about the proposals to take £100 for 5000 acres, and abate the quit rent, which he refused, intending to do equal by all." Penn's anti-monopoly policy is in striking contrast with that of certain South African statesmen, both Boer and British; and is the more remarkable because monopolies were far more general in the seventeenth century, and would have seemed more excusable on the part of a man who was not only governor but also "absolute proprietary" of his province.

(2) In one of Penn's early purchases of land from the Indians it was agreed that the tract to be purchased should extend "as far back as a man could walk in three days." According to tradition, William Penn with several of his friends and a number of Indian chiefs began the walk, and after going for a day and a half Penn concluded that he had as much land as he wanted at present. A line was accordingly run from a certain spruce tree which they had reached, and the remainder of the purchase was left to be walked out when it should be wanted for settlement. It is said that they walked leisurely, after the Indian manner, sitting down sometimes to smoke their pipes, to eat biscuit and cheese, and drink a bottle of wine. The whole distance covered was in fact rather less than thirty miles. It was not for fifty years that it became necessary to mark out the remainder of the land under the purchase-deed. Penn had then been fifteen years in his grave in the little Friends' burial ground at Jordans, in Buckinghamshire, and it would seem that much of his policy of fair dealing with the Indians had been buried with him. The then Governor of Pennsylvania did not follow Penn's example and walk the distance himself, but he employed three of the fastest walkers that could be found, one of whom, Edward Marshall, succeeded in covering a distance of eighty-six miles in the allotted day and a half. The Indians naturally felt themselves much aggrieved by this unfair conduct: it was the cause of the first dissatisfaction between them and the people of Pennsylvania, and it is recorded that the first murder of a white man committed by them in the province was on this very ground which had been taken from them by this moral if not legal fraud.

Sufficient will perhaps now have been said to indicate the justice and purity of Penn's principles and conduct, and the extraordinary influence which they exercised over the Indian mind, resulting in the peaceful settlement of Pennsylvania, and in complete harmony

between the two people so long as those principles were maintai Sufficient will also perhaps have been said to enable the reade draw for himself the contrast between Pennsylvania and S Africa. The following observations are however offered by wa suggestion. In the first place, the question must surely pre itself to us: Why is it not possible to apply the same principle the settlement of South Africa? Why was the slaughter of a number of Matabele necessary for the settlement of Rhodesia? V is a long war and the devastation of a peaceful and prosperous vince necessary for the settlement of the country farther south? may be said in reply: "The circumstances in South Africa very different; the Matabele are more numerous and more war than the Indians; farther south it is not merely the natives bu 'slim' Dutch population with whom we have had to deal." circumstances are admittedly different—especially in the prese of two white races; but whenever were two sets of circumstan precisely similar?

As regards the character of the natives the testimony Major St. Hill Gibbons given before the Royal Geographi Society in December last, is to the point. He said that during last ten years the routes in South Africa traversed by himself a his colleagues exceeded 20,000 miles, in remote parts of t country, yet none of them had found it necessary to take a sin human life, and he would have no compunction in travelling ag *unarmed* over any part of those 20,000 miles. Livingstone's ex rience was similar. If a peaceful and just policy had from the fi been pursued by Mr. Rhodes and his colleagues, the country bei occupied with due regard to native rights and without the introdu tion of forced labour, what reason is there to suppose that the settl ment of Rhodesia would not have been as successful and peaceful that of Pennsylvania?

That some difficulty arises from the character of the Boers m be admitted.[1] They are said to follow the guidance of the O Testament rather than of the New; their ideas as to the unlawfulne of war are certainly not those of Penn and his followers, and it m be that the calamity which has now fallen upon them is in so measure a judgment for having put their trust in arms. But it immaterial to the present argument whether Britons or Boers a responsible for more than fifty per cent. of the aggregate errors

[1] Perhaps one of the most unreasonable characteristics of the last eight months' controversy has been the stigmatising as "pro-Boer" those Englishmen w have ventured in any way to criticise the policy of their own country When t Governments go to war it is probable that there is something wrong on both sid and to point out such error as one believes to be on the side of one's own Gove ment, for whose actions one is theoretically to some extent responsible, and o whom one has theoretically some influence, is surely a more sensible thing to than to point out the errors of the other Government, with respect to whom has neither responsibility nor influence, and by no means implies that, in o opinion, that other Government is free from error.

South African policy and conduct which have been committed either in the few months or in the many years preceding the present war. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and the errors of either nation have doubtless reacted unfavourably on the other.

It may be said: "Penn's policy was tried after Majuba, and look what a lamentable failure it has been." The cases are certainly not parallel, for to adopt a conciliatory policy immediately after a defeat is a very different thing to coming unarmed and offering it from the first. But even if the post-Majuba policy was in no way due to that defeat, but was dictated solely by a sense of justice and the claims of Christianity, can it be said that we have maintained this high policy in subsequent years? Apart from cherishing the desire to "avenge Majuba," apart from other incidents in the last twenty years, such as the annexation of British Bechuanaland, on the western borders of the Transvaal, which was scarcely indicative of a conciliatory spirit, was not the Jameson raid alone sufficient—like Edward Marshall's "record" walk of eighty-six miles in thirty-six hours—to sow the seeds of mistrust between two peoples and to prevent the anticipated success from the policy of conciliation?

Lastly it may be said: "The policy might have succeeded if it had been tried from the first; but it is now *too late.*" Is not this the plea of the man who has gone wrong morally or physically, or of the man who having taken a wrong turning imagines that by persisting in it he will reach his goal, and thinks it a sign of weakness to retrace his steps? The fact that we have commenced on the principle that our will is in all things to prevail, even at the cost of war, and that the Boers likewise have determined to rest their cause on the sword, makes it vastly more difficult at the present stage to adopt a policy of absolute justice, and to seek only that all—Briton, Boer, and native—"may live in love and peace one with another." Of course the task is now immensely more difficult than if we were attempting it *de novo;* but not impossible, for it is never too late to do right.

It will be observed that in the foregoing pages the Christian aspect of Penn's policy has not been specially dwelt upon, the aim being rather to show that, whatever its source, that policy was a practical one. Penn was no dreamer; though a spiritually-minded man, he was also essentially practical. Not only did he live in peace with the natives, but the news of his colony spread through Europe, and emigrants crowded to the land of promise. "There has been nothing in the history of the human race," writes Bancroft, "like the confidence which his simple virtues and institutions inspired. In three years from its foundation Philadelphia gained more than New York had done in half a century." The Pennsylvanian precedent should therefore appeal no less to those who claim

to be practical business men than to those who still hold the opinion that "righteousness exalteth a nation."

The conclusion to which it is contended that our statesmen and others might reasonably arrive as the result of reading history, may be put shortly as follows:

"That the most peaceful and successful settlement ever made of a new country was that undertaken by William Penn, who, without arms, and without loss of life on either side, founded the colony of Pennsylvania on the principles of justice and peace, to the complete satisfaction of himself and his followers, and also of the Indians, who learned to look up to him as their friend and father; that he understood much more about the settlement of a new country than Sir Theophilus Shepstone, Sir Alfred Milner, or Mr. Cecil Rhodes; that it is the more easy to believe that Penn was in the right in this respect, because in matters political and religious he was much in advance of his time, and succeeding generations have in large measure come to adopt his views;[1] that since Penn's policy of colonisation will sooner or later be universally recognised as the right one, let it be sooner rather than later; and 220 years after the founding of Pennsylvania appears to be none too soon. Even its partial adoption in some colonies has proved a success, and the care of the native, including the prohibition of sales of their lands to white men exceept through the Government, has produced both in Basutoland and the Maori reserves in New Zealand, a peaceful, prosperous, and contented people."

It is almost bewildering to think how rapidly a change for the better might be effected if only our statesmen could first appreciate and then imitate the wisdom of the Quaker courtier of the seventeenth century. Visions appear first of a mutual cessation of hostilities, then of a large elm tree in the neighbourhood of Bloemfontein or Pretoria, where the chief men of either side should meet to discuss the terms of a new Great Treaty which is to usher in a reign of peace in South Africa. Whether or not this would result in the re-establishment of the two Dutch Republics it is impossible to say. Penn would have united with us in desiring the extension of a beneficent British rule, which his justice and gentleness might have rendered acceptable, but he would not have forced it by arms upon an unwilling people. Possibly a compromise might be found in

[1] Thus, as regards the *politics* of Pennsylvania, for which he was responsible, the Parliament was elected by all citizens paying taxes, and voting was by ballot. All trials were by jury, and no oaths were required. Capital punishment was for wilful murder only, as against some 200 capital offences at that time in England. Prisons were to be workhouses and reformatories, not places of punishment only. All children up to the age of twelve were to be taught to read and write, after which they were to be taught some useful trade; and every one was free to worship God as he liked, and this as an inherent right, and not as a matter of toleration. As regards *religion*, many of Penn's views, which in the controversial days of the seventeenth century must have sounded strangely in the ears alike of Churchmen and of sectaries, are now quietly accepted by most thoughtful Christians of all persuasions.

flying the flags of two respective nations at Bloemfontein and Pretoria, as at Khartum. In any case, it were better to be on friendly terms with two contented peoples outside the British Empire than on terms of enmity with two rebellious peoples lately introduced within it. The sense of living in harmony with all the other inhabitants of South Africa, black or white, would afford ample compensation for some material losses, yet who can say what friendly feeling and good-will towards us might not be awakened in the Boers by our new policy of justice and generosity? Of this we may surely feel confident, that if only the English will rise to the high level of the first settlers of Pennsylvania, the other inhabitants of South Africa will rise to the level of the Red Indians.

HOWARD HODGKIN.

POLICY OF GRAB—JINGO OR PRO-BOER.

IT is not edifying to look round and see the amount of talent displayed in pointing out the faults and shortcomings of our continental neighbours, and it is to be regretted that the zeal displayed to hold high the faults of others is not applied to effect or suggest a remedy for our own shortcomings.

Lord Salisbury, in the course of a speech—one of the many delivered to influential audiences—pointed to Spain as a "dying nation," with all that confidence and feeling of superiority belonging to one who can see the beam in the eye of his neighbour without being conscious of the mote in his own eye.

Spain, like all countries who came under the sceptre of Jingoism, the sway of Rome, and the advanced Church, met with disaster and came to grief.

For the position she was placed in during the late war with the United States, the destruction of her fleets, the murder of her brave betrayed sons, their betrayal and surrenders at Manila and Santiago, were scandals to humanity and civilisation, and a disgrace to emissaries, those men who called themselves the labourers in the cause of the Prince of Peace.

Centuries of history have told us in the past that nations, like individuals, puffed up with pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy, will receive that lesson of submission and humility—like the wind that cleanses the wheat, and the adversity that cleanses the mind—which improves a nation.

To-day England and France stand as two great competitors in the policy of grab; neither of whom are doing remarkably well, or achieving those ends constantly "canted," of opening new markets for what is to-day a decreasing population.

If France has not succeeded in her colonising principles, I have no reason to believe that we can show her a brilliant example.

France stands before us to-day, and the tricolour faces us at all our important bases of commerce, on the Eastern and Western hemispheres, and stands to menace our sphere from the western basin of the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf.

After Waterloo France acquired many possessions through the influence of Great Britain, and captures by her fleet, in the Windward and Leeward Islands and other possessions, some of which have been used to threaten our commerce.

Thirty years ago all our possessions in Africa enjoyed a unique geographical position, divided from other colonies by deserts and uncultivated regions, so that the difficulties of other Powers reaching us would be great. As time advanced that has changed. France, ever watchful under the influence of the "black hand of Europe," has worked well; she has worked to disconnect our possessions in West Africa, on the Gambia, on the Gold Coast, and on the Niger, and continued the programme by threatening our interests with the false cloak of the Marchand mission (sent to acquire an outlet south-east of French Congo for a commercial communication with the Nile), to throw out a communication or advance guard across the Nile Valley from Abyssinia to Upper Congo, after the throats of our troops had been cut, like the Italians had been done by the Abyssinians at Kassala, under precisely the same influence, only checkmated by Lord Kitchener's victory and the defeat at Omdurman.

Since we acquired our African possessions and protectorates, we cease to be the only African power, as France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy have been added to the list, largely discounting our interests in open markets.

During the past fifteen years our small annexions have comprised the responsibilities and cost of the Niger Coast Protectorate, Somali Coast Protectorate, Socotra Settlements, parts of New Guinea, Bechuanaland, Zululand, Royal Niger Company, British East Africa, British South Africa territory, Zanzibar, Pemba, Upper Burma, Shan States, followed by no colonial expansion, all or mostly run at a cost of the British taxpayer.

Under the recent Anglo-French agreement, our responsibilities expand from the eastern frontier of Tripoli, crossing the Libyan Desert, stretching southwards and bending west, skirting Darfur and Bahr-el-Ghazal provinces, and taking a turn to the east at the north-east corner of the Congo Free State.

This arrangement under the Anglo-French agreement has been described as one of the biggest African deals of the century.

Here again the tricolour stands before us, France anticipating the territory from the west to the east from French Ubanga, through Fashoda to Abyssinia, cutting through the Cape-to-Cairo line, which was upset by the Khartoum mission. France, however, is the gainer on the east side of Lake Chad, acquiring the great territories of Bajermi, Kanem and Wadai—not a great acquisition. The control and conquest of the Soudan have not resulted in any financial acquirements or advantages to our Empire.

It has opened new markets for Germany and America, and the British taxpayer is called upon to pay for this great privilege!

We granted the "caisse" £780,000 to put the Egyptian Government in a borrowing position, as their borrowing powers could not go beyond a certain sum. So the British taxpayer discharged the debt.

Referring to the railway from Bulawayo to Tanganyika, the result from this particular enterprise is not encouraging, and may be taken as a sample of the advantages of "new markets."

"The exports and the British public between them must pay for all the £280,000, for all freights and fares up and down south of Bulawayo, all imports at Cape values and Cape customs, cost of government, all private profits, all company promotion—a *very large item*—and house expenses and salaries generally connected with this region."

Probable total annual loss to the British public, £507,000!

The expenditure in two and a half years for military credits, in the Soudan, was two and a half millions. Railways at £3000 per mile, and includes grant for rail from Atbara to Khartoum.

The materials for spanning the affluents of the Atbara bridges &c., were made in America and Germany. New markets in this case were not a success!

The Chancellor of the Exchequer congratulated the House of Commons on peace having been proclaimed from Berber to Dongola.

Dongola and other Soudan provinces have already cost Egypt £2,000,000!

The Uganda Railway is another interesting item, £3,000,000 for which was recently voted by the House of Commons. The contracts for its construction gone to America.

The inauguration in 1894 was remarkable for the conversion of King Mtesa to Christianity by missionaries who entered the field in 1876, a mission followed up by a chain of forts along the frontier of Unyoro, for which Toru Dist annexed forts in south, the principal being Buddu.

Prospects in Central Africa seem to be anything but good.

Since 1891 we have been scheming and spending money to connect Uganda with the Zanzibar coast; one-third has been constructed with the grant from Parliament for the purpose, with great loss of life, and no prospect of advantage when it is completed.

It is certain that our protectorate in Egypt and the Soudan will not result in a gain to us in any way.

Gold may possibly be found.

In South Darfur copper is found, and iron is found in different places.

Bahr-el-Ghazal produces elephants—fast dying out; ivory is collected in South Darfur, but cannot be relied upon as a permanent product.

In Southern Kordofan and Southern Darfur giraffes are found, also in Bahr-el-Ghazal, also ostrich feathers.

On the fertile soil depends the future of the Soudan. The Bahr-el-Ghazal produces cotton, gum, indiarubber in large quantities; is not a healthy place, producing a large number of mosquitoes.

Engineering skill will have to be largely applied to develop its resources.

Kordofan possesses a fallen gum industry, also on the Blue Nile, though of inferior quality to that of Kordofan.

Our revenues from "new markets" vary in price, place, and thing.

From Meryo, Uganda, we hear that the native Prime Minister informs Reuters' that natives have paid their taxes for the "current year," amounting approximately to £60,000.

"This includes payments in kind consisting of five elephants. one zebra, twenty chimpanzees, and several wart hogs, water antelopes, porcupines, snakes, cranes, and numerous monkeys," "all these creatures have been received at the government headquarters at Port Alice."

No doubt appropriate gifts for the manors of Highbury, Hatfield, or Park Lane, where many "missing links" might be carefully trained to fill up some of the vacancies in H.M. Tory Cabinet as they occur.

African assets, no doubt, will become congested till our millions for railways give them a shift.

Belting or bounding the banks of the Nile are vast quantities of green cultivated land from Wady Halfa to Khartoum, which formerly provided provision for thousands of cultivators. The land was irrigated by means of sakiehs, or water wheels, now broken and desolate; improved irrigation will be required at a great cost.

The geographical position of Uganda is, it must be admitted, an important one, and, like most of our protectorates, shows a balance on the wrong side, without fulfilling the aims of "open markets," for the acquisition of which the British taxpayer is so heavily taxed, both in money and blood. Bounded on the north by the Soudan, south by the German East African Protectorate, east by the western boundary of the East African Protectorate, and west by the Congo Free State, the strategic position as far as the back door to the Nile Valley base of Upper Nile is an argument strongly in favour for politicians, a claim of uncertain prospect, a dump for the overflowing of Indian population, and a score in the African game of grab!

Grant to Uganda Protectorate to March 31, 1899,		£621,000
,, British East Africa	,,	406,675

or £1,027,675 in all, exclusive of revenues, has been expended.

Of the vote of £3,000,000 to complete railway in three years, at present £1,600,000 has been expended, and there is a railway for

rather more than one-third of the distance; authorities, engineers, saying it will take five years to complete.

Possibly a few more millions will be asked for, and eventually we may hope to see what may come from a Protectorate whose revenue amounts to £39,186, and expenditure £147,640, an increase of £4,655 in revenue, and a decrease of £14,833 in expenditure.

Take the case of China, the cry of "new markets and open doors," the jingo electioneering cry.

Owing to the neglect of our Government, totally absorbed in the policy of grab, the little trade with China is gradually dwindling down to nothing, in spite of the Anglo-German agreement trumpeted by the Tory Government, which gives us no more privileges or rights than those extended by the treaty of Japan.

At Newchang imports of American sheeting rose from 252,000 pieces in 1893 to 566,000 pieces in 1897. British imports fell from 71,000 in 1893 to 10,000 in 1897.

Imports of American plain cotton goods into China rose by 121 per cent. in quantity in 1897, while British cotton declined 13 per cent.

American engines for the Pekin-Shanhaikwan railway replace English engines. The American, costing £1850, delivered in fourteen and a half months; the English, costing £2800, delivered in twenty-four months. France assumes the right to Kwang Li and Kwang Tung, embracing the hinterland of Hong Kong; as we have 70 to 80 per cent. of trade, eventually she may aspire to the protectorate of Sherchuan, a spot in the basin of the Jangpi.

She may get it as Russia got Port Arthur, as she held her own in Madagascar, Tunis and Siam.

The policy of grab has marked itself among the natives of New Zealand on the land question, which is paving the way for more. The keel on the stocks for construction and planning of new wars.

India to-day is being plundered; are we preparing to plunder South Africa? Were a debit and credit account to be presented to the country as far as India is concerned, we might be fairly able to judge the great advantages of new territory and new markets under the grab system.

Possibly India has the most expensive government in the world, expense too far out of proportion of the drain from the poor of the country.

The extravagances of the viceregal staff are well known, with the big salaries and pensions of its surroundings.

The extravagances of the army grow annually, and could be reduced, and the Indian establishment of British troops made more efficient at less cost. But not under a Jingo Government.

India has been burdened with costly frontier wars, costing many millions sterling, the whole amount being defrayed by the

Indian Government, with the exception of £5,000,000 sterling paid by the British taxpayer for the latest Afghan war.

It is useless to go on multiplying instances of Jingo legislation solely in the interests of capitalists totally ignoring the interests and needs of social reform.

The great hyena seated on his haunches in Printing House Square, surrounded by the jackals of the Unionist Press, have forced the country into the present war.

Young speculative newspaper editors, inkpot warriors have yelled of British honour, British pluck, and the honour of the Union Jack, which they are trailing in dishonour before Europe. Pulpit orators, bribed by a Jingo Government, clamoured for war and prayed for the half-naked and half-starved soldiers.

Jingo imperialism has poisoned the minds of young and old, supplied rowdies full of "poisoned beer" to smash up meetings held to differ from Jingo hooliganism, a policy unfortunately defended by the First Lord of the Treasury, who, on the same principle that Satan reproves sin, pointed to the indiscretion of holding such meetings during times of "national rejoicings," indiscretions of which H.M. Government is a wholesale manufacturer.

The Jingo vindicates British honour when his ignorance leads him to believe that his foe is the weaker.

The Jingo Colonial Secretary read a lesson to the Jesuit Press in France for their vulgar comments with reference to our late Queen, but made no comments on similar remarks that came from Germany.

Members of H.M. Government who bribed the clergy, bribed the landlords, afraid of the brewers, who retail poison in houses not fit for young children to enter.

Who suppressed cooked despatches.

Who obtained office from Jingoes under false pretences, on a stale register disfranchising a number at home equal in number to the population of Cape Colony and Natal, for whose interests they were fighting.

Who protected frauds of contractors.

Who are being bested by Russia, ousted from Central Asian markets.

The policy of "grab" for new markets is spending millions for expansion that do not return thousands.

Through gross neglect we are losing ground everywhere, and no legislation but that promoting costly wars has been adopted.

We who denounce this policy of grab and political "theft" have been denounced as pro-Boers from the Brummagem vocabulary.

Personally I am against this gold-seeking, unrighteous, stock-jobbing war, forced on the two Republics with that genius of juggling bearing the unmistakable hall-mark.

I prefer the honest impulses of Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Ellis, and

Dr. Clark, whose names will stand more distinct in history, when that for this war has been accurately recorded, than those names of Salisbury, Chamberlain and Lansdowne, whose weak impulses in the hands of financiers forced them to contract one of the bloodiest wars which has stained and will stain for centuries the pages of English history.

To use the slang from the Jingo dictionary, the "Pro-Boer" and Little Englander, when the history of the war has been truthfully and impartially written (if that were possible in this age, when lying has been brought up to a fine art), will stand for genuine patriotism to this country head and shoulders above their Jingo misled countrymen, "as Saul stood amidst his brethren taller and fairer."

FREDERIC W. TUGMAN.

THE HOUSING QUESTION AND THE SAVINGS BANKS.

THE suggestions put forward day by day in the press with regard to the great problem of the hour—the problem of housing the working-classes—prove, even without further evidence, how thoroughly alive is the public mind to the importance and urgency of this subject. None of the proposals hitherto advanced appear, indeed, fully to satisfy the requirements of the case. Very possibly this is because we have not thus far approached the question from quite the right point. We have approached it from the point purely of money. We appear altogether to have lost sight of the fact that the supply of working-men's dwellings, though, on the one hand, a great social question, to be dealt with, if necessary, with the help of rating and taxation, by the intervention of County Councils or, as Lady Jeune would have it, of the State, is at the same time also, on the other hand—or at any rate ought to be—a business enterprise, which should be made to support itself and earn for the money invested in it a fair dividend, (as do, without difficulty, the thousands and tens of thousands of blocks and cottages which have been set up by co-operative societies, or else by joint-stock companies, like the Artizans', Labourers' and General Dwellings Company), and that, although funds unquestionably constitute an absolutely indispensable pre-requisite, the question is to an even larger degree one of method, of providing exactly what is wanted and at the right price, of distributing and dividing down responsibility, in order that a certainty may be obtained of the money spent being appropriately laid out and eventually repaid. Reduced to its fundamental principle, this question is after all only a question of credit; and the pivot point of credit is, as we know, not cash, but the certainty of recovery. Although in many instances—supposing that no one else is to be found willing to do the work—no doubt it must be legitimate, on social grounds, for public bodies like County Councils to take the building of dwellings into their own hands, it seems very questionable indeed whether in the generality of cases such bodies really may be said to be the best conceivable organs to whom the work should be entrusted. Such councils are centralised bodies, far away from and above the level of their proposed work, and conse-

quently not the bodies best fitted to judge with absolute certainty of local and class wants. Their responsibility is not engaged by personal financial interest in success or failure. They cannot enter into details. They could not in any case study economy as it should be studied, if cheap dwellings are to be produced. They are, indeed, bound to be extravagant. The dwellings which the London County Council has set up let at rents higher by 30 per cent. than those erected by the Artizans' Dwellings Company, and even at that rate leave the cost of clearing the site unaccounted for, to be borne by the general ratepayer. In respect of that most thorny question, which is now pushing itself more and more to the front—the question of deciding between the rival claims of working-men builders, on the one hand, who are eager to extract the maximum of wages out of a certain work done (the bricklayer, for instance, who will not lay more than 500 out of a possible 1000 bricks a day), and thereby to make the house dear, and the working-men tenants, on the other, who desire to be housed at a minimum of rent, County Councils and other bodies at the mercy of political electors may be said to be helpless. A National Board, such as Lady Jeune suggests, would be in a worse position still. Its action *must* mean waste, and very probably would mean a supply of dwellings unsuited to their purpose, and from which, once they had become plentiful enough to admit of a choice, working-men—whose tastes and predilections want to be carefully considered—would turn away. There are cases actually extant in which in respect of this very matter very generous philanthropy has been disappointed—just as the well-intended Small Dwellings Acquisition Act appears to have remained a dead letter—whereas far more costly self-help has signally succeeded.

Undoubtedly the question to be dealt with is above all things a question of method and of the proper technical meeting of requirements, with money to be held at ready disposal, but only as a second want to follow the first. As it happens, we have the method, and indeed more methods than one, proved by experience, ready to our hand. To state one instance in point, rather a homely one—through the intervention of their co-operative societies British working-men have within a few years set up by their own, not yet fully developed, efforts no less than 24,038 houses, at a cost of £5,147,526, coming out of their own pockets. Probably £8,000,000, with the number of houses proportionately increased, would be nearer the mark. And these are houses which answer their purpose admirably, which are never in want of tenants, nor abandoned, as happens in the experience of building societies. The money employed has proved worth a good four per cent., and societies have found that they could advance it safely up to eighty-five and even ninety per cent. of the value of the buildings set up. In Edinburgh the active little People's Bank has advanced sufficient funds for the construction of

hundreds of cottages and the purchase of hundreds of flats. The Co-operative Society of Woolwich finds that with the members' funds now at its disposal it can set up, gradually, no less than 3500 working men's cottages—possibly more. And quite recently a new type of society has been organised which bids fair to prove unspeakably useful in grappling with the housing question by the simple means of self-help.

For a larger application of the same principle, universally acknowledged to be signally successful, well backed up by public funds, we must look abroad.

Let us begin by observing what has been done in France, where the legitimacy of employing working men's savings to help in meeting the working-men's want of dwellings was first recognised, though unfortunately, owing to obstacles created by legislation, the application of the principle remains very incomplete. About the year 1886 it occurred to the managers of the Savings Bank of Lyons that out of the large funds at their disposal some part might be very properly applied, through the medium of co-operative working men's societies (to be first approved and subsequently strictly controlled), to the construction of working-men's dwellings. Legislation was not then favourable to the experiment. It was not really until 1894 that employment of savings banks funds in this way was made legitimately possible. But nevertheless some beginnings were ventured upon, and they proved so encouraging that in 1888 my friend, M. Rostand, chairman of the Savings Bank of Marseilles, resolved to follow the Lyons example, which he did, as the event proved, with the same good results. In 1894, at the instance of its Government, the French Parliament passed an ordinance which now permits "autonomous" savings banks—like those of Lyons and Marseilles; a class of savings banks to which we have no exact counterpart in this country, but which in France do the bulk of the business—to lay out all revenue derived from their own *private* fortune (as distinguished from depositors' "capital") in loans for working-men's dwellings. And in 1895 it extended such discretion to one-fifth of the bank's own capital, besides allowing the *Caisse des Dépôts et Consignations*—which acts as administrator-general to the savings banks in France, as our National Debt Commissioners do in this country—to employ one-fifth of the collective reserve fund of savings banks—such as unfortunately we have not got—in the same way. With their own funds thus made available, "autonomous" savings banks could easily deal independently and on the spot with suitable local bodies, whose merits they were in a much better position to estimate than any one else. And they have done so, laying out in this manner after all tolerably respectable sums. Thus, up to 1897 (I have no later data), the Savings Bank of Marseilles alone had lent

out in all 549,756 francs. But only very few other banks (four in all) had, up to 1900, followed its example. To enable the *Caisse des Dépôts et Consignations* to deal effectively with the portion available of the *general* reserve, a new intermediary body had to be created. It was provided by the formation of the *Société Française des Habitations à Bon Marché*, which makes it its business to negotiate loans, pledging to the Government Board all its property concerned by means of debentures, and securing itself against borrowers by such means as it finds practicable. The first demand for loans of this description was decidedly encouraging. The *Société* lent out 1,000,000 francs (out of a possible 16,000,000) in the very first year. But very little has been done since. The amounts to be dealt out are still so very small as to deter applicants. Also, partly in consequence of their smallness, the existence of such a source of credit has not been made sufficiently known. But in any case the central source has been tapped, and the outlay has been safeguarded by local application through responsible bodies. There are not individual borrowers to deal with from headquarters, but in every instance a society *collectively* liable, which in its turn has means of enforcing their responsibility against individuals. In consequence of this no money has been lost, nor can any very well be lost in the future.

The neighbouring kingdom of Belgium has a very much better record to show. In that country, where there are no local "autonomous" savings banks, the body to act as banker-general in the matter is the National Savings Bank, a public department guaranteed absolutely by the State, but left full liberty in the administration of its funds, without any dependence whatever upon the Treasury. It was the founder, Frère Orban's, specific object that it should be developed not only as a useful collector of savings, but also as a serviceable distributor of funds, pouring the money which had been withdrawn from industrial or agricultural, generally speaking from productive, employment, back into the same channel, and making the talents entrusted to its care to multiply and produce more talents. The National Savings Bank of Belgium invests, within its discretion, practically speaking, in every variety of security, from Belgian State Bonds down to foreign commercial paper, which latter it has, in the serious crisis of 1870, found a most valuable commodity, as being readily convertible into cash without loss. Its administrators have all along shown themselves anxious to yield a ready support to any efforts of self-help—whether for co-operative credit, or co-operation applied to agriculture, or co-operation in house-building—always, of course, insisting with great strictness on certain safeguards of their own prescribing, and exercising freely the power, which they have reserved to themselves, of searching control and inspection. In this manner they have found it possible to do

very much good, stimulating private initiative without the loss of a penny. To enable it to make such assistance efficient in the provision of working-men's dwellings, the National Savings Bank obtained from Parliament in 1889 an Act which authorised it to invest one-fourth of its reserve fund in loans for building purposes. Under the stress of a growing demand that limit had soon to be extended to one-half of the reserve fund, next to the whole—which stood then, in 1894, at about 10,000,000 francs. In 1896 the area was still further widened, so that now the Savings Bank is free to lend out, if it chooses, a full fifth of its entire funds, which in 1899, the latest period for which I have figures, stood at 127,588,916 francs. The corresponding figure in this country, according to population, would be about £33,000,000, with the help of which no doubt a good deal of housing work could be accomplished. As a matter of fact, up to December 31, 1899, only 30,788,002 francs had been actually laid out in this way. This is, after all, not bad for so short a period, and for a country with only 6,000,000 inhabitants, providing ample means besides for the same purpose by its excellent co-operative banks, and strong in *œuvres patronales*, like that of the *Vieille Montagne*, in which large-hearted employers find dwellings, as well as many other necessaries, for their workmen. This sum, moreover, does not include advances made for the same purpose (among others) to municipalities and rural administrative bodies, and secured upon the rates, but only such as have been granted to joint-stock and co-operative building societies of two distinct kinds.

The savings bank has from the outset favoured co-operative societies as distributing and applying agencies, because co-operation in its opinion ensures, among other things, two very essential advantages. The first is, that it effectually shuts out all uncertainty, and excludes all speculative risk of building to no purpose. Co-operation brings its own market with it. It has tenants or purchasers at its command before it has houses. The houses are in the main built to order. In the second place, co-operation effectively interposes between original leader and ultimate borrower a collective body strong enough financially to serve as security—a body capable of economising outlay, of watching and controlling tenants, and adapting work judiciously to local needs. The Society answers to the Government for loans received with all its collective assets. It has a direct interest in not allowing any individual member to fail in any duty. Therefore it secures itself as against its members as no hard-and-fast rule imposed by a building society or county council could secure it. Under its control such a thing as the abandonment of a depreciated building, which our building societies complain of as in their experience of frequent occurrence, becomes impossible.

The National Savings Bank has found means within its own

practice of securing itself even beyond this. For the house purchaser's benefit, as well as for its own, it has offered to ensure tenants' lives at a very moderate premium, a mere trifle added to the terminable rent charge which, at the rate of 6½ *to the Society*, including 2½ per cent. sinking fund, repays the principal within twenty-five years. That means that the National Savings Bank acquires an additional security, and that, on the other hand, the purchaser's family are assured against loss of their home in the event of the bread-winner's premature death. This practice has proved most popular. A large number of insurances have been effected.

In dealing with building societies the Belgian Savings Bank has advisedly given a very marked preference to *sociétés de crédit*, being societies or joint-stock companies which build, or advance money for building, houses which are intended to become the tenant's own property. A similar preference is given in Germany. In both countries this system is evidently considered the best.

In Belgium the Savings Bank began by advancing money to *sociétés de crédit* (alike co-operative and joint-stock) at 2½ per cent., which it was enabled to do while loans were made only out of its reserve fund (on which it is at liberty to earn what interest it likes), as compared with 3 per cent. charged to *sociétés immobilières* or *de construction*, which, like our own Artizans' Dwellings Company, build with a view to *letting* only and retaining the freehold. It has proved necessary subsequently to raise both rates alike, severally to 3 and 3¼ per cent. Borrowing societies are very generously dealt with. They are not required to pay up more than 10 per cent. of their share capital, which entitles them at once to a loan of 50 per cent. of the latter. Moreover, terminable rent-charge tenants are called upon to pay down only 10 per cent. of the value of their house, which again entitles the society to a loan of 90 per cent. of such value. This means that very much more is readily loaned than is raised by the beneficiaries themselves. The *société de crédit*, "Eigen Heerd is goud weerd," of Ghent in this way held (in 1897) 541,000 francs of loan capital as against 28,750 francs paid up by its members; and "Le Foyer de l'Ouvrier" of Liége 1,572,000 francs, as compared with 60,000 francs of its own. *Sociétés immobilières*, being considered less safe, are advanced up to 60 per cent. of the value of the houses only, in addition to what is lent at the rate of 50 per cent. on the security of the share capital. As a matter of course, *sociétés de crédit* are more numerous than *sociétés immobilières*. Their number stood on December 31, 1899, at 102, of which 94, holding 27,654,156 frs. 13 cents. of loan money from the savings bank were joint-stock companies, and only 8, holding 1,930,918 frs. 35 cents. (£9,654 10*s.* per society) co-operative, as compared with 27 *sociétés immobilières*, whereof 26, holding 1,178,427 frs. 50 cents. in loans, were joint-stock companies, and

only 1, holding 24,500 francs, co-operative. In all, the National Savings Bank had then 30,788,002 francs outstanding on this account, which is about 5 francs per head of the population, and would correspond to eight or ten million sterling in this country. Upon all this business, which is admitted in all quarters to have done most substantial good, in rural districts no less than in urban, the National Savings Bank has never made a loss. Foreclosures have proved necessary in respect of 34 buildings, and 445 tenants were, on December 31, 1897, reported in arrear with their rent. But all the loss arising from this has been borne, without much difficulty, by the societies and companies.

The Belgian experiment must therefore certainly be pronounced a success. In fact, this is never so much as questioned. And, accordingly, the National Savings Bank shows itself eager to extend rather than to restrict its practice.

In Germany, housing work of the kind referred to remains for the moment less developed than in Belgium. At the same time Germany has, specifically for ourselves, a more instructive tale to tell, because its circumstances far more closely resemble our own. It has, as one may say, our own great and very urgent want of more working-men's dwellings, and it has at the same time our own unused resources piled up, to the embarrassment of their guardians, in its Old Age and Disablement Pensions Funds. Far more alive to its opportunities than we have shown ourselves to be in this country, it is now turning that money very freely to account to meet the want so plainly proclaimed, very properly filling up an appalling hole out of the unwieldy mountain which stands by its side.

A good deal is said now in Germany about humanitarian and even purely equitable motives as having prompted the action taken. Stress is more particularly laid upon the fact that the old age pensions money was collected for working-men's benefit and to a great extent from working-men's pockets, and that accordingly it ought in justice to be applied by preference to working-men's uses. Again, it is pointed out that prevention of disablement, such as may be ensured by better housing, is better than cure, and that therefore Old Age and Disablement Pensions Funds would not be doing full justice to their contributories if they did not study to relieve the burden of contributions by sanitarily housing those who may become pensioners. In Lower Austria this argument has been pushed so far as to determine the Workmen's Compensation Fund to invest money in working-men's dwellings, since it is held that more comfortable housing will reduce drunkenness and other causes of accident. Both these arguments are perfectly sound and conclusive. But what trustees of Old Age Pensions Funds avowedly had in view when first hitting upon this new form of investment, was the

employment of embarrassingly superabundant money, and what they had mainly to study was, accordingly, not benefit, but safety.

The merit of discovering the novel beneficent method of employment as open to Old Age Pensions Funds belongs to Landesrath Liebrecht, the head of the Pensions Fund of Hanover. He found that under the existing regulations loans on mortgage were indeed permitted within the limit of what is called "Trustees' Security" (*mündelmässige Sicherheit*), that is, up to one half of the *bonâ fide* value of the building. But he also found that advances of this moderate amount were altogether insufficient, either to absorb anything like the money available, or to attract applicants in any number, in respect of working-men's dwellings. Such people require more, considerably more. Not a few now, no doubt, once the path has been opened, are content with a modest 50 per cent. But as a rule what is required is at least 75 per cent., more generally 85, 90, or even the full 100 per cent. of the value of the house. As it happened, the German law was discovered on closer examination to leave a loophole, through which larger advances might be let out. Dr. Liebrecht promptly availed himself of it, and the result was so remarkably satisfactory as at once to fix public attention upon his experiment. The practice was begun in 1892, and as early as 1893 President Bödiker called my particular notice to it, as deserving of study and imitation. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that the example set in Hanover was promptly followed elsewhere in Germany, and that the loophole discovered in 1892 was subsequently so much widened by legislative action as to make, as Dr. Liebrecht triumphantly exclaims in his last annual report, practically *the whole* of the funds accumulated available for working-men's dwellings—within the administrators' discretion. Nothing like the amount has, in point of fact, yet been applied. Nor is it likely that even nearly the whole ever will be. Some of the thirty-one provincial Old Age Pension Funds have indeed only very recently taken to the practice.

On December 31 last not quite £3,500,000 old age pensions money proper was invested in working-men's dwellings, and not quite £4,000,000 in all, if nine State-inspected provident pension funds of other kinds are included. But now the practice is spreading very rapidly. And before long there will be very much larger results to show, more particularly because the practice, found to be so useful and so safe, has been taken up with eagerness not only by some other public pensions funds (such as the Railway Servants'), but also by a large number of public savings banks. And quite recently a representative of the Prussian Government has publicly declared (at Posen) that his Government, encouraged by the remarkable results obtained, hopes satisfactorily to settle the housing question with the

help of savings banks money. The Prussian Ministry of the Interior has in fact issued a circular to provincial governors directing them to urge savings banks within their jurisdiction to favour such employment, as well as calling upon them to prepare returns—which will be interesting. The savings banks in Germany, it may be well to explain, are not national institutions like our Post Office Savings Bank. But they are nevertheless distinctly public and official, each province, "circle," municipality, or whatever the district may be, making itself liable without limitation for all the moneys deposited with them. On the other hand, the governing bodies, of which the local political chief officer is the head, are allowed, subject to departmental inspection, full freedom of investment. In "circles" in which the "landrath"—that is, the principal Government officer—takes an interest in the housing question, under such circumstances perfect marvels of good work have been accomplished, alike in town and in country. Among the circles so distinguishing themselves are those of Merzig, Saarburg, Saarlouis in Rhenish Prussia, and of Glogau in Silesia. Everywhere the number of houses is growing apace and working-men's wants are being satisfactorily met without so much as a loss occurring within a period which now extends over more than eight years.

The first idea of old age pensions funds officers was to lend money to individual working-men, something after the manner of our co-operative societies—which permit a much more liberal limit than building societies. But it was soon found that this would be inconvenient as well as risky. The public offices were overwhelmed with applications, of the merits of which they were not in a position adequately to judge. As a consequence there might have been losses and there must assuredly have been excessive clerical labour. Accordingly the method was re-shaped. The officers began to make advances to public rate-levying bodies. They furthermore made advances to employers. They soon found local savings banks to be exceedingly useful distributing agencies, since, within their own circumscribed locality, such banks are able to adjudicate effectively between proper and improper applications, to determine the precise character of local wants, and also to control the use of the loan. They accordingly offered to lend freely to savings banks, which were to hand on the money to proper recipients. Thus the principle now generally recognised was established, of lending, to be done by a central, collecting body, and building, on their own responsibility, by local bodies, which make themselves liable to the lenders. This principle has been found fully to justify itself by its results. In course of time other provincial distributing agencies offered their services, and were gladly employed, with very good results.

Such are the quasi-philanthrophic provincial housing societies, which merely negotiate business and watch over the outlay.

Of these the Society of Rhineland, which is presided over by Landesrath Brandts, is by far the most active. Up to June 30, 1899, it had been instrumental in the construction, within its own area, of 2437 houses, affording accommodation for 5328 families, and representing an outlay of £960,000. The interest charged is at the rate of from 3 to 4½ per cent. *plus* from ½ to 2½ per cent. sinking fund, which has, in the case of houses only *let*, to be continued till the debt is brought down to one-half the value of the building, at which point it becomes *mündelmässig;* and, in the case of houses to be acquired by their tenants, up to the final extinction of the debt.

However, undoubtedly useful as both savings banks and philanthropic societies have proved to be, the palm of utility in this matter is now by common consent and unquestioningly awarded to co-operative building societies formed in the main of intending tenants, to which Old Age Pensions Funds, as well as both the more local bodies already named, find that they can lend freely, largely, and without any danger. So safe have advances made to these bodies proved to be, that up to 96 and 97 per cent. of the value of buildings has actually been loaned, and in his last Report Dr. Liebrecht declares that the entire 100 per cent. might be advanced without the slightest misgiving. The reason for this exceptional security is, that co-operative societies command, as has been explained, from the outset a certain *bonâ fide* market. For every penny applied for there is a use. Every house set up is really wanted, and is wanted for a tenant who means to stay in it. Moreover, there is the certainty that this individual tenant will be carefully watched and held to his duty by his neighbours, who are liable for him as by a system of frank-pledge, and who are also in a position effectively to watch and control him. Again, co-operative bodies, having their own interests to consult, are able to keep down expenses. Landesrath Brandts, already referred to, and a great practical authority, says in his Report that a loan of two-thirds of the value of the house made to such a society practically represents an advance of 75 per cent. of the actual cost of the building. And even so, the value of the security is sure to increase. The site becomes more valuable by reason of the building, and the house represents in its finished state considerably more than the mere outlay in bricks, mortar and labour. Also, it is found in practice that co-operative tenants very often pay off the principal more expeditiously than their agreement requires. On all these grounds German administrators, whether of savings banks or of other public funds, have long since come to the conclusion that co-operative workingmen's societies, organised upon a proper system, are by far the best intermediaries to interpose between the central lending body and the ultimate receivers. The formation of such building societies has

accordingly been encouraged and has proceeded fast. How largely they predominate may be judged from the fact that among the bodies to which advances have been made in Rhineland by Herr Brandt's provincial society—ninety-four in all—seventy-two are co-operative and only twenty-two joint-stock. Societies of this sort have long since spread beyond the boundaries of their own native country. Holland possesses a cluster of remarkably active and exceedingly popular associations. Denmark has its own building societies, and Switzerland has formed some. They appear to answer everywhere.

It remains to inquire whether in all the practice here reviewed there is anything that we might do well to apply to our own case.

Everybody is agreed that we want many more working-men's dwellings. Everybody is furthermore agreed that the building of such is to a great extent a question of funds—funds upon which for the moment we do not know where to lay our hands. That is why people hopelessly suggest the interposition of County Councils and of the State. It cannot be contended that the local organisations for executing the work, such as we have seen rendering excellent service abroad, are not within our reach. We have them, in fact, ready to our hand. We may for the present purpose leave out of account both our useful building societies and those serviceable combinations of "philanthropy with 5 per cent." which both do a great amount of good work, but which are both fully able to find for themselves all the money that they require. Their action in this matter can, however, under any circumstances be only partial. But our local and municipal bodies are fully as well qualified, and as willing, to further the cause in hand as those of foreign lands. Our Trustee Banks could supply the same excellent work that is done abroad by "autonomous" and district banks. In respect of co-operative work we have, on the one hand, generous men of the wealthier classes helping the working-men to some little extent (only small) in such organisations as the Tenant Co-operators. On the other, we have the working-men themselves acting far more vigorously and on a much larger scale through their supply societies, laying out their millions to good effect—as may be seen in Leicester, Derby, Huddersfield, Rochdale, Desborough, and other places. We have furthermore co-operative societies like that of Woolwich, which is setting up thousands of cottages on its own account. We have the Edinburgh Peoples Bank, and since quite recently we have, as observed, a co-operative organisation, resembling the German building societies, which bids fair, by slow degrees, to revolutionise self-help activity in housing matters. And if all this is not enough, surely British ingenuity and practical sense will be able to devise something more. For the people whom we desire to help are certainly not wanting either in willingness or in ability to act together to good purpose by

methods with which long experience has made them thoroughly familiar.

The hitch occurs when we come to the point of funds. However, money of the kind required and available for the purpose we *have*, laid up in heaps that seem to defy exhaustion, if we could only open our eyes to see it. Leaving "stock investments" out of account—which are nothing but savings voluntarily converted into Consols—we have now about £190,000,000 accumulated on behalf of the Savings Banks in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners, with about eight or ten millions more pouring in every year. This money happens to be exceedingly welcome to the Treasury at the present moment, because there is the war account to settle. But only a short time ago we had Chancellors of the Exchequer wringing their hands in despair over the difficulty of finding employment for it. Even at a time when the total stood at less than half of its present figure, Mr. Goschen protested that he could do with no more money, that he did not want any more, that the Post Office must desist from its "ambition" to do the best that it could for the public, that by some means the inflow must be stopped. And even as recently as last March Sir Michael Hicks-Beach repeated his suggestion, already made at least once before, to the effect that national thrift, which has hitherto been generally considered a public benefit, and for the promotion, not the restriction, of which the Savings Banks were originally created and placed under the guardianship of the Treasury, must be rendered difficult by the adoption of a measure which is nothing but Malthusianism and Bradlaughism applied to finance, and which, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer assured the House of Commons, has "proved eminently successful" in France—to wit, the measure of reducing the maximum of individual deposit accounts so as to compel people to desist from saving and "sterilise" thrift. This is a curious proposal indeed to come from the spokesman of the office which has of its own motion claimed the custody of savings banks funds, ostensibly as a means of stimulating saving. Hercules, so it appears, can no longer support the burden of the world. Atlas, who could well support it, must not be allowed to do so. And so, rather than that Hercules should be inconvenienced, the world must come down.

Sir M. Hicks-Beach's assertion that the limitation of deposits has in France "proved eminently successful" is, in point of fact, wholly inaccurate—as inaccurate as is the companion statement put forward some months ago by the *Times* (which has never shown any partiality for savings banks from their first creation) to the effect that deposits had diminished very substantially in the French savings banks "because people prefer other investments." The diminution referred to is indeed painfully patent. But "preference" has had nothing whatever to do with it. The depositors have simply not been able

to help themselves. The French Parliament in 1895 passed a law which ordained that deposits must, willy nilly, be reduced by January 1, 1901, to a maximum of 1500 francs on each account. This law, so the French Minister of Commerce, M. Millerand, states in his last annual Report published (which applies to the year 1898), "*n'est pas sans sou-lever, de la part des déposants, d'assez vives objections.*" In fact every savings bank in the country has cried out against this measure more than once. And the *Conseil Supérieur des Caisses d'Epargne*, consisting of the foremost representatives of the Government, the two Chambers, and the savings banks, has again and again remonstrated with the Ministry, memorialising it as late as last year against allowing the law to take full effect, pointing out with all emphasis possible to it that the cause of thrift is being seriously damaged, and that it is even doubtful if under the new law the savings banks will be able to maintain themselves solvent, inasmuch as the small accounts necessarily involve a loss, which it requires a fair proportion of large accounts to balance. We have had the same thing stated here. In the course of the Parliamentary inquiry of 1858-59, Mr. Meikle, of the great Glasgow Savings Bank, showed that on all deposits under £8 his bank made a loss.

So much for the "eminent success" of the French measure, which is simply a myth.

The fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has so readily given credence to the misstatement seems to indicate to what extent he is still haunted by his nightmare of a year or two ago—of Consols being driven up by savings banks purchases to the "famine price" of 114, at which the National Debt Commissioners for a time naturally shrank from investing at all, so that in point of fact a certain loss was thereby incurred on account of the nation. With savings pouring in at the old rate of, say, £8,000,000 a year—or £10,000,000 when things go well—that nightmare may very conceivably return. For the hole made by the Transvaal war, big as it is, will some day be stopped. And then, if the national savings must still be invested in nothing but national securities—which, as Sir H. Fowler has pointed out, does not by any means necessarily add to their security—Consols will once more become precious, and Chancellors of the Exchequer and bankers will cry out once more against savings banks purchases and thrift, supposed loss (which is really substantial profit), and all the rest of it.

But, really, all the arguments put forward on behalf of this old one-security system are entirely beside the mark. Whatever it be to the Treasury, to the country the question of the investment of savings banks funds is a question, not of the convenience of the Treasury, but of the encouragement of thrift, the good of the depositors and of the country at large. Treasury want of money has absolutely nothing to do with it. No right of prescription can

attach to the abuse which has made of the Treasury, instead of an intended custodian, a monopolising usufructuary. It is perfectly right that the Treasury should raise its money as cheaply as it can—at 1 per cent. if that should be possible. But it does not follow that poor people, who have no other receptacle open for their savings than the savings banks, should be mulcted and deprived by a forcible levy upon their funds of the full interest obtainable in the market. The State interferes, professedly, not to fill its own pockets, but to put these poor folk on a level in this matter with their wealthier neighbours, who have bankers and stockbrokers of their own. Mr. Gladstone distinctly laid it down that these people should receive *as large a rate of interest as can be allowed without loss.* The Treasury has during its guardianship turned the savings banks to a very different use from what was intended. While speaking speciously of "losses"—which Mr. Gladstone has shown to have been, so far as they occurred at all, made up for "ten times over" by set-off gains—it has pocketed surpluses freely—no less than £1,600,000 within the twenty years 1876 to 1895—and employed its fiduciary authority as trustee for the deposit holders as a means for reducing the interest on Consols, to the depositors' loss, by agreeing *on their behalf* to the great Goschen conversion of 1888. Wherever there is no compulsory investment in Consols, nor Treasury guardianship, and accordingly no talk of reduced interest or lowered limit—deposits are, on the contrary, made welcome—we see thrift developing almost marvellously, to the joy of local statesmen. Thus in the kingdom of Saxony, which has about 4,000,000 inhabitants, there are now, thanks to attractive administration, no less than 2,000,000 savings bank depositors, that is, one in two of the population, as compared with our one in more than four, holding deposits at the rate of £10 per head of the population, as compared with our £4 10*s.* or not quite £5. And that leaves the savings deposited in the excellent co-operative banks of Saxony altogether unaccounted for. And yet no Saxon Chancellor of the Exchequer talks of the necessity of limiting the maximum. The Government, on the contrary, takes pride in the prosperity of its people.

Everybody now seems agreed—as almost everybody in 1897 was of the opposite opinion—that Consols alone are not a suitable investment for savings banks money. Chancellors of the Exchequer and their spokesmen still hold out sometimes against this maxim, on the ground that the money for which the Treasury makes itself liable must necessarily be under the Treasury's "control." Now, of Consols once launched on the market, the very last thing that can truthfully be said is that they are "under the Treasury's control." Once issued, they are obviously "under the control" of the market, which works its own sweet will upon them, very perversely—as it may appear to Chancellors of the Exchequer—driving them up to

"famine price" just when the National Debt Commissioners are compelled to buy them for investment (which is whenever money is flush and all the world is laying by) only to drop them below par when the National Debt Commissioners are obliged to sell, in order to meet withdrawals, because then money is scarce and everybody wants to realise. Apart from that, a pretension to "control" may be a very nice thing, but when it means buying at 112 in order to sell at 95—and that is how all losses sustained on savings banks account have actually arisen—it cannot be said to be profitable. Surely lending out where £100 lent must mean £100 returned is better business.

No doubt now, after the question has been adequately discussed and maturely considered, there will be no serious objection offered to what is currently spoken of as the "enlargement of the area of investment" for savings banks funds. The matter unfortunately becomes acute as the time approaches when (in 1903), under the Goschen conversion, Consols interest must drop from $2\frac{3}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and savings banks interest will, of course, under the present Consols system, have to follow suit, coming down presumably to 2 per cent.; which means, that not only about £1,000,000 a year will be taken from working-men depositors, but also that the "sweet simplicity" of $\frac{1}{2}d.$ per £ per month and $6d.$ per annum must cease.

War expense or no war expense, in the interest of our working-classes and of thrift we shall accordingly have to look out for some new investments, paying, if possible, a higher rate of interest. Now, if an investment can be shown which pays such interest without endangering the money, and which, besides paying it, does an immense amount of social and economic good in the bargain, surely that employment ought not only to be accepted, but favoured. Moreover, if Joseph Hume's familiar maxim—which says that "the money of the nation should fructify in the pockets of the people"—is applicable to any of the nation's money, assuredly it is specifically applicable to the money deposited in the savings banks, which is taken from working men and withdrawn from productive uses. Under Government compulsion we lay all these millions up unprofitably in a napkin. We use them to drive Consols up and keep them out of the hands of the capitalists who are eager to bid for them. In all this we lose sight altogether of the depositors' interest. Manifestly, if a legitimate working-men's want can be shown for such working-men's money, if a productive use can be provided for this money taken away from production, such employment ought to have the preference.

Are we not going to learn the lesson of conclusively satisfactory experience? There are openings in plenty. County Councils and other public bodies affording absolute security, pay for their loan

money a rate of interest which would enable the savings banks to keep up their old convenient rate to depositors, while still retaining a considerable portion of Consols in their possession, which it is, of course, desirable that they should have. Even the London County Council borrows, on an average, at as much as 3 per cent. The Local Loan Fund does not help such bodies, because it lends only to public authorities which are too feeble to contract loans for themselves. And, moreover, its amount is narrowly limited. Could the London County Council borrow from the savings banks at $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., both itself and the savings banks would be better off and the building of working-men's dwellings might be proceeded with in good earnest. Co-operative societies and co-operative building societies could afford to pay even more, up to 4 per cent. Now, a 4 per cent. loan would enable the savings bank to invest nearly four times the same amount in $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Consols and still maintain its deposit rate at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. There seems here, indeed, a great opportunity for doing good. Lord Salisbury complains that the want of proper dwellings makes working folk "Radical." Let him by the means here shown turn them into Conservatives! The new departure would, as has been made clear, be anything but "a leap in the dark." All the pioneer's work has, in fact, been done. The country to be cultivated has been explored, and the French, Belgian, and German Caleb and Joshua have brought back magnificent samples of fruit. Out of the £200,000,000 now accumulated in our savings banks one would say that £40,000,000 or £50,000,000 might perfectly well be loaned out for building working-men's dwellings at a rate of interest which would fully compensate the fall of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. which is to take place on Consols. If there should be difficulty about what is already invested, there is no reason why we should not begin with the new receipts. By degrees we should arrive at the same point. Never, one would say, has a fairer case offered for acceptance. It rests with the country to press it home, and it rests with the Government to earn for itself the gratitude of the working-classes of the entire nation by making this case its own.

Henry W. Wolff.

THE COMPULSORY EXPROPRIATION OF THE IRISH LANDLORDS.

A REJOINDER TO MR. T. W. RUSSELL.

MR. T. W. RUSSELL, Unionist Member for South Tyrone, and late Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board in the last Conservative Administration, may be said to have staked his political reputation on a scheme for the compulsory buying out of the Irish landlords. The scheme, which has for its object the handing over of the properties of the present landlords to the present tenants of Ireland, first made its appearance in the form of a manifesto in the Daily Press, and later, with more minutiæ of detail, in one of the leading London *Reviews*. Mr. Russell has apparently secured the tacit if not active support of the Irish Home Rule Members to his plan, and has, we presume, in addition at his back, not only the Ulster tenantry but those of the South of Ireland as well.

In this manifesto he informs us that he has come to the conclusion that in the compulsory purchase of the landlords' property by their Irish tenantry, to whom the Government is to advance the money enabling them to do so, and in the consequent creation thereby of single as opposed to dual ownership of land, which at present pertains, lies the panacea for the whole of the ills of Ireland. Further, that his intention is to devote the rest of his political career to the consummation of this new-found policy, which has for its object the compulsory expropriation of the whole of the present owners of land in Ireland in favour of the present occupiers. Like others, who have staked their political career on the attainment of some ideal policy of their own, Mr. Russell appears quite blind to arguments against the practicability of his own pet scheme, feeling doubtless that it behoves him to go ahead and carry out his own plan at all costs, whether he be proved to have been mistaken or not in the ultimate effects which his policy may entail on the future.

And we propose here to examine his scheme, in order to try and realise what effect it would have if passed into law, not in Ireland only but also with regard to the whole relationship of the land with the people of Great Britain as well, before committing ourselves irrevocably to so drastic and far-reaching a measure as the total

extinction of the present landlord class and the substitution therefor of another and far more numerous and far more conservative kind of landowner in its place.

It is true that many in Ireland, and in this country too, have come to the conclusion that dual ownership of land is a mistake, holding that the man who tills the land should be the absolute owner as well. But what we have yet to learn is, *why* if this is such a good thing for Ireland should it not be an equally good thing for the rest of Great Britain as well? The relationship between landlord and tenant in Ireland in these latter days has, we agree, in most cases become so strained that a dissolution of partnership in the interests of both appears to be the only remedy left. But this does not necessarily imply that the English people are desirous of taking forcible possession of the property of the Irish landlords *at a ruinous price* to the seller, and at a more or less "prairie value," and handing it over in perpetuo to the present tenants of Ireland who happen to be in possession, be they good, bad, or indifferent agriculturists, but who, according to Mr. Russell's scheme, are to constitute the sole possessors of Irish land in the future to the exclusion of all other classes of the community. Nor does it follow that such a proceeding, if carried out, would necessarily conduce to that permanent peace in Ireland which his scheme is professedly designed to bring about. For Mr. Russell's scheme concerns itself solely in the interests of the present occupiers of Irish land, that is to say, of a single class, who, by the merest luck, happen to be the men who were tenants during the late agitations in Ireland for the abolition of landlords and rent, and to the total exclusion of all other classes; but which classes may, presumably, in the course of time develop an appetite and desire for the cultivation of the land as well as the present tenants. Thus would his scheme, if carried out, as likely as not result in the very same troubles over again, so soon, that is, as the present tenant class, whom he wishes to plant permanently on the land, have become the owners in fee-simple, which they will do at the termination of the period given them for repayment of capital and interest, which is to be advanced to them to buy the landlords out, and who, for all we know to the contrary, will then form the future race of Irish landlords.

In attempting to justify his scheme for compulsory purchase, Mr. Russell tells us that "the Land Courts work so slowly that the effect of the Land Purchase scheme is almost annulled." He instances a case in point of a tenant who, having bought his farm under the Ashbourne Acts, is living side by side with another tenant who has had his rent merely "fixed judicially" by the Land Court in the ordinary way for a period of fifteen years. "The former pays very much less per annum than he did in rent before he bought outright, which amount, moreover, is still further reduced as the

capital and interest are paid off, while at the end of forty-nine years he is actually rent free, and becomes the owner of his land in fee-simple. The other tenant, who had his rent fixed 'judicially' by the Land Courts, though paying less rent than formerly, pays far more than his next-door neighbour, who has purchased his farm under the Voluntary Purchase Acts of 1891." "This," Mr. Russell very rightly remarks, "is bound to foster friction and discontent, and lead eventually to an agitation in favour of reducing judicially fixed rents to the level of the new Government Annuities."

But here at the outset we join issue with him, and deny that his scheme of compulsion is the only way of getting out of the difficulty caused by the congestion in the Land Courts, and consequent slow working of the Purchase Acts in Ireland. For we see no reason at all why the friction complained of between the two sets of tenants, those who have bought and those who have not, should not with equal facility be removed through the extension of the voluntary system of purchase as at present in force in Ireland. Mr. Russell himself admits that the congestion of work in the Land Courts, and the consequent delay in their judicial decisions, is mainly responsible for the friction, whereby a tenant who may want to buy and a landlord who may want to sell are unable to complete the transaction for years because the Courts are blocked by excess of work, and on which in consequence they cannot possibly adjudicate for many months or even years.

Would not, then, the action of the Courts be at once greatly hastened if the Government, recognising the exigencies of the case and the great importance of settling the present strained relationship between landlord and tenant, once and for all, were to make a rule that in all cases where landlord and tenant came to an agreement to sell and buy, a sum equivalent to at least twenty-five years' purchase of the judicial rents should be immediately advanced to the tenants, without further irritating delay in the Land Courts, to buy the landlord out? Landlords who were wavering might thus be induced to sell, and it would then be no longer necessary to thresh out the supposed value of the land in the Courts first of all, which, as all who are acquainted with the facts of the case in Ireland are well aware, it has been impossible for the Courts really to ascertain with any degree of fairness to the landlord. The necessary delay caused in seeking to do this, and the law expenses thereby entailed, together with the enormous mass of work to be got through by the Land Courts, and the increasing expense of keeping the latter going, would in consequence be greatly diminished and kept in check. And in the event of the rent not having been already settled judicially by the Land Courts, either twenty-five years' purchase of the old rent or twenty-five years' purchase of the average rent for the past thirty years, might be given to the landlord. Even if the total amount, in individual cases, were

more than the land were worth at the time, it would be well worth the difference to this country if it were to bring about the completion of the Purchase Acts in Ireland, which have already been at work over fifteen years, and which the Land Courts during all that time have proved themselves quite unable to cope with, and give effect to, in the case of half the purchases applied for. Thus would the question of a limited tenant proprietorship be settled, in all probability, on terms satisfactory to both parties. And it could, we think, be easily shown that if the time were extended in which the tenant was to repay the capital and interest lent him by the Government, he (the tenant) would have very little more to pay for the additional years' purchase given to the landlord; while the Government itself, instead of losing, could easily be shown to be an actual gainer, not only in the satisfactory settlement of the question for this generation at least, but in hard cash as well.

If, as opposed to Mr. Russell's scheme of compulsion, the Government were prepared to advance a sufficient number of years' purchase to the tenants to *induce* the landlords to sell, without ruination to themselves; and give them a stated number of years' purchase on a basis calculated to repay them fully, not only for loss of income but also for loss of landed interests and previous stake in the country, and the many privileges which the possession of large landed property carries with it, and of all of which they are to be summarily deprived in the interests of their country and this; that, surely, would be the quickest and best way of settling the Land Question in Ireland?

But we must own ourselves quite unable to see why the present tenants alone should be made landowners, to the exclusion of all other classes, which Mr. Russell's scheme aims at doing. We think rather that the sale and purchase of land in Ireland should be left perfectly free to all alike. If the dead-lock in the Land Courts is to be relieved, and the Land Question settled finally in this generation, *at least twenty-five years' purchase* of the rents should be given to the landlords; otherwise, they cannot possibly be expected to sell except at a ruinous loss to themselves. And unquestionably in such a case as the present one, the Government would do wisely to act in a liberal and generous spirit, recognising that the loss of large landed interests is itself worth a great deal, even if not so much to many of the landlords, as is the actual loss of rent. And the voluntary mode of settlement would be infinitely fairer to landlord and tenant than could Mr. Russell's scheme, with its crude and unstatesmanlike methods, as expounded in his recent manifesto, ever be. Let us, however, examine his manifesto a little closer.

Introductory to the scheme, Mr. Russell informs us that "England has failed altogether to find the way to win the heart of Ireland," and adds: "First let the Government of Ireland be

broad-based on the people's will." But here we would ask him in all seriousness, How can this ever be, when and so long as Home Rule, pure and simple, constitutes the most essential demand of the Irish people? Does he mean to give expression to a desire that this request should be granted them, broad-based as it undoubtedly appears to be, on the majority of the people's will in Catholic Ireland? But, indeed, his scheme for turning the present tenants of Ireland into landowners would seem to point to his ultimately embracing Home Rule himself; for he tells us that "those who have already bought take little or no interest in politics at all." And we may therefore presume that, when all the present tenant class have been created lords of the soil by Mr. Russell, he will find in "a peaceful and law-abiding country" a strong reason for giving them Home Rule; and we may shortly thereafter expect to hear of another Mr. Russell turning up and demanding total separation from England, on the plea that "there are now no Protestants left in the country, and therefore no argument left against granting self-government to the Roman Catholic majority in Ireland." We mention this merely to show that it does not at all follow that Mr. Russell's scheme, if granted and carried out, would necessarily be a final solution of the Irish Land Question.

To proceed, however, with our examination of the manifesto: "Let the Government" (he says) "govern Ireland as the people of England and Scotland are governed, that is, *not for a class* but for the whole country as well." . . . But again we ask, Has it ever occurred to him that giving the monopoly of the land of Ireland *to one particular class*, as he proposes to do, to the total exclusion of all other classes, is *not governing for the whole country at all*, but simply in the interests of a set of men who happen by the purest luck to constitute the present tenant class of Ireland. For there must be a large number in Ireland who, for years probably, have desired to try their hand at agriculture, but who, through want of a start and lack of means only, have been unable to gratify their wish and try their luck as farmers. Why should this class be for ever, or at any rate for a lifetime, debarred from a share in this great land boom and from the generous help of the State? Why should the present tenants alone, to the exclusion of all other classes in Ireland, derive benefit from the easy advances to be made by the State to start them on the land? Those who, for years perhaps, have been competing for a piece of ground, are to go hungry away, because forsooth, the law-breaking and Protestant-hating tenants under the present régime in Ireland are to be placed in perpetual occupation of the land. If Mr. Russell's scheme, excluding as it does all other classes of the community except the present race of tenants from participating in the benefits of State-aid, were to be carried out, it would soon become a question

whether the total nationalisation of the land, not in Ireland only but in the whole of Great Britain as well, in the interests of all classes alike, would not be a fairer thing for all, than is this extraordinary scheme of his for the endowment in perpetuo of one class with the land, to the exclusion of all others, and which he has sprung suddenly on the country at the beginning of this New Century.

Now there can be little doubt that Mr. Russell, in his recent manifesto, has gone a good deal further than others have ever dared to do before, in his attack on the incomes and rent and capital value of estates in Ireland. For we recollect Mr. Gladstone himself, with all his great and varied knowledge of finance, and who well knew what he was talking about, making use of these memorable words—"*Once the power of fixing rents is taken from the landlords and vested in the State, the capital value will be greatly increased.*" And he estimated, at that time, that the average years' purchase he considered fair was twenty years. But it must be remembered, even then, that Mr. Gladstone was speaking at a time long before the rents had actually been cut down by the Land Courts, whose ruthless and systemless slicing off of the landlords' property, *since that time*, has long astonished those who fully realised what the Commissioners were doing. And it was spoken, moreover, long before the Courts had commenced their *second fifteen-year term* of rent reductions, which has resulted in a general average reduction all over Ireland of 50 per cent. or more. Further, he spoke at a time when the general rate of interest was very much higher than it is now.

To continue, however: Mr. Russell further informs us that "the tenants are dissatisfied with the reductions made by the Land Courts," though he himself is obliged to own these were 42 per cent. of the old rents, taking the rent as it stood in 1880 and comparing it with the rent as fixed by the Commissioners for the second statutory period. And this estimate of reduction, which he makes, is really far below the actual average reductions made in the rents over the whole of Ireland; for, as a matter of fact, taking the South of Ireland into consideration as well as the North, and which Mr. Russell has probably forgotten, or perhaps intentionally neglected to do, we find that the reductions made by the Land Courts are much nearer 50 per cent., and in individual cases even 70 per cent., than the 42 per cent. claimed by Mr. Russell. Taking, therefore, his statement in conjunction with that of Mr. Gladstone's, we can but see how little real value there is in it, and such statements merely serve to prove that the more we do for the Irish tenants the more the agitators clamour for more.

Speaking generally, Mr. Russell's scheme, if carried out, would entail absolute ruin on the great majority of the present Irish

landlords; and assenting to it would be downright robbery on our part. Those few landlords, perhaps, whose income reaches £40,000 to £60,000 per annum might possibly be but little affected by the loss of £5000 or even £10,000 per annum from their rents, especially if they were compensated for the loss of it by a lucrative Government appointment, intended to disarm their opposition and keep them quiet. These few may, to a certain extent, be said to have got their *quid pro quo.* But what of the others, and those the majority, whose incomes have been reduced from a few thousands, perhaps, to a bare hundred or so, or from a few hundreds to nothing at all; or to what, after deducting charges, law expenses, jointures, and mortgages, &c., comes to what is practically nothing at all, and may even constitute a deficit? Would any other class in existence in the United Kingdom, or elsewhere, permit itself to be despoiled thus, and in such a wholesale fashion? We doubt it. And ignoring these facts as he does, Mr. Russell undoubtedly gives some show of reason to the invective of those who have described his manifesto as "either the hallucination of a self-deceived enthusiast or the vindictive plotting of an unscrupulous demagogue."

Proceeding further to justify his scheme, Mr. Russell says: "We have spent £100,000,000 in turning South Africa into a wilderness, why not lend Ireland the same as a guarantee of peace?" Very good this, and excellent the sentiment. But *does* his scheme promise anything more than the most temporary and illusive peace? For we prefer to make sure of this before committing ourselves irrevocably to so drastic and far-reaching a policy as the compulsory removal of one class of landlord and the substitution therefor of what will probably prove to be another and far more conservative kind of landlord, entails, and before we can take this particular scheme of Mr. Russell's as the final solution of the Irish Land Question, which he would have us believe it to be. If Mr. Russell really wished his scheme to be a success, he has certainly gone the wrong way to work to get the landlords on his side, and without whose support there would be very little prospect of its success. These he refers to in his manifesto as "noxious weeds who have poisoned the national life of the country, done England's dirty work for her, and as those for whom she has no further work to do, but lay down their arms and march quietly out of the fortress." We doubt very much, however, whether the English people entertain any such vindictive sentiments towards a class of men who, whatever their faults (and who has none?), have proved themselves good and useful friends to the Government of England, either Liberal or Conservative, in helping to carry on the work of Irish Government, when the late Queen's writ would not run. Does Mr. Russell expect the present class of Irish landlords to remain in the country after they have been despoiled of their incomes and position? And,

if he does, are they to be prohibited for generations from the ordinary rights of free Englishmen to buy and sell land?

Now his statement that "With the exception of a mere handful of landlords, all are agreed on his scheme of compulsory expropriation" is an utterly false one. But even *if* all in Ireland, as he would have us believe, are agreed on the desirability of *single* as opposed to *dual* ownership of the land, that, surely, is a very different thing to their being in favour of compelling the present owners to accept what is practically little less than the "prairie value" of their properties, and means certain ruination to them. And in saying so he entirely ignores the inherent sense of fair play and love of justice in the English character. Moreover, when he puts before this country the project of buying out the landlords at no loss to the public, but at a price which, as everyone who knows the real facts of the case is well aware, must entail the ruin of the majority of landlords, he reckons possibly without his host. For it is more than doubtful if England will ever consent, through her representatives in Parliament, to entirely throw over a class who have supported her loyally and well in face of the hostile Roman Catholic phalanx arrayed against her in Ireland, and who are admittedly watching for the Protestant downfall in that country and this. And whatever the enemies of the Irish landlords may say to the contrary, England knows well that as magistrates and members of the Grand Juries they have always upheld the law in a fair and impartial spirit. Nor are these things forgotten quite so easily as Mr. Russell appears to think, by a justice-loving and law-abiding country such as this is. England knows well these duties were carried out in a very different spirit than would have been the case if the Roman Catholic majority had been successful in gaining Home Rule for Ireland, for it is not in the religion or nature of the latter to deal impartially with their opponents.

Mr. Russell's scheme, then, is far too crude, vague, and unstatesmanlike in its conception, for any fair-minded man to believe in. He is quite right, however, in saying that "the Land Courts of Ireland are distrusted by landlord and tenant alike," and that the "present state of things cannot go on much longer." This all are agreed on. But when he goes on to say that "The landlords have presumably been satisfied with seventeen years' purchase of their rents, which he assumes because they have acted voluntarily and under no compulsion in selling," he makes another utterly false and wilful misstatement of fact. For he himself has previously told us that "Purchase in Ireland has not been a success," giving as the reason that "The landlords refuse to sell at less than twenty years' purchase of their rents, or to take 3 per cent. for their money when they can get 5 per cent." Moreover, he has further explained to us that "The few landlords who have sold under the Purchase Acts

only consented to sell because they could not help themselves; and because they were obliged to do so from pecuniary motives"; also that "those who have sold at seventeen years' purchase of their rents only did so to get out of an impossible position, being glad to get out of Ireland at almost any cost, even at great loss to themselves, if only they had independent means enabling them to do so." And yet, after telling us this, he has the effrontery to say "The landlords are evidently satisfied with seventeen years' purchase because they sold voluntarily and not under compulsion." Another very misleading statement he makes when he tells us "The landlords have already been given a bonus by the Government when they were relieved of a portion of the poor rates." Now the amount of this rebatement was roughly some £300,000 per annum, and this Mr. Russell, conveniently to his scheme, capitalises, and calls a bonus of £6,000,000. This bonus, he tells us, was given the landlords to ensure the successful working of the County Councils in Ireland, and was, in fact, of the nature of a bribe or sop to obtain their hitherto unwilling assent to the passing and working of Local Government in Ireland. It may be true to a certain extent that the opposition of a few of the more wealthy landlords was softened, as before mentioned, by the solace of Government favour, but the great bulk of the landlords could never have agreed to accept as a bribe a measure which, if it put a few pounds into their pockets with the one hand, took it out promptly again to the amount of many thousands of pounds with the other, in the Irish Land Courts. Such a statement is too flimsy and transparent for any one comfortably to assimilate. Those few landlords, as explained above, whose rents vary from £15,000 perhaps to £30,000, and in a few isolated cases from that to £60,000 per annum, and the number of whom we could easily count on our two hands, might perhaps have been able to afford to acquiesce in a reduction of their incomes in the interests of their party; possibly, too, without any great inconvenience to themselves either. And if the assent of these few landlords is what Mr. Russell means by "the landlords consenting," he may be right in these few individual and exceptional cases. But it is a very different thing, and altogether another question, for those whose incomes, originally a few thousands perhaps, have been reduced by the Land Courts to a few hundreds, or even less than that. And on the face of it, his insinuation that the landlords as a whole acquiesced in a compromise with the Government with regard to the rebatement of the poor rates, is a most misleading and fallacious one. Nor should it be forgotten either, in connection with any rebatement of *tithes*, that the landlords of Ireland have still to pay tithes for a Church which is no longer established, whether they like it or not. And we would like to know in the interests of fair play, why it should take the payment down of from twenty to twenty-five years' purchase of the annual tithes'

charge, should the landlord be desirous of redeeming it, whereas if the unfortunate landlord asks for twenty-five years' purchase of *his* property, before it is taken compulsorily from him, he is scouted by such men as Mr. Russell and denounced as a robber.

Again, Mr. Russell tells us "As bad seasons come round, as they undoubtedly will, there can be no manner of doubt that the cry everywhere for a reduction from the judicial rent to the level of the State Annuities will be general." But what does this prove, except the futility of giving sops to an agitation with a view merely to keeping agitators quiet? "Property," continues Mr. Russell, "in England and Scotland is one thing, in Ireland it is quite another, and a very different thing." But we ask, *why?* In both cases it was probably bought originally in hard cash by the present owners or their ancestors, or was given them in fair exchange for service rendered the State. And why is Ireland to be held different in this respect from the rest of the United Kingdom? Landlords cannot be said to be greater robbers in Ireland than in England, or elsewhere; more especially when the paternal Government in Ireland has itself stepped in already and *fixed the rents which they call "fair."* And if we look far enough back, grants of land were given to all by the State, and were, in most cases, undoubtedly, in fair exchange for service done, or supposed to have been done, to the country. And if Mr. Russell replies, "Yes, but in those days many such grants were given for personal service done to some monarch," we answer, Even if this be so, the English people had the chance during the Commonwealth times, had they wished to take it, of insisting on the general all-round nationalisation of the land. But inasmuch as they did not insist on it when the opportunity occurred, the *presumption*, at any rate, is, that the sytem of dual ownership has up till the present time commended itself to the democracy of England as being the best plan under all circumstances. *If*, in the future, the English people make up their minds that the State shall own the whole of the land of the United Kingdom in trust for those who want to live by it, *that* would (to use Mr. Russell's own expression) be quite another and a very different thing. But that day and that demand, though they may not be as far off as some think, have apparently not yet arrived. And until they do, we ask in the name of all that is fair and right, *why should any compulsion be exercised on the owners of Irish land alone*, to force them to sell their properties *at a dead loss;* the more so now that the Government through the Land Courts has itself fixed the rent which the tenant is to pay? What is sauce for the English goose should surely be sauce for the Irish gander as well. Says Mr. Russell, "The success of the Purchase Acts makes it quite impossible to leave things as they are. For instance, a farmer has his rent fixed by the Sub-Commissioners; the landlord then, perhaps, appeals against the decision,

and in self-defence the tenant must do likewise. Two or three years after the decision of the case by the Sub-Commissioners, the case is heard by the Chief Commissioners. The Chief Commissioners instead of discouraging litigation have fostered it, to the detriment alike of landlord and tenant. Thus the whole country lives in a perpetual state of lawsuit." . . . Here we entirely agree with him; as for many years now, the only class which, without fear of contradiction, may be said to have thriven in Ireland, is that of the lawyer. And this, too, in a country the least able to afford expensive law costs. "There are," Mr. Russell continues, "350,000 occupying tenants in Ireland, 300,000 of whom are under the landlords. The 50,000 occupying owners who have bought, have done so at a cost of £17,000,000. These have no arrears behind them, and not a single one on the County Guarantee Fund. Contrast this with the position of the other class who remain under the landlords. The 300,000 tenants are paying £1 per acre with no prospect of being anything but rent-payers. But under the Purchase Acts, the tenant who has bought, gets a first reduction of 6*s.* in the pound; after ten years the reduction becomes 8*s.* in the pound; then, 10*s.*; and, finally, 12*s.* in the pound. So that the occupying owner is getting for 8*s.* what the tenant under the landlord is getting for £1; the one with the fee simple within his grasp, the other with nothing but interminable rent-paying. How long can this state of things last?" He gives a further instance in the case of a tenant who holds land at a rent of £100 per annum, and which he holds on a judicially fixed lease, his next door neighbour having bought at fourteen years' purchase. He asks us to consider the fate of these two men. "The man who bought has his rent reduced to £70 per annum, but in the meantime the man who has not bought, but is the judicial leaseholder, goes on plodding away to pay his rent of £100 per annum, and is no nearer being the ultimate owner of his farm. In the twelve years, therefore, this man will have paid nearly £300 more than the man who has bought, but is no nearer being the owner of the land than he ever was."

But is this not a further overwhelming and convincing proof that if once the rights of property in Ireland, or elsewhere, are destroyed *without full and ample compensation*, there is really no limit to the continued process of slicing off, which may afterwards be found to be necessary, provided sufficient agitation be got up to make it tolerably sure of attention? And the above arguments of Mr. Russell might equally well be made to apply to any tradesman in England or elsewhere, who from one cause or another is unable to make his business pay.

Mr. Russell's scheme briefly stated is as follows: The tenant is to give the landlord seventeen years' purchase of the judicial rent, to which is to be added another year's purchase, which he calls a bonus,

but which in reality would be more truthfully described as "a conscientious sop for confiscations" on the part of Mr. Russell. "The Government," in consideration of the enormous benefit accruing to it through being thus enabled to get rid of the Irish Land Question for all time, is in its generosity "to come forward and give yet another year's purchase of the rent," this time by way of bonus to both landlord and tenant. In the result, so far as we can see, the landlord is to get the lordly sum of nineteen years' purchase. It strikes us forcibly that if the landlords were to get fewer of Mr. Russell's bonuses and a little more fair play, they would fare very much better. This magnificent scheme, so plausible in theory, would in practice affect the landlord as follows: A tenant, for instance, whose rent had been cut down from £100 per annum to £60 per annum by the Land Courts, would give the landlord the sum of £1140, which at 3 per cent. would bring him the grand sum of less than £35 per annum in place of his original £100 per annum as in 1881. Mr. Russell quite forgets, or wilfully omits to mention, that out of this sum has to come heavy legal expenses entailed in the transaction itself, family charges, jointures, &c., together with any mortgages there may be on the property, but which must all be satisfied before the unfortunate landlord can use one penny of the purchase money. Most of the charges, too, were probably levied and arranged for, when the property was worth double what it is now, since the Commissioners and lawyers have been at work slicing and frittering it away in the Land and Law Courts respectively. Moreover, the charges were, as a general rule, placed on the property when the general rate of interest was far higher than it is now.

"My plan," continues Mr. Russell, "is simple, the result sure, and can be carried out without the loss of a single penny to the State. . . . The Government will lend the tenants £90,000,000, and give a bonus of £10,000,000, to both landlord and tenant, of the remaining £10,000,000, which makes up the total of the £100,000,000 required. . . . The whole of both sums will be repaid, capital and interest, in seventy-three years at 3½ per cent. . . . If, then, the Government lend the tenant the money at 3½ per cent. it will have completed a profitable undertaking, and have benefited as well to the amount of one half per cent., which is equivalent to the sum of £400,000 each year on a capital of £90,000,000. . . . The interest on the bonus of £10,000,000 will be at 3½ per cent., and will amount to £350,000. . . . Therefore, the Chancellor of the Exchequer by granting the bonus would lose nothing, but would on the contrary gain to the amount of £10,000,000, and would save the costs of the Land Courts as well."

Let us see how this would affect the landlord. Suppose the rent to be £1000 per annum, the landlord would be given nineteen years' purchase, or £19,000. This if invested at 3 per cent., which is

more than he gets now in interest from the Government under the present Purchase Acts, would bring him in the magnificent income of £570 per annum, out of which must first of all come all the charges on the property mentioned above. Mr. Russell explains that, under his beneficent scheme, the landlord's income "would be £15 per annum higher than it is under the judicial system of purchase as at present"; and this magnificent bribe he appears to think will compensate the landlords for loss of land and home and other privileges naturally attaching to large landed proprietors, but which his rough and ready scheme apparently never contemplates, or, at any rate, calmly ignores. "The advantages to the tenant," says Mr. Russell, "are even greater than to the landlord." This we can readily believe. He then proceeds to prove this as follows: "If the tenant's rent is £20 per annum, and he gives the latter eighteen years' purchase of this, the amount of the purchase money is £360, which sum he borrows from the Government and pays back, capital and interest, at the rate of 3½ per cent., or £12 12s. per annum, or at about 35 per cent. reduction on what he paid before." . . . Certainly the tenant's fate under the scheme is a kinder one than that of the landlord, for the former gets his income increased together with a position he had not before, while the latter loses both.

"His scheme," he tells us, "he considers will be acceptable to both landlord and tenant," and then goes on to argue—"The credit of the country will be greatly increased under it, as it would become attractive to capitalists, thus assuring peace and prosperity." . . . This, however, is more than doubtful; for once the Protestant classes are driven out of the country, as they would be under his scheme, no one would care to place their capital in it, to be eventually commandeered, perhaps, by the Pope or his emissaries for the benefit of the Church of Rome. Besides, what security would any one have that another Mr. Russell or one of his descendants would not arise in his might, a few years hence, and suggest buying out the second lot of Irish landlords, viz., his protégés, the present Irish tenants?

Mr. Gladstone gave it as his opinion that *land could be bought out if necessary in Ireland, without loss to the owner, on terms fair to all concerned, and without loss to the State.* But he made it a *sine qua non* that it should be *fair to the landlords.*

Now when Mr. Russell alludes to these as "Noxious weeds who have cursed the country and poisoned its national life," we are really at a loss to understand him. For, as mentioned before, England is not likely to forget altogether the good service rendered her by those men who, in the bad days, performed most of the magisterial business of the country, and who had, in consequence, literally to carry their lives in their hands. And we greatly mistake the English character if there is any feeling of the kind attributed to them by Mr. Russell

with regard to the Irish landlords. And alluding to them in the language he does, he is unconsciously doing the best thing possible to defeat his own hare-brained scheme for compulsory sale.

Then he asks, "Whether the ordinary Englishman has ever inquired how it is that with two such conservative influences as the Church of Rome and an almost purely agricultural population, Ireland has been so constantly disturbed?" Well, if the English public take any interest at all in Mr. Russell's scheme, which we doubt, it is more than likely they are meditating over the very queries we have put to him here with regard to the benefits to be derived by the classes *other than* the tenants, under his scheme. But we fail to see how he can expect much interest to be taken in a scheme by the English public, which professes to favour one class of the Irish population at the expense of the others.

Again, agitators of this kind, of which Mr. Russell may be said to have proved himself the very latest and most up-to-date pattern, with their quack nostrums for the peace of Ireland, are altogether to blame for the disturbing and disquieting influences of which he complains. To them, without doubt, is due the fact that the more we do for the Irish tenants the more they clamour for further slices off the landlords' properties. And this the English people must have perceived for themselves for some time now. And if the predominance of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, described by Mr. Russell in such eulogistic terms as that "highly conservative influence," is his idea of giving peace to Ireland, we prefer not to have it on any terms whatever. The kind of peace that would bring to Ireland, is one in which the Roman Catholic priesthood would dominate the entire country to the total extinction of the Protestant element. The present admixture of this element in the South of Ireland, small as it is, may be regarded as a very wholesome one, and we should be sorry to see it suppressed or squeezed out. What men of Mr. Russell's type can never understand, is, that, even if the landlords *are* given twenty years' purchase of their properties, great loss will be entailed on them even then; nor do they realise either that they are attempting to set up another and a second set of landlords in place of the present ones. They seem absolutely unable or unwilling to grasp the fact, that the men they are seeking to despoil lose not only their incomes but their homes and interests as well. These things, little thought of by them, will nevertheless probably weigh with the British electorate, who after all are the final arbiters. It is no exaggeration to say that many properties were originally bought by their owners at thirty, and in some cases even at forty years' purchase. Why then should they be asked or expected to part with them for nineteen or twenty years' purchase to a set of (what are undoubtedly for the most part) ignorant farmers, *at a dead loss to themselves*, merely to satisfy Mr. Russell's predatory

instincts? It is probable that if the landlords were given thirty years' purchase of the judicial rents it would be no more than was fair, and that anything under this means a serious loss to them.

With regard to the money required by the Government to buy out the landlords under his scheme, Mr. Russell says: "There are still £26,000,000 worth of credit remaining under Mr. Balfour's Act of 1891. Add £100,000,000 to this and the transaction will be complete. The danger of loss is practically non-existent and the reward a 'peaceful conservative Ireland.'" But again, we repeat, *if* Mr. Russell's peaceful conservative Ireland means the elimination of the Protestant element and the handing of the country over to the rule of the Pope, *any price* is too high for even such a miraculous scheme as his purports to be.

Such then are his proposals with regard to the compulsory buying out of Irish landlords.

Now, without doubt, what the present tenant occupiers in Ireland understand by the compulsory buying out of the landlords, is, that the landlords shall be compelled to sell to the tenants on their (the tenants') own terms. The terms proposed by Mr. Russell on their behalf must mean ruin to the great bulk of the present landowners of Ireland. It is the virtual confiscation of their property without adequate compensation, and the granting of Home Rule to Ireland could hardly be worse for them than would this "judicial robbery" embodied in Mr. Russell's scheme. In many cases, where the rents have been reduced in a wholesale and wanton way, it is well known that the Sub-Commissioners are men from the North of Ireland, with preconceived antipathies to the whole race of landlords. And, unfortunately, Mr. Balfour made it impossible to interfere in cases where flagrant injustice has been meted out to them, by once remarking, on a question addressed to him on the subject in the House of Commons, "It is not possible or right to interfere with the acts of the Commissioners." This surely was a fatal admission to make on the part of a responsible Minister, for it might with equal force and reason be made to apply if the question the Commissioners had to decide had been the sweeping away of rents altogether. The hard thing is that, as things are at present, the rents are reduced entirely in the *tenants' interests*. It would be just as fair, in fact, were the law to step in and legislate in favour of tenants and farmers in England, who had lost their money through bad farming, idleness, or bad speculation of any kind, apart from the land altogether.

Again, we would like to ask Mr. Russell something more about the new set of landowners he proposes to set up. Is a law to be passed preventing a man selling his own property at will? If so, what is to become of the many "would be" landowners outside the present tenantry? What, again, of the labouring classes?

Or, what is to be the procedure where one relation rents land from another relation and does not wish to buy? And where does compulsion come in here? Is no letting of land to be permitted in the future at all? If it is not, then it would be most unfair, for no other classes but the present tenantry could take up farming as a means of livelihood. And if it were, what is to prevent wealthy men under his scheme buying up all their poorer neighbours, and starting a new landlordism on their own account, and under the full sanction of the Pope? *What indeed is to prevent His Holiness of Rome eventually owning the whole of Ireland?*

Mr. Michael Davitt, recognised even by his enemies and those who do not agree with him in politics, as one of the most open and sincere of Home Rule politicians, has used words pregnant with meaning, and full of disquiet for the future, if any scheme like that of Mr. Russell's is ever successful in Ireland. These are his words: "The labourers of Ireland in town or country, must, if true to their own best interests and those of the nation, resist all attempts to create a tenant-landlordism as an anticlimax to the national fight for the abolition of the entire landlord system. Those are the tenants' best friends who warn him of what will happen if he is induced by the absconding landlord to purchase what will not free him from the taxes which the State is certain to exact from the land hereafter." And Mr. Russell, though a professed Unionist, appears to be playing into Mr. Davitt's hands, and taking the shortest route to Home Rule in Ireland, whether he intends it or not. For, once the landlords are bought out under his scheme, there will be no argument left for Unionists to employ against the granting of it. But is it possible Mr. Russell *is* a Home Ruler in disguise after all? Has he conceivably some secret understanding with Mr. Redmond, the present leader of the Party, with a view to obtaining the reversionship of the Chancellorship of the Irish Exchequer in a future Home Rule Parliament under the Premiership of Messrs. Redmond or Healy?

Having thus attempted to show that Mr. Russell's scheme for the compulsory expropriation of the Irish landlords, is not calculated to give anything but the most transient and illusive peace to Ireland, and that Mr. Davitt, the most influential of Home Rule politicians in Ireland—one, too, who exercises the greatest influence in America, and consequently over the purse-strings of the party—is practically pledged to defeat any scheme for making the present tenants owners of their land, *what, it may be said, do you propose to substitute for it?*

Now, it is admitted by all, that the present congestion in the Land Courts is demoralising in the extreme to both landlord and tenant alike, and it is clear that this must be remedied as soon as possible. But the fact which appears to stand out so prominently before all else is this, viz.: *If any scheme for the final settlement*

of the Irish Land Question is ever to be a success, the first and most essential thing is that it shall be one which will satisfy the landlords as well as the tenants. But this will never be the case under any scheme of compulsion. Mr. Russell's scheme lies through compulsion. Ours is voluntary, and aims at relieving the congestion in the Land Courts and promoting the consummation of the present Purchase Acts, *through inducing the landlords, who are now hesitating,* to sell; not at a price which means more or less ruin to them, and the fear of which is now preventing them from doing so; but through assuring them that they will obtain full compensation for loss of lands and position and previous stake in the country, which they are now asked to resign. Thus would many, who now hesitate, avail themselves of the opportunity of getting out of a position they are heartily wearied of, and in which, do what they will, they cannot regain the affection of the tenantry. And thus, and thus only, can we expect to see the present congestion in the Land Courts relieved.

We believe this result can be brought about by the Government, in all cases where the tenant wants to buy and the landlord is not averse to sell, advancing to the tenant at once, without further inquiry by the Land Courts as to what the exact value of the land may be, the sum of *at least twenty-five years' purchase of the existing rents,* lending the money to the tenants so that capital and interest shall be repaid over a somewhat longer period than Mr. Russell has proposed, which we understand is seventy-three years. This would induce many landlords to sell, and would have this enormous advantage, viz., that it would no longer be necessary to keep up an expensive Land Court and system, which alone absorbs some quarter of a million sterling per annum to keep in working order, and which at present attempts to settle the value of the farm before the question of purchase can be even entertained. In the voluntary plan, the tenant, if the period for repayment be prolonged to, say, ninety years, need of course pay no more than he would under Mr. Russell's scheme of compulsion, and many a landlord would feel that in getting out of an almost intolerable position he would not necessarily find himself stranded on the roadside, which would be his lot under Mr. Russell's benevolent scheme of compulsion. That the Government would be the ultimate gainers there can be but little doubt, not only financially but also in the satisfaction of having for a generation at least settled the eternal Irish Land Question, or until such time, at any rate, as the question of the general nationalisation of the land came up in England for solution. If the Government could be assured of a return for their money, no doubt little difficulty would be experienced in persuading English voters to consent to an arrangement, whereby the landlord shall be given as a minimum twenty-five years' purchase of the rents, without the waste of time and money entailed in the present settlements by

the Land Courts. But the disestablishment of one class of landlord, and the substitution therefor of another similar class, as in Mr. Russell's scheme, is no measure of finality, and can only result in a worse state of things than before. If it can be shown possible for the Government to award the landlords full compensation for the confiscation of their properties, which they are about to forfeit in the interests of this country and theirs, without its costing the public one penny, but which, on the contrary, could be shown to be an actual gainer, who would hesitate?

Our proposal, then, is, that in all cases where the tenant wants to buy, the landlord shall be offered a minimum of twenty-five years' purchase of the present rent by the tenant, to whom the Government will advance the money at say 3 per cent., to be repaid, capital and interest, in ninety years time. Thus, a farm rented at £1000 per annum would be bought at, say the minimum, viz., twenty-five years' purchase, and the landlord would be given the sum of £25,000, the interest of which Government would guarantee him in whatever Government security it were placed, the capital sum of which would remain in trust on the landlords' behalf. A suggestion has recently been put forward that a certain amount of the purchase money could be handed over to a central authority in Dublin, to be invested in strictly Irish industries, land excepted. This, it was explained, would be a vast corporation with a vast paid up capital (the amount suggested being about one-third of the money required for buying out the landlords), to be managed by a board of directors, two-thirds of whom might be selected by the shareholders, viz., the expropriated landlords, and one-third by the Government of the day; the idea being "to carefully expend the money in transforming Ireland, through the completion of the canal systems; protecting the country against preposterous railway charges, by making competing lines; and generally opening up Ireland to the tourist." The author of the suggestion pointed out in favour of the idea, that all such forms of investment, while helping Ireland, would bring the shareholders a much higher rate of interest ultimately, if not immediately, than the Government interest on the present Purchase Scheme of the Government now brings to the landlord. The conception appears to be a good one if it could be worked at an immediate profit to the shareholders. But we fear that the landlords, who are to hold most of the shares, have been too badly treated in Ireland by friend and foe alike, to care to put their money in any scheme which merely holds out an ultimate hope of profit. It is of the most vital importance to them that they shall receive direct compensation for all they have lost through the muddlings and insincere policy of successive English Governments. If the Government were to borrow the money for buying out the landlords at 2 or 2½ per cent., and lend it to the tenants at 3 or even 3½

per cent., to be repaid, capital and interest, over a term of, say, ninety years, or even longer, the whole question of *voluntary purchase* might be satisfactorily settled; and at the end of that period the Government would, we believe, not only lose nothing, but have in addition the advantage of seeing how the plan answered in a gradual and natural way, which could never be the case with compulsion, which would be a veritable leap in the dark for good or bad, and most probably the latter.

If the Government cannot see their way to solve the difficulty in some such way as this, the only course open to them appears to be to retain the ownership of the whole of the land of Ireland, and give the landlords a minimum of twenty-five years' purchase of their lands. And if the English people do not like the idea of State-ownership of the land of England, why should they want to get rid of the Irish landlords by buying them out of *Irish land?*

If the State were to become the owner of the whole of Ireland, and let it out to all classes alike who wanted it, tenant, mechanic, or even an Irish landlord; that surely would be a fairer and more statesmanlike method of settling the question than is this confiscating plan of Mr. Russell's, which proposes to take it forcibly from the present owners and hand it over to another, and what will, without doubt, prove itself to be a far more conservative and pig-headed kind of lord of the soil than has ever been experienced before in Ireland. It has been pointed out by those who favour this plan of settlement, that if the Government owned the whole of Ireland, all taxes might be abolished entirely in that country.

Now putting aside altogether the fact, that it is manifestly unfair and a gross injustice to compel one class to sell their property at a dead loss to another class, the fact still remains, in this particular case, that it has been put on record by Mr. Davitt that "Compulsory purchase of the properties of the Irish landlords is no remedy," and that he has advised the tenants in the most emphatic way against buying their lands from the Government. And we may take it for granted, that if Mr. Russell's scheme is successful, Mr. Davitt will very shortly afterwards be found taking the field in a campaign against the newly-created landowners, in favour of the labouring classes; when we may safely predict the last state of the country will be worse than the first.

In conclusion, we would remark that, if, as some say, all private ownership of land is wrong, that, to our mind, is no reason why the Irish landlords should be made to bear the brunt of what must really be the fault of, and therefore should be borne by, the English people themselves, in not having demanded the nationalisation of their own land; if so be, that is, they think it a good thing for Ireland. But, inasmuch as they have not yet asked for this through Parliament, or

at least brought it into the realm of practical politics, we must take it, they are not yet in a position to demand it. And, therefore, it cannot help matters calling Irish landlords alone thieves and robbers, simply because they *are* Irish landlords and own Irish land. If their ancestors really robbed the people, as the Nationalists would have us believe; it is certain, on the other hand, that a system of dual ownership of the land has been tolerated so long now, that they may fairly be said to have established, at least a very good semblance of right to it. Moreover, if any were the robber, it must surely be the State who gave it originally to them or their ancestors, and who, if they did wrong, should now pay for their mistake by buying out the Irish landlords on their (the landlords') own terms. If the English people had an insuperable objection to the private ownership of land, they would hardly have allowed the system to have gone on as long as it has, but would have made an end of it long ago in their own country first. If, therefore, they suddenly change their minds on the subject, by all the laws of fair play do not let them make scapegoats alone of the unfortunate *Irish* landlords, but commence an agitation for the nationalisation of the land in their own country first. We cannot help believing, however, that the feeling of esteem for vested rights as against *forcible surrender of them without full compensation*, is still much stronger in the English character than Mr. Russell gives them credit for. The weak point in his scheme is this: How are you going to make peasant proprietors of the present tenants all over Ireland without committing a gross injustice to all other classes? And aiding and abetting Mr. Russell in his attempt to accomplish this, would simply mean that the State was helping to foster and uphold the very system he is calling on them to destroy.

Mr. Davitt's words are most prophetic, and full of warning to those who would sacrifice the Irish landlords to popular clamour. He says: "It must be remembered that what is bartered away by the public money is in reason and justice national property, on the disposition and advantages of which every individual in the country, whether tenant or mechanic, has also an equal right to have a determining voice." These utterances of his must come with great force and great significance to those who hope that, by making a present to the tenants of the landlords' property, they are going to solve the Irish Land Question for all time. *What they are really doing is to pave the way unconsciously for a general nationalisation of the land, not in Ireland only but in the whole of the United Kingdom as well.*

One thing Mr. Russell says with truth and without fear of contradiction, and it is this: "England owes a duty to her own special friends in Ireland, who stood by her in the dark and evil days. Can she refuse to lend a hand in seeing them safe out of all their difficulties? I hold by every rule of national honour, that England owes a duty to the Irish landlords far more clear than that which this

country is now paying in blood and treasure to the Transvaal Outlanders. The landlord freed from all the friction of land has a great future left him in Ireland. By birth, education, and position he is entitled to lead in a country where the leadership is the one thing needful." . . . But we may tell Mr. Russell that, if he is successful in his scheme, there will not be many of them left for his eulogies.

We altogether deny, then, that the solution of the Irish Land Question is to be found, or that it will be brought any nearer, through Mr. Russell's scheme of compulsory purchase, the only effect of which would be to make the situation in Ireland more intolerable for any but Roman Catholics than it is at the present time. To those who favour the policy of land nationalisation in Ireland, as also to those who imagine the exit of the Irish landlords will bring peace to Ireland, we would quote the following speeches, which tend at any rate to show that in that country, at least, it would be no remedy, but simply serve to hand it over, through a bloody strife, perhaps, to the bondage of the Church of Rome. Mr. Parnell, speaking at Cork, March 22, 1880, said: "If we succeed in emigrating the Irish landlords, the English Government will soon have to follow them." . . . Mr. William O'Brien, at Gorey, August, 1885, expressed himself as follows: "When the complete programme of the Land League is accomplished, the landlords will vanish from the country, and the soil of Ireland will be free, its people owning no master but *the Almighty*, and the green flag of an independent nation." . . . Now we know only too well, alas! *who* takes the place of the Almighty amongst Roman Catholics in Ireland, as elsewhere. Who else but His Chief Vicar, in other words *the Pope of Rome?* Mr. Davitt, at Bodyke, June 3, 1887, said: "I trust every young man here will have registered a vow, which I made thirty years ago, to bear towards England and England's Government all the concentrated hatred of my Irish nature. . . . I and others have been preaching to the people for the last six or eight years, 'Do not commit any outrage; do not be guilty of any violence; do not break the law.' . . . I say it here to-day, and I do not care who takes down my words, I am heartily ashamed of ever having given such advice to the Irish people. . . . Would to God we had the means, the weapons, by which free men in America and elsewhere have struck down tyranny. . . . We will make our children swear, as many of us have sworn, to carry on the fight at any cost, until landlord tyranny and English Government are destroyed in Ireland." . . . This shows the fate in store for the country if we are weak enough to sacrifice the Irish landlords and so drive the Protestants out of Ireland.

Now with regard to the question of *destruction of the rights of property*, entailed in all schemes and plans for the settlement of the Irish Land Question; we would earnestly commend the following thoughts to the reflection of those who are still open to conviction, on the subject of rights and wrongs of private ownership of land.

Property may undoubtedly be taken by force from one person and handed over to another without payment of any kind, which is really as inexcusable as common theft. The same thing may be done by giving in payment the supposed value of what is taken away. This is *expropriation* pure and simple. But whichever method is followed the result is the same, viz., it still remains *somebody's property.* So hard is it indeed (try how we may) to get rid of the thing called private property. The first of these methods no sane person of course would be found to advocate in the case of Ireland. The second, viz., "expropriation," it is universally admitted should only be had recourse to as a last resort, *in order to promote some great public object of unquestionable benefit.* Now is this so, and does this definition of the case apply to the situation in Ireland, where, if put into practice in that country it would eventually end in driving out the Protestant element from the life of the people, and hand the country over at once to the Powers of Rome? Let those who advocate Mr. Russell's scheme answer this. Again, why should one man who has invested his money in land be called a robber, while the millionaire or other, who has invested his money in banks or consols or other safe securities, is, in nine cases out of ten, regarded, if he be at all a liberal man, as a benefactor of his race, the exact opposite, in fact, of the landowner, who is regarded by some as a common thief? In illustration of this, take the case of two men who have invested their capital, which we will put at £500,000, the one in Irish land, the other in some safe and paying security other than land. The man who has invested in securities other than land, say in consols, spends, we will say, if a generous person, £5000 per annum out of his income of £25,000 on charities of various kinds; builds perhaps a Town Hall or other public building, for which he is made a Peer, and is regarded in the light of a public benefactor, and made the ultimate recipient of further public honours. The remainder of his income, viz., some £25,000 per annum, he spends entirely on himself. Now take the case of the other man who invested his capital in Irish land. He is very lucky if he is able to spend one quarter of his income of £25,000 per annum, or say £6000 on himself. The rest of his income goes to pay rates for the poor, Church subscriptions, tithes, and the hundred and one indemnities a resident landlord with large landed property has to pay, and which tradition and custom have saddled him with; and in the case of some, there is in addition, perhaps, the upkeep of a county park or the like, and from which the public alone are the gainers. He may, indeed, in the case of Ireland, have subscribed handsomely to the building and endowment of a Roman Catholic Chapel in his village, entirely for the public benefit of his poorer neighbours; and all of which things are many times over greater than any similar tolls which the holder of consols or other safe investments is ever

likely to be called upon to pay. Yet the one is looked upon as a benefactor and heaped with public honours, while the other is publicly branded as a thief and a robber, or denounced by such men as Mr. Russell as a curse to their country. Can this possibly arise from a misconception of facts as they really are? We put the question, and would much like to have the answer. Is this way of regarding owners of land altogether fair and right? We are not concerned here in proving that private ownership of land is either right or wrong, but only to show that Irish landlords are not necessarily all robbers or as black as they are painted by Mr. Russell, his friends and allies; for they frequently do more good to the community around them than those other capitalists who have placed their money in railways or consols or in South African mines. Our contention, however, is, that if you attack the Irish landlords, you must in common fairness attack English and other capitalists as well. And if we analyse facts, it will generally be found that whereas the man with his capital in consols has most of his money locked up and lying idle, the Irish landlord uses what little has been left to him by the Land and Law Courts, in helping his poorer neighbours and dependents. Further, it must be borne in mind that if we forcibly take land from those who now own it, without full and fair compensation, we not only ruin the owner but indirectly *many other persons as well.* For it deeply concerns all who have invested their money in mortgages and other securities in land, from the millionaire in Park Lane to the smallest shopkeeper or successful sweep in the country. Land has been a favourite form of investment for friendly societies and co-operative societies generally, which between them are estimated to have invested as much as £15,000,000 in land or land securities. For the most part this vast sum belongs to the middle and lower classes, who will all have to suffer if the landowner is fleeced without compensation full and fair. And when the day comes in which the rights of property are invaded in England as they have been in Ireland, it will, we believe, be very soon discovered that the movement is fraught with the direst consequences to many who have never owned a foot of land and never want to. Mr. Gladstone's ideas on this subject will be of interest here. Speaking at Hawarden, September 23, 1889, he said: "I think the nationalisation of the land, *if it means the simple plunder of the proprietors, and sending to the workhouse, that I consider robbery.* . . . I think land nationalisation, as far as I understand it, would be folly, because the State is not qualified to exercise the functions of a landlord; and although there may be bad landlords, yet, thank God, there are also many good landlords, even in Ireland some." . . .

England has been shown to owe a reparation to Ireland in many ways. Could she not redeem this debt in hastening the solution of

the Irish Land Question, through extension of voluntary purchase; by settling, that in all cases where the tenant wants to buy and the landlord to sell, a fixed sum of at least twenty-five years' purchase of the rent shall be given to the tenant by the Government to buy the landlord out; recognising, that the settlement of the question, even for this generation, will amply repay her for any small possible loss entailed in a generous and liberal policy? We place twenty-five years' purchase as the minimum; because, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, we believe that if we are to act fairly to the landlords they should probably receive more like thirty years' purchase for their land. Once the principle of giving the landlords full compensation for losses, suffered in the interests of their country, is recognised; the repayment of capital and interest by the tenants could very easily be spread over a period in which the buyer would be paying far less than he does at present under the judicial system.

If this plan does not commend itself to the Government we see no other way except that they should become owners of the whole of the land of Ireland, and give the landlords thirty years' purchase of their rents, the interest on which they would hold in trust for them. They would then be able to let out the land to all who wanted it. But once the rights of property have been violated, as they have in Ireland, we cannot see why one class of the community, as in Mr. Russell's scheme, should reap the entire advantage. If the State owned the whole of the land; the landlords, equally with all other classes, would have their rightful share of it, which is now disputed. But, even then, we cannot see why Ireland and Irish landlords should be made to bear the brunt of a tentative policy of land nationalisation, which, if tried at all, should surely commence in this country first?

But whatever the Government may decide to do, their first step should be to inform Mr. Russell once and for all, that they will not listen to any scheme for compulsory sale, whereby the present landlords will be ruined, and another class of landlord, more conservative and less tolerant than the last, take their place, and become rooted to the soil to the exclusion of all other classes; a scheme, too, under which the present Protestant element would become extinct. Whether the eventual settlement of the Irish Land Question be found in the extension of the present system of voluntary purchase, or in the taking over of the whole of the land of Ireland by the State, rests with the English people to decide.

A third way might conceivably be found out of the difficulty, if the Government were to give the landlords the difference between what the tenant is able to offer and the original cost of the property; the amount, in fact, the landlord is actually out of pocket through recent land legislation in Ireland. And we cannot but think that any or either of the above suggestions would commend themselves

to all lovers of justice and fair play, in place of that of Mr. Russell, which would simply turn the whole of Ireland into a vast Roman Catholic seminary, and hand the entire country over to a fresh agitation more violent than the present one, in favour of planting the labourers on the soil instead of Mr. Russell's protégés. Even as we write, a discussion has been started in Ireland as to the advisability of insisting on the *labourers having one-fifth of the land of each farm sold to the tenants;* the latter to retain four-fifths only; thus early confirming our contention that Mr. Russell's scheme is no final settlement of the great Land Question in Ireland.

The extension of the present system of *voluntary purchase* appears to us to be the best plan, until the whole question of the relationship of the people of Great Britain with the land comes up for settlement in England. And when that day arrives we shall expect and hope to find the much abused Irish landlords also getting their fair share of the land as well. Through *voluntary purchase* alone, we believe, will come that natural and gradual settling down to the new order of things entailed by recent legislation, whereby matters will peacefully adjust themselves in Ireland. But whichever plan the Government decides to adopt, and elects to stand by, be they Liberal or Conservative; they will, we believe, be well advised in giving the landlords the fullest compensation for losses received through the forward policy of this country in Ireland. And this not alone for the sake of justice, but as a matter of good policy, and one under which the present landlords will be enabled to remain in Ireland; where, as even Mr. Russell has been obliged to own, they are best qualified by birth, education and position, to lead, in a country where good (and we may add honest) leadership is the one thing needful.

DUDLEY S. A. COSBY.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY PROBLEM.

VIEWED FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A "BIGOT."

MANY foolish people (ourselves among the number) had consoled themselves with the thought that the Roman Catholic University question was far outside the pale of practical politics. Satisfied with the temporary shelving of the subject, they settled down into an attitude of easy repose, determined to possess their souls in peace until such time as Mr. A. J. Balfour should acquire the necessary fortitude to proceed with the obnoxious measure. And they fondly hoped that their peace would be unbroken for many years to come.

But it now seems fully apparent that this paradise of their own creation was nothing better than a fool's paradise; for on every hand we have indications of a coming and a not far distant fight.

As the Roman Catholic side of the question is being constantly dinned in our ears by prelates and priests, and Protestants too, it behoves those who differ with them to be on the alert, and to see that the case does not go by default. The demand for decisive action in this connection is all the more urgent because public opinion is deplorably in the dark, and stands in need of vigorous enlightenment on this particular matter.

A great amount of ignorance appears to prevail, especially in England, respecting the precise point at issue between the supporters and opponents of the proposed University. A very general idea would seem to be that all reasonable men are willing to concede the demands of the Roman Catholic Church, while on the other side are ranged an irreconcilable crowd of antiquated bigots, who, by some strange freak of fate, have resisted all the enlightening influences of this supremely enlightened age, and remain to obstruct the efforts of the friends of peace and progress. It may be noted (with gratitude, we hope) by Irish Unionists and Protestants that this is the view of the subject entertained by Mr. George Wyndham. It is also the view of Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Horace Plunkett, and many other politicians of that party. They come to Roman Catholics in a heavy tragedy manner, and warn them in confidential whispers not to "exasperate" these unreasonable Protestant bigots. In

Ireland, of course, nobody is likely to be led astray by such mummery; but in England there are without doubt many people who would describe the problem as resolving itself into a cry for "a minimum of justice" on the one side *versus* a cry of "No Popery" on the other.

This erroneous view is not confined to extreme partisans on the Roman Catholic side. It is even to be found in men who profess to sympathise with the feelings of the Protestant opposition. A good example of this misunderstanding may be seen in Mr. Dudley S. A. Cosby's article in the *Westminster Review* for March. The writer asserts: "It is unfortunately true that there are still to be found some who will argue against the educating of Catholics in Ireland at all, affirming it as their belief that it is wrong to endow a heresy." And Mr. Cosby goes on to relate that "this argument has recently been cleverly disposed of by Mr. Plunkett, who asked his hearers whether any one blamed the Government for endowing a university in Khartoum on these grounds?"

It is no part of our purpose to enquire into the reasonableness or otherwise of the extreme "No Popery" sentiment. We are prepared to admit that by itself it would be a very poor answer to the Roman Catholic claims. But, happily for the "bigots," that good old war-cry forms no part of their defence. Consequently, when Mr. Plunkett "cleverly disposed of this argument," he merely acted on that well-worn principle, dear to the hearts of so many controversialists, viz., "Set up a man of straw supposed to represent your opponent, and knock him down with a great show of ease." It looks clever, no doubt, and is often effective; but it is hardly honest. We really expected better things of Mr. Horace Plunkett.

This bogus argument aside, what are the objections urged against the proposed University by the Protestant people of Ireland? First, they assert that the agitation is largely an artificial agitation, worked almost exclusively by the hierarchy and priesthood. They point to the fact that the universities at present in existence are fitted to meet all the educational needs of the country. If Roman Catholics are not satisfied with the Royal University, Trinity College is open to them. If they refuse to enter Trinity, that is, of course, their own business; but the fact that they are content to be made tools of by the clerical party is surely not a valid reason for the expenditure of a million sterling out of the common purse. Anybody acquainted with the people knows well that the Roman Catholic laity would willingly avail themselves of the facilities offered by the University of Dublin if their bishops would only withdraw their prohibition. The bishops will not do this; they have created a problem where there should be no problem; and they now invite—nay command—the British taxpayer to step in and propitiate them. Protestants enquire, and very reasonably enquire, whether the

bishops are to be allowed to browbeat the British public in this barefaced manner.

The second argument of the "bigots" is that the proposed "reform" is retrograde in principle, and opposed to every dictate of common-sense. They say that union and cohesion should be the watchwords in Ireland to-day, and not division and isolation. They hold, with Mr. Cosby, that the great need of the country is "that all the different creeds should mingle in a common educational life." The case for the "bigots" on this head has been so well put by Mr. W. H. Lecky that we cannot do better than quote his words. Apologising for his absence from a meeting held in Dublin in 1898, for the purpose of advancing the University scheme, he wrote:

"I think it a great misfortune to the country if the members of the two religions are to be still more educated apart from one another at the time when the friendships of life are chiefly formed. I believe the Roman Catholics will never obtain in any institution which is essentially sectarian as good an education as they would obtain if they entered into full and free competition with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. I know that in the existing institutions they can obtain an admirable education without the smallest interference, direct or indirect, with their faith; that all prizes and honours are open to the most unrestricted competition; that neither socially nor in any other way are they subject on account of their religion to the faintest disadvantage. I am also certain that if they accepted the principle of united secular education, as they appear to do at Oxford and as they do over a great part of Catholic Europe, there would not be the least difficulty in providing Roman Catholic professors to teach them their own ecclesiastical history and to superintend the performance of their religious duties. In my own opinion such a solution would be incomparably the best."

The most incurable "bigot" could say no more. He says, as strongly as any could say it, that the Roman Catholics of Ireland have no grievance; that "they will never obtain in any institution which is essentially sectarian as good an education as they would obtain if they entered into full and free competition with their Protestant fellow-countrymen;" and last, but most important of all, he affirms that in the existing institutions they can obtain an admirable education, "without the smallest interference, direct or indirect, with their faith." Then, where, oh! where, is this crying grievance, this "standing insult," as the good bishops term it? Echo answers, where?

Mr. Lecky, however, is not a "bigot," so, after saying all this, please mark his conclusion. "But," he says, "I fully admit that *this is not a question for Protestants*, but is one on which the opinion of Roman Catholic laymen . . . ought to be supreme."

Could anything be more profoundly absurd? He first establishes the fact that the proposed expenditure of a million sterling is unnecessary, and even mischievous; and then concludes by saying that it is not a question for Protestants. As somebody very perti-

nently replied, such a statement would be true if they were asking permission to endow out of their own pocket; but they ask for public money, and the public have a constitutional right to know to what object the money is to be devoted.

Apart, however, from the monetary question, which we freely admit to be a minor issue, it is not very difficult to prove that the matter *does* affect Protestants, and that in no trivial sense. Mr. Lecky asserts that in a sectarian university Roman Catholics would receive a very second-rate education. He is too polite to say that they would receive an education calculated to foster the spirit of racial and religious hatred. Doubtless he would say it if he gave his candid opinion. Everyone who knows Ireland is well aware that such would be the inevitable result. The bishops make no secret of the fact that their aim is to keep Protestants and Roman Catholics apart. They believe in the good old maxim, "Divide and rule." Now, such a system would certainly react on the peace and prosperity of the country. It would perpetuate misunderstandings and prejudices, and make a United Ireland once and for ever impossible. This is surely a question for Protestants, and for all who have the welfare of the country at heart. Those who say it is not may be very "liberal" indeed; but they are decidedly very foolish, blind, or dishonest.

Mr. Cosby thinks it queer that those who believe that "the present cause of the undue influence of the clergy in Ireland arises from the ignorance of the people" should object to the establishment of a university for these people. It certainly looks queer at first sight; but the apparent inconsistency entirely disappears on closer examination. The undue influence of the clergy is undoubtedly the product of ignorance; but a university education under control of the clergy would not remove this ignorance. An education in a non-sectarian university would: hence the attitude of the bishops. It is just because they desire to keep alive this ignorance of Protestantism, and all that it means and implies, that they ask for an exclusively Roman Catholic university. Where, then, is Mr. Cosby's "extraordinary paradox"? It exists only on paper, by virtue of a play upon words, and an incorrect appreciation of facts.

But, some people say, since Roman Catholics will not avail themselves of the existing institutions, the country must inevitably suffer through the prevalence of semi-illiteracy. Is it not better, then, to give them a second-rate education, or, if you will, a mischievous education, than no education at all? Much has been made of this argument in the Press and on the platform. Let us grant the conclusion for a moment, and see exactly where it leaves us.

What, then, are we to do? Under what conditions are we to

grant this second-rate educational institution? Who is to dictate the terms of the settlement? Mr. Lecky answers that it is a question "on which the opinion of Roman Catholic laymen ought to be supreme." It is, unfortunately, hard to secure the opinion of Roman Catholic laymen on such subjects. They do not care to incur the censure of their clergy by advancing an independent expression of opinion. As a general rule, if they cannot conscientiously support their clergy, they do not openly oppose them. Of course, we have Mr. William O'Brien's "United Irish League" all over the country raising its parrot-like voice in favour of the measure under discussion. But the members of that precious organisation are assuredly not of the class indicated by Mr. Lecky. Fortunately we have at least one outspoken comment made by a member of that class. Speaking at a public meeting held in Dublin in 1897, Dr. Kenny, ex-M.P., said:

"The whole primary education of the country had been sold by the Government and rendered ineffective. They had made slaves of the teachers to their ecclesiastical patrons of every denomination. The primary teachers of Ireland were slaves to their ecclesiastical patrons; they had no liberty of action, and Irish slaves could never properly educate or rear up a generation of free men. The people should take warning by that example. Whether or not Ireland would accept a settlement of the university question on denominational lines, he warned the Government—and though he spoke only as an individual *he knew he voiced a large section of Catholic opinion*—he warned the Government, and called on his fellow-countrymen to unite with him in demanding that if the university question was to be settled it should be settled on the condition that laymen were to have control of the system. He did not want to exclude from just participation in the government and general regulation of university education the clergy of his religion, nor did he wish to exclude them from such participation in the regulation of any other branch of education, but he wanted to say that it was laymen the university question was being settled for, and the settlement should be on lines that were acceptable, and ought to be acceptable to them. If the Government thought they were going to foist on Ireland, in the name of a Catholic University, what Lord Russell of Killowen called a 'glorified ecclesiastical seminary,' they were mistaken. They would not have a university under any other conditions than those of the predominance of lay opinion—not a mere figure of the thing, but a true predominance. They would not have any figure-heads that would be simply clerics in lay garments—such persons as the late Sir Patrick Keenan, who bent his back always before a bishop—nor such elements as they could count on their fingers by the dozen, put on the Board of National Education, and who were the obedient servants of ecclesiastics."

This is very plain language, and deserving of serious consideration. Dr. Kenny may not be a "great thinker"; but he ought to know the Roman Catholic mind and the needs of his countrymen better than Mr. A. J. Balfour, or Mr. Horace Plunkett even.

We are all agreed that the endowment of a university under the complete control of the bishops is out of the question. Even those most energetic in advancing the measure cry out for safeguards, or,

at least, admit their necessity. But where are the safeguards to be found? Here we have the statement of an enlightened Irish Roman Catholic that it is difficult, almost impossible, to find *independent* laymen of the standing necessary to qualify them for a seat on the senate of a university. He says there were men of that standing, by the dozen, put on the Board of National Education, and they were "the obedient servants of ecclesiastics." Where, then, are the safeguards? We seek them in vain. If a real safeguard were possible, the bishops would not accept a measure which embodied it.

Mr. Cosby, indeed, comes forward with a proposal which has at least the merit of originality. He suggests that, in order to remove the existing deadlock, Irish Roman Catholics ought to "form a branch of the Old Catholics." That is, with the object of qualifying themselves for a university where their faith would not suffer, they are modestly invited to renounce that faith, and become Protestants, or at least Old Catholics, which really comes to the same thing! He might as usefully ask them to become Quakers. If Irish Roman Catholics were possessed of such an amount of independence, the university problem would be non-existent, for the simple reason that they would ignore the mandates of their bishops, and enter Trinity College in spite of them, as some do even to-day. This would be a much more convenient and less revolutionary way out of the difficulty than that suggested by Mr. Cosby.

Unfortunately no sufficient safeguard can be devised to save the proposed university from the intolerant dominion of the clerics. If such a safeguard could be found, it would render the scheme tolerable even to the "bigots"; but in its absence the Protestants of Ireland will oppose this measure to the last. Mr. Cosby talks of "guarantees"; but if by this he merely means assurances, promises, and so on, on the part of the bishops, we are sorry to say such guarantees would be worthless. No generation of Roman Catholic Churchmen considers itself bound by the acts or pledges of a preceding generation, notwithstanding the *semper eadem* maxim.

Thus, Daniel O'Connell, before a Parliamentary Committee on Mixed Education in 1825, said: "There is no country in Europe where the children of different persuasions are not educated together. Look at the report of Mr. Nicholls on the state of Belgium and Holland, and you will find the followers of Calvin, the Lutheran, and the Roman Catholic educated together in amity and good faith. That is the spirit which ought to exist between Christians, and forms a cheering contrast to that bigotry which allows no freedom of thought, and grasps at everything."

Bishop Doyle, of Kildare and Leighlin (the famous "J. K. L."), in the State of Ireland Inquiry, said: "If Catholics were educated together in Trinity College, Dublin, it would not be necessary for those who attend college to have separate professors of their own

faith to instruct them, as many of those who enter there can lodge in town and receive religious education where they please."

Now, there can be no doubt that the "Protestant atmosphere" of Trinity College was much stronger in 1825 than it is to-day, yet our good bishops refuse to sanction that mixed education in "amity and good faith" which O'Connell and "J. K. L." thought so productive of the spirit "which ought to exist between Christians." What guarantee have we that, in another generation or two, the hierarchy will not advance another step and demand the confiscation of the lands of Ulster Presbyterians (compensation, perhaps, to be given by Government), and their transportation to some land where the poisonous atmosphere engendered by their hateful presence cannot hurt the delicate sensibilities of "the faithful"? Really, such an eventuality is not so improbable as it may seem at first sight.

It is utterly impossible in the space at our disposal to do more than touch the fringe of the subject; but we hope we have succeeded in showing that the "bigots" have much more to say for themselves than some people appear to think.

Archbishop Sumner aptly said that the Roman Church "is a regular system formed for the purpose of conveying all power in heaven and earth to the ministers of that Church." This is precisely the policy pursued by the Roman hierarchy in Ireland, and the knowledge of this fact is what makes Irish Protestants determined to resist their demands. On February 15, 1782, the forefathers of these same Irish Protestants, the famous Volunteers, met in the Presbyterian Church, Dungannon, and resolved: "That as men and Irishmen, as Christians and as Protestants, we rejoice in the relaxation of the Penal Laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen." The noble spirit which animated those men to rejoice in the freedom of their fellow-countrymen is the self-same spirit which prompts their sons to make this stand to-day. In taking the field for the coming fight, they do not base their cause on any shallow "No Popery" claptrap, or seek to rake up the prejudices of the past to conceal the wrongs of the present. But they throw down the gauntlet on a very definite issue, and appeal to the verdict of history for justification of their attitude. And, in waging war on the enemies of Christian brotherhood, they seek the support of all who treasure the sacred names of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

Thomas E. Naughten.

HEINRICH VON TREITSCHKE.

WE sometimes hear the complaint that personal greatness is withering, and even the records of the past have grown more colourless and flat. All the great moral forces by which worlds have been made are only too apt to get buried beneath the dull formulæ of text-books, and history becomes a mechanical rather than a human problem. But the greatest writer that has flourished since the battle of Sedan was never tired of repeating that events are the work of men, and no more dreamt of composing a work *sine ira et studio*, than the greatest of Roman prose-writers, who coined that famous phrase. The pages of his *Prussiad*, that fill five thick weighty volumes, have all the radiance of midday rather than the hues of sunset, and remain as a lasting and well-nigh national triumph of his toil.

Even Leopold von Ranke (who has been called objectivity itself) was nevertheless of opinion that writers like Heinrich von Treitschke should exist. Unhappily, German newspapers have of late years often been too ready to abandon the old paths of wisdom and balance, and display a great deal of Treitschke's more passionate tone. The fact that he was the most brilliant publicist of the Bismarckian era, and lent the help of his pen to the work of blood and iron, is enough of itself to afford the *raison d'être* of his after-growth and influence. But in no respect has his spell over many of his countrymen been more magical than in the anti-British crusade (resting on rivalry in commerce), of which he was a champion and prophet. Even Lopez de Vega, who sailed with the Spanish Armada, could hardly have cursed us with more colour than the warm-blooded Saxo-Bohemian, who joined great wealth of fancy to a tough manliness of physique and force of intellect and will.

Heinrich von Treitschke was born in Dresden in 1834, the son of a Saxon general who stood high in the favour of two sovereigns, and became governor of the fair city. His Bohemian forefathers had grown acquainted with suffering for their evangelical belief, and crossed the mountains to find refuge. To such as lay stress on Atavism this circumstance may throw light on the future historian's strong bias against Austria and priestcraft. Although he was not a dogmatic Christian in his years of manhood (any more than

Carlyle) he never lost a certain inbred religiosity of feeling, which may be called an afterglow of the old Lutheran tenets.

It would be tedious to dwell on the details of his boyhood that have been found out by sundry copyists whose zeal is stronger than their common-sense. He learnt his lessons eagerly, and was able to subdue his comrades with his fists as well as his brains. The revolution of 1848 made a deep impress on his memory, and, like other schoolboys of his age, his ideas were hopeful and went forward. But the feeling that his country could not thrive or settle down in peace and strength except under Prussian guidance soon took hold of his imagination, in spite of protests from his parents.

In April 1851 he passed to Bonn as a student, and found the landscape of the Rhine no less charming than the freedom and freshness of his new life. Arndt was still lecturing on History, of which he had himself been a part in the days of his close attachment to Stein. Although he was over eighty he retained the old feelings of youth, and kept the hearts of his hearers alive to his sacred themes. But Dahlmann probably did more than any other teacher for the shaping of Treitschke's mind and the choice of his work in life. He was fond of lonely walks, and kept himself free from the common temptations of early manhood. A certain deafness, which afterwards became a worse thorn in the flesh, threw him somewhat back more upon himself, although he could be genial and bright among his nearest friends.

From Bonn he went on to Leipzig at the wish of his father, but was not at once pleased with the psychical change of air and narrow Saxon particularism. In Tübingen and Freiburg he became familiar with South German feelings and methods of thought. At the age of twenty he became a full-blown Doctor of Philosophy (in English Master of Arts). As he was not eager to follow the Saxon state-service (where his father might have helped him to an opening), the career of a docent and professor became his obvious fate.

It is pleasant to note that Milton's poetical and prose-writings were at this time his favourite study, and gave rise to an able essay. Perhaps the figure of the man with his fearless love of light and freedom spoke to him more strongly than the poet; certainly more than the half-Arian, half-Swiss cosmical ideas in which he lived and moved. To quote his own words :—

> Milton is so entirely wrapped up in his views of political and religious freedom that he is unable to create living human beings in his poems. His own noble heart stands out from all his characters. . . . . Besides, we children of the nineteenth century receive too worldly and liberal a training to put up with the theological husk of these puritans. But they were glorious men. The despatches of Cromwell which Milton wrote to foreign powers have once more strengthened me in the conviction that British foreign policy has never been managed again in so grand and pure a spirit as under the rule of the regicide.

From Milton he passed on to Byron, whom he was able to appreciate. All through life he valued force and fire and freshness more than beauty of form; furthermore, Byron's dramatic death in the Greek cause atoned for many of his moral and æsthetic shortcomings in his eyes. Few would nowadays be likely to endorse his opinion that Byron was greater than Heine as a pure poet.

Yet poetry, which he sometimes ventured to write as well as to read, was only one of his side-interests along with music and art. His pen was from first to last a sword in the great cause which lay nearest to heart, the realisation of German unity under Prussian rule.

It is well known that his father highly disapproved of the influence which his son soon managed to hold over young men in Germany. The pithy advice, "Leave off writing party pamphlets and become a pure historian" fell on deaf ears. For Treitschke had made up his mind that the cause he had taken up was good, and followed Bismarck as closely as Milton must have followed Cromwell.

Although his outspoken attitude gave rise to a good deal of friction in Saxony and Baden, the Prussian Prime Minister naturally gave a helping hand. In the spring of 1866, Bismarck and Treitschke met one another for the first time and formed a lasting alliance. The characters of the two men were unlike, though their ideals were the same: the statesman was harder and less glowing than his useful disciple. Bismarck frankly admitted that the old Prussian policy could not be washed as clean as he might desire, but did not see any reason for keeping documents back.

Yet most of his pamphlets will be forgotten, like those of E. M. Arndt before him, and only a few of his essays will be likely to be reckoned among the lasting treasures of all literature. His paper on Gottfried Keller was avowedly youthful and unripe and put the Swiss novelist too high, although the style of "Der Grüne Heinrich" had no little influence on his own. His study of Uhland is clear, and not lacking in interest, but does not disclose any peculiar critical fineness. His portraits of Luther standing before princes or resting in his dear home-circle, of Gustavus Adolphus riding into the thick autumn mist and dying with a prayer on his lips, of Stein's ideal courage and resolve even when all seemed lost, deserve to be better known then they are, although they add less to our knowledge by discovery of fresh facts than in picturesque reality of vision. They have more of the strength of Velasquez than the subtlety of Rembrandt. But his masterpiece is his *History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century*, in five thick volumes, that issued from his chair in Berlin when the new Empire had been set up.

To do justice to his point of view it is needful to take a survey

of the forces and conditions of his age. The whole German people was clamouring for wider political freedom and some sort of approach to unity. The Liberals looked to England as their model, and were perhaps too hopeful of implanting the long results of our experience on a less happy soil. Bismarck and Treitschke were aware that what had answered in London had failed wretchedly in Cracow, and only a strong crown seemed capable of holding parties and provinces together in the middle of Europe. The chief pillar of the crown was the army, but many of the monarch's foes were full of Cobden and Mill, and looked forward to the day when swords would be turned into ploughshares. It is possible to maintain that the guns of Sadowa which settled the question were not a pure blessing to the world, but the German Empire could hardly have been established by more gentle means. At any rate, the power of Bismarck and management of Europe from Berlin has been less baneful than the restless desires of the two Napoleons and the sparkling newspapers of Paris.

Victrix causa deis placuit: yet Treitschke might have been less hard on the Catos who threw in their lot with old Austria. The famous chapter which discourses about "a duel in a pass" in Mr. Meredith's *Victoria* displays a more chivalrous estimate of the feelings of a foeman. Nothing at any rate can whitewash the baseness of his attack on Karl Johann (the learned lover of Dante) and the Saxon royal house, for which his father upbraided him. For if the Prussian state was superior to its rivals in energy and force, the advantage of culture and learning was rather on the other side. The House of Hohenzollern was probably more fit to survive and be at the head of the Fatherland than the rival House of Hapsburg, but the attempt to deck and adorn it with all ideal virtues (both public and private) and besmirch all other lines of monarchs was somewhat fatuous and grotesque.

A few words must be said on the spell which the character of Cavour cast over him for a while. To quote his own words—

> All through a sovereign clearness, a genial sobriety, at times a fine irony and yet the same seizing and overpowering effect as with Mirabeau of France. For a long while no topic has fascinated me so much. This thoroughly practical genius is as wide as the poles apart from the poets and thinkers with whom we Germans are so familiar; but he stands in his own way as great and settled in his demeanour towards the riddles of the world as Goethe and Kant.

The fact that Cavour had done so much to solve the same sort of problem as that in which he was concerned was the cause of this living interest; but it was scarcely logical to admire Cavour and at the same time throw dirt at the people from whom Cavour drew his ideas, according to his well-known avowal. Cavour's estimate of statesmen such as Palmerston and Peel was somewhat

more truthful and real than that which the jealous Anglophobe has left in his pages.

To come to his History itself, with its qualities and defects. To begin with, it is remarkably free from typical German shortcomings. The cases will not be forgotten of the biographer who strove to grasp an old Portuguese seaman from the four walls of his study in an inland country-town, or the learned teacher on the Baltic who said the Pyramids of Egypt were the result of geological processes, and had never been reared by the hands of toiling men. But Treitschke was never a mere "Stubengelehrter" to whom bits of parchment were a world. He had always wandered in his holidays and made himself fully acquainted with German landscape and life. The poetry and vineyards of the Rhine, the sunshine and woody hills of the Palatinate, the soft hill-charm of Saxony, the grander beauties of the Tyrol, even the sandy flats of old Prussia and the Baltic had left their impress upon him and aroused his passionate delight. If deafness grew upon him, so that he was no longer able to listen to the *Autumn* of Beethoven as in the days of boyhood by the moonlit banks of the Elbe, when death was abroad among the flowers, his eye for painting and colour and the beauties of the outer world did not grow pale or dim. From youth he had been in the habit of riding, and could feel the charm of a silent forest in the early dawn as keenly as Bismarck himself.

Such is his first great quality—he is on the side of life against bookishness, a child of the modern world rather than a flower of the cloister. In the next place, he is possessed of "the great antiseptic style," and knows how to set off his masses of material in a readable and artistic shape.

"Where did he get his style?" to adapt a famous question. Certainly not from Ranke, his master in width of learning, nor from Mommsen, whose ideas and opinions were closer to his own. His manly qualities of force and conviction and zeal, his stateliness and dramatic sense may suggest a resemblance to Macaulay (whom he deeply admired), but his spirit was more genial and passionate. Something of the lyrical and penetrative essence of Michelet and Carlyle formed a part of his nature, but he could not have had much sympathy with Michelet's opinions in politics or Carlyle's rugged detachment from all that was sensuous and gay. None of these famous writers was more completely a partisan.

His first volume is the best. It is one of the most brilliant pieces of modern historical writing, although no one has yet been found to put it into foreign dress. It came out in 1879, and deals chiefly with the struggle against Napoleon the Great and the revision of the map of Europe after the end of the war. The simple fact that he was farther off from modern civic bitterness made it easier for him to display a fair and proportional estimate both of men and

things. His noble eulogy of Stein does not differ much from the well-balanced judgment of Sir J. Seeley, although he assigns him a larger measure of influence over the Czar during the Russian campaign. Towards Hardenberg as a statesman he is more favourable, and takes a less austere view of his real shortcomings. His paradoxical use of the boxing-glove on behalf of Frederick William III. may have been prompted by his close connection with the Prussian Court, but liberal writers like Mr. Bigelow have perhaps been too hard in their estimate of a narrow and cautious sovereign who had the misfortune to be a commonplace member of a mighty house. For Metternich and all his ways no words are seemingly too bad, but Treitschke has not been hitherto read so widely in Austria.

A great deal of space is given to other than political matters. For during many periods of German national life thought has been prior to action, and no people in the world has gone more to battle for ideas. Hence his full criticism of *Letters and Philosophy* is by no means out of place, and is always worth reading. It is not easy to forget his paragraph about the appearance of Faust in 1807, soon after the battle of Jena. He makes us see the old master in his sixtieth year somewhat lonely on account of his friend Schiller's death, but yet possessed of an endless love of all things human, and thankful to Heaven for the flowers of summer and the autumn-fruitage.

The second and third volumes are certainly the least inspiriting, but contain good accounts of the hidden forces that were at work through a dull period. The "Turnvereine" and the "Tugendbunden" tread clearly into daylight with their qualities and failings. It is pleasant to note that he was able to appreciate the character of Canning (whose hatred of Metternich charmed him) better than other English statesmen. The old charge of egoism and materialism which he was fond of repeating against us was one from which his friend "Otto" could hardly have been always absolved. The fourth volume begins with the July Revolution of 1830, and thereby affords from the outset the promise of more hopeful matter. But his portraits of Louis Philippe and Palmerston (bright and pictorial as they are) cannot be treated as final and full estimates of the men. The charge of blindness to the rising star of Prussia which he brings against the proud British citizen may be refuted by the words of a letter which Palmerston wrote during a visit to Berlin. Yet with all its one-sidedness the volume is singularly great, and the old high level of criticism in spiritual and ideal matters is steadily kept up. It came out in 1889.

The fifth and last volume was given to the world five years later, not long before his death. It went as far as 1848, the year of great tumult and change. The portrait of Frederick William IV. is perhaps less kindly and considerate than that which Sybel has

drawn for us. Bismarck appears from his Memoirs to have cherished an affection for that sovereign, and called his intellect brilliant, although he owned too many nerves and too little muscle for his peculiar post. A word of protest must likewise be raised against his handling of Heine, which contains the unworthy commonplace that a Jew who made mirth about Michel and saintly old Prussian chiefs could not have been a great poet.

Treitschke had abused England so much that he felt it needful to visit our strange shores (as he said) in the early winter of 1895. The German Emperor's telegram to Kruger came out during his stay in London, and a want of courtesy was shown to Germans in public resorts. He paced our rainy streets, and found fault with the sins of Puritanism against the brightness of old-English life as it once was in the days of Elizabeth. Only Turner's lyrical poems in sunset and cloud gave him some inward delight.

His brother had fallen fighting at Sedan, and the historian died like a soldier, with his pen in his hand. Like most men of his age, he regretted the downfall of Bismarck, and was not always satisfied with the new course. He helped to wreck the unhappy educational bill of Caprivi, which he found not only dangerous to the cause of spiritual freedom, but liable to foster French influence in the Rhenish Catholic districts. With a keen hatred of priestcraft in all hues and shapes, he nevertheless feared God (to Whom all history bore witness) and passed away peacefully in April 1896. Although his wife was a Catholic, and sometimes felt troubled by his ideas, he was able to assure her he deemed his own temper to be devout. The words on his mother's tombstone, "Whoso confesseth Me before men," had not been without bearing on the lofty courage and achievements of the son.

Virtutes vitia acquabant. If he had been more balanced he would have been less forcible and wide-spread. Few had more influence with young men, both for good and evil: for good, in so far as he quickened an imaginative interest in the past; for evil, in so far as he led them astray from more objective methods in the search for truth. No form of Chauvinism is more noisy and odious than German; but the greatest German minds, for the most part, have been notably free from this complaint. Goethe was proud of belonging rather to the whole world, and Lessing spoke of patriotism as an heroic weakness which he was glad to be without. The fact that the German spirit has been more critical than creative (apart from a few great stars) makes it fitting that they should have been able to welcome what is good from outside. Such was Döllinger's boast, and none would have felt less sympathy with Treitschke's spiritual pride than some of his own chief heroes, to whom the city of Zeus meant more than the homestead of Cecrops.

Like Michelet, he sometimes went astray by his own imaginative

gifts, but few German writers have given more pleasure to readers at large. Critics like Bamberger, who disliked, and D. F. Strauss, who upheld his imperial point of view, have both picked holes in his manner of pleading one side of the case. If he cannot be charged with carelessness in matters of fact, he often conveys falsehoods by his suppression of one half of the truth. Such as prefer the old Germany of christmas-trees and romance to realism and cheap goods, and take more interest in Albert Durer than in big armies and corn-laws, will not be tempted to read him. But he cannot be overlooked by such as desire to enter into the workings of the latter day national spirit of which we have ourselves caught the infection with no less glow and force.

Some have been lately lamenting the decay of their most cherished ideals. Schools have been opened to the poor, but prisons have not yet been shut: even railways and exhibitions have not put a stop to war or crushed the animal that is in us. The worship of wealth and force is more rampant than ever, and the need of authority now seems more actual and widespread than any fresh struggle for freedom. If the guillotine be the only method of bringing about any full equality on earth, something may be said for the Prussian spirit of reverence and law of which Treitschke was the spokesman.

The old inquiry as to which of all forms of government known to us is best as an ideal may perhaps be sent back to dreamland by the ivory gate. All people and tribes must work out their own salvation in their favourite way as certain given factors allow. Even mountains and rivers, snow-drifts and summer-heats have to be consulted no less than the human causes of conditions which have come to prevail. Few men have ever loved their own country and lineage more intensely than Treitschke, and even such as are in many ways somewhat oppugnant to his teaching may yet scatter a few white flowers on his turf-bed. We do not read that the dwelling-places in Our Father's realm are few.

MAURICE TODHUNTER.

POPULAR OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING THE RIDICULOUS.

WHILE literature contains numerous and important contributions both to the theory and criticism of the Sublime and Beautiful, it has little to show relating to the Ridiculous. There are current, however, a number of familiar sayings and observations which seem to indicate that the popular mind has some ideas on the subject, and might yield up a theory if sufficiently probed and examined. It is worth while, therefore, consulting that authority, for it has at least been a long time at work, and, if its soundings have not been very deep or scientific, it has sailed over the surface of most subjects, and its stout keel has struck on many a solid truth.

Now, there is no more common observation bearing on the subject than that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Let us then analyse this, consider its meaning and the fact which it recognises, and attempt to discover its justification.

Certainly this dictum does not refer to anything which we call sublime in nature, where what is there given is regarded as the standard of truth. It does not mean that if the attributes which make an object in nature sublime were intensified, the object would become ridiculous. No matter how lofty a mountain might be, no height which it actually attained would be ridiculous. In fact, so clearly does the term ridiculous imply a conflict with what is true, according to whatever standard is adopted, that an objection that any description is ridiculous can always be met by proving its conformity to that standard. Conversely, the term ridiculous is applied to the representation of an object which purports to be given in experience, or to be capable of being given in experience, but which conflicts with all experience. If Virgil had been a man like Dante, who always carried his tape-measure about with him, and if he had given as the distance of some star that which astronomers now give, his contemporaries might have charged him with taking the fatal step. He might have been told that one hundred thousand miles was allowable exaggeration, or, some more generous critic might perhaps concede, a million would be allowable in a sufficiently powerful setting. But *we* should not think the distance ridiculous, because we know it to be *true*. Or we may take another example.

A man who had spent all his life on the coast of Kerry, where the Atlantic breeze has dwarfed all the herbage and the trees are only the size of shrubs, was induced to attend divine service. While there he heard the story about Zacchaeus who, being small of stature, climbed up into a tree. Our friend immediately burst out laughing. Afterwards, on the parson inquiring the cause of his hilarity, he replied that the story was ridiculous, that no man, no matter how small his stature, could climb up a tree, and that such a thing had never been heard of. In a child's book, side by side with the story of the old woman who lived in a shoe, it might be amusing to tell how

> "There once was a man. and so tiny was he,
> That he actually managed to climb up a tree,"

but it was hardly good enough for a sensible man like himself. But if the man were to come over our way, and get some small idea of what nature can really do in the way of trees, he would have nothing to laugh at but his former incredulity.

We may, however, be amused at eccentricities of nature where what is given in nature is not adopted as the standard of truth. When summer, as *Punch* says, sets in with its usual severity, we often think the weather absurd. Again, a nose may be of ridiculous proportions, and the fact that it really exists and is there for one to study and wonder at, does not make it less laughable. As has been said or sung—

> "and still the wonder grows
> How one small head can carry such a nose."

But in such cases the standard which we adopt is not what is actually given in experience, but some type or ideal to which things ought to conform.

Still it is not to such cases as these that the popular observation is meant to apply. It contemplates *descriptions* of the sublime rather than anything actually given. The exaggeration of a hyperbole may be carried so far that its mere subjectivity and artificiality become apparent in some glaring conflict with the real. Instead of poetic fancy raising the real to Olympian heights, as it pipes to the tune of "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," every-day experience whistles the ideal back from the clouds. Thus, when a poet starts describing the height of a mountain we let him go a long way. We tolerate his making considerable capital out of what is palpably a mere subjective appearance, and we permit him to mount up on the least breath of a suggestion. But once the bond of appearance or suggestion breaks and the attempted description takes some such form as this:

"So high to heaven extends the mighty mass,
The wandering moon must step aside to pass,"

then we drop connection with the sublime, which is the object of the description, and think only of the relation between the description itself and given fact, and laugh at the attempt of imagination to break loose from earthly fetters.

The Sublime from which there is but one step to the Ridiculous is, accordingly, the product of the imagination. It is also to be observed that the term is used in a popular sense and not, for instance, as Kant would use it. It is meant to refer to the description which soars above the *terra firma* of actuality, the highly ideal, the lofty flight of poetic fancy. Any poetic idea may get itself into trouble by going a step too far, though the genius of some men may enable them to lead us through the misty evaporation of intelligible meaning farther than would be possible for others. Thus, no one with a spark of poetic feeling could complain that "The Sensitive Plant" of Shelley transgresses the bounds of poetic licence. But when the conclusion is reached, and the poet proclaims his modest creed that everything, including death itself, is a mockery, we recognise that nothing but the most consummate art prevented the philosophic absurdity of the doctrine from obtruding itself.

In the first stanza of the "Ode to a Skylark," an able critic has pointed out what seems a fault in that beautiful poem. The stanza runs thus:

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

Now, no one could object to the poet calling the skylark a spirit, or alleging that it was not a bird, since, if it was to be the subject of a poem, it must be treated as something more than a mere animal of a certain genus and species. Nor are we staggered at being told that it is from heaven that it is pouring down its "profuse strains." But when, as if the poet himself felt that he had gone a step too far, he brings it down a peg for the sake of scientific accuracy or to rhyme with "spirit," the words "or near it," which we at once perceive to express the real truth, have the effect of destroying the previous synthesis.

We see now how it is that the sublime is so near the ridiculous. Both involve the presentation of something more than the mere object of cognition or of what is true according to some standard. In the case of the beautiful this something more is taken as a determination of the object and we have unity and harmony. The subjective laws of association are allowed the same validity as

logical subsumption under concepts. Through the medium of the feeling self we seem to know nature in the truest sense, for we seem to know it as it is in itself, and our warm blood appears to throb with the swellings of that mighty heart. But when we try to read into nature more than it can hold, and betray the impossibility by our clumsy efforts, laughter greets the attempt. The pleasure in what amuses us is then a pleasure in the perception of a relation of a certain kind.

It is often given as the reason for some people being rarely amused at anything that they are too matter-of-fact. We are all acquainted with such men. They always appear to be on their oath; they never regard anything which is not practical; they have no sympathy with what cannot bear the strain and pressure of sober logical consideration; mere suggestiveness is nothing to them. Unlike the patriarch, who was content to watch the angels tripping up and down the golden ladder and woke with feelings of holy awe, though the whole show was only a dream, these people are never satisfied unless they can manage to clamber up with their own burly terrestrial bodies. The above account admirably illustrates the accuracy of popular and unbiased analysis. It not alone recognises the importance of a relaxation of thought from the real but also that the aspect which is the product of the synthetic activity of wit and humour is that which contrasts with what is true according to some standard, or which is, in other words, "fact."

We see now why it is that some men seem to have only one or two avenues by which you may approach them with a joke, and why some few are never amused at anything. The enjoyment of the humorous or witty requires a certain disengagement of mind. Hence Goldsmith alludes to the "loud laugh that spoke the *vacant* mind." Preoccupation with what is called the serious side of life, exclusive attachment to any one standard, is unfavourable to the perception of anything ludicrous or, at least, to the enjoyment of it as such. The "man of one idea" cannot be a humourist. This explains why it is that so many great humourists have written passages full of beauty and pathos. And the higher humour is, the more does it require an accurate and even sympathetic appreciation of what accords with different standards. It is the capacity for seeing the relation of any given representation to every normal attitude of mind that, more than anything else, goes to make the humourist. From this it follows that even the poet does well to have some sense of humour, or else what is beautiful to him may amuse others; and so there was something reasonable in the ancient Greeks requiring their tragic poets to write comedies also. And even if this was going too far, still it is remarkable how seldom poetry of the Greeks reminds us how near the sublime

is to the ridiculous. On the other hand, Virgil frequently, and Milton occasionally, make us laugh quite in the wrong place.

If being too matter-of-fact, which is a habit of mind and exercises a permanent influence, is unfavourable to our being amused at anything, so, on particular occasions, an absorbing interest may determine the sequence of ideas in a particular way which renders the perception of anything amusing impossible. Thus people do not generally appreciate the humour of a joke that tells against themselves. Similarly, it is often said that something would be humorous if not so pathetic. An occurrence may fail to amuse us solely because the contemplation of it awakens emotions of pity, fear, indignation or wounded pride. Thus, some people do not laugh because, as Mr. Herbert Spencer says, in his essay on "The Physiology of Laughter,"

> "there has arisen in them an emotion not participated in by the rest, and which is sufficiently massive to absorb all the nascent excitement. Among the spectators of an awkward tumble, those who preserve their gravity are those in whom there is excited a degree of sympathy with the sufferer sufficiently great to serve as an outlet for the feeling which the occurrence had turned out of its previous course. Sometimes anger carries off the arrested current, and so prevents laughter."

While quoting this admirable statement of what is so commonly observed, it must, however, be said that the theory connected with it requires some amendment in order to accord with psychological analysis. If we let X + Z represent the object present to the minds of those who preserve their gravity, then we may represent the object present to those who laugh by X + Y. Now, if X were the object laughed at, instead of X + Y, then the physical phenomenon of laughter might be said merely to take the place of Z, so that X + laughter = X + Z. But Y must be reckoned with. It often represents a most rapid expansion of imagination. X is the representation of the mere occurrence; X + Y is the representation of all that it involves and suggests. It seems, therefore, that an adequate explanation of why those whose attention is occupied with X + Z do not laugh can be found in the fact that there was not present to their minds anything to laugh at. This account is, moreover, corroborated by the fact that if the idea which gave rise to the emotion is subsequently shown to be unfounded, we are able to open our minds to the suggestiveness of the object and to reflect upon it as upon something amusing.

In most cases the man whose sees the joke—whose mind is responsive to its suggestiveness—is the man whom we consider to be the good judge, to have his faculties properly balanced and to be in harmony with his environment; while the man who is not amused is generally considered to be defective in some way, unless

the cause is some absorbing interest. Occasionally, however, we despise the man who laughs at something which does not amuse us, and are right in so doing, because laughter is sometimes only rendered possible by ignorance and little-mindedness. It may depend on the assumption of the prejudices of the unlearned as a standard. Something seems absurd and ludicrous to some which to us is only in harmony with the system in which truth resides, because what such persons do not understand bursts on them only as a field for imagination and they have not sufficient moral ballast to be perplexed at the shock given to their old and preconceived ideas, but, without perceiving how the synthesis is subjective, take it as such, and laugh at it as at something absurd.

If, however, any one perceives *how* any synthesis is subjective he cannot properly be denied his laugh; and it is this perception that saves the *animal risible* from the imputation of folly—even though the fact that we only know in part and that there is a difference between the logical and psychological connection of ideas is the condition of our being amused at anything. And this calls our attention to the importance of perceiving in all cases the subjectivity of what conflicts with the real. Here we may appeal to the common distinction between laughing *with* and laughing *at* a person. If a man says something in sober earnest which we perceive to depend on an attitude of mind by reason of which he is looked on as eccentric we laugh *at* him, but if he purposely assumes the attitude with a consciousness of the relation between what he says and what we regard as objectively true, then we laugh *with* him and consider him a humorous man.

Why, then, are people generally found fault with for laughing at their own jokes, when it is essential that they should see the point? And, if they alone see it, is not that so much the worse for the other people? Now, while the popular judgment has a rational ground, the popular explanation is weak. Laughter is regarded as a compliment to the merit of the joke and should, therefore, not be paid to it by its author. Such praise should be left to others. But the right to laugh cannot properly be denied unless it is held that the psychological effect of the joke upon the minds of both parties should be different in some important respects, so that the one should not have the same inclination to laugh. Now, when a person laughs at his own jokes we think he is more the victim than the author of them, and that his ideas have tumbled together as much to his own surprise as that of others. He then stands more or less on our own level. But the author of a joke, the master wit, should know what he is about, and when employing methods of synthesis which are merely subjective, should from the first recognise the precise value of his instrument. In brief, we do not think the man who makes us laugh is in any way superior to ourselves unless what

he says is the product of art. When a man laughs at some funny remark which he has made without art, it is just as when a man joins in the general laugh at something absurd which he has done in a fit of absent-mindedness.

Sometimes, however, we judge the laughter of men who say what is funny in quite a different way. We do not think it arises from the perception of the intellectual relations of the representations involved, but rather from a feeling of the promotion of some interest. There are laughs of triumph and laughs of scorn. These are merely considered indicative of certain states of feeling of which we may not approve, but not to imply anything which would make us think less of the person's wit or humour. If a Voltaire wears a malicious smile, we attribute this merely to his character. In fact, so commonly is laughter connected with a pleasure in the perception of the promotion of some interest that many psychologists overlook the disinterested pleasure. But it is the pleasure taken in the perception of the intellectual relations of representations that explains why that which involves the promotion of an interest is regarded in the particular way in which these relations become apparent. In order to make something appear laughable it is put in a certain form which would not be better than certain others were it not that there is a disinterested pleasure in what is laughable. This disinterested pleasure, and the desire to enjoy it, makes others then adopt the point of view which renders it possible. This is what makes ridicule such a dangerous weapon; for, more than anything else, it makes us take a required standpoint, and this, very often, is half the battle.

Humour is often stigmatised as "cheap." For instance, some consider much of Mark Twain's humour as cheap, and add that any one who was willing to laugh at everything human and divine need never be at a loss. Obviously the epithet "cheap" refers to the constructive activity required in the presentation of what is laughable, and testifies to the importance of that activity. Now, what is conceived in accordance with theological, ethical, and æsthetic standards gives rise generally to many patent contradictions if the standard of popular or scientific experience is posited, and, as this may be done without difficulty, the products of such humour are thought to be within easy reach of any one who will condescend to gather them. It is, in fact, thought that with representations according to such lofty standards the difficulty is to avoid incongruities. For even the splendour of regal robes, or the pomp and glory of ecclesiastical vestments, cover only the flannel underclothing of every-day life. Thus Pope says—

> "And thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
> Dost sometimes council take and sometimes tea."

Humour may, therefore, be "cheap" (though giving rise to what is

at the same time very laughable), if the representations according with certain standards are given, and conflicting representations on the assumption of some familiar standard are obvious.

But, before sneering at humour as "cheap" in any particular instance, it is necessary to consider how far the one set of representations are actually given and how far the construction of the others requires the aid of a vivid imagination, or else the criticism may be cheaper than the humour. Does not the humour in question, we must always ask, imply the poetic feeling of one who looks "before and after" and pines "for what is not"? Is not some considerable ability required in the selection of what is ridiculed? Then, is there a mere assumption of an attitude requiring nothing more than, suppose, an irreverent mind? Does not the humourist seem to enhance the value of that attitude? Then, again, in working out the consequences of that attitude, is not much imagination, much observation, and knowledge of the world required? Are the points selected happy and suggestive? All these questions must be answered before we can depreciate humour on the ground of its being cheap. The distinction is like that between a good pun and a bad one.

Keats tells us that

> "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
> Its loveliness increases, it will never
> Pass into nothingness."

He might have put a comma after "nothingness," and proceeded

> but our best joke
> Dies in the laughter we at first provoke.

Indeed, nothing is more commonly observed than the way jokes lose by repetition. This is fortunate, as it would be highly inconvenient if a good story made us *laugh* for ever. At least we should like to be able to stop to get ready for the next. The fact, however, that we can listen with unmoved countenance to a story which, on first hearing, made us laugh heartily, is sometimes thought to favour a theory that the cause of laughter is the surprise occasioned by the sudden union of ideas generally kept wide apart. Now, while admitting a certain distinction between the case of the beautiful and that of laughable objects, and the importance of surprise in producing laughter, we must not exaggerate either. We do not laugh whenever we are surprised—we must be surprised by something funny. Again, though we cease laughing at a joke after a time, we do not necessarily cease equally soon to be pleased at the thought of it. Nor do we consider that what no longer makes us laugh has ceased to be laughable. The physical effect of the presentation of the

object to the mind must not be confounded with the judgment upon its character. Those who weep at sad news do not continue weeping for the rest of their lives. In fact, what women call "a good cry" seems to have a self-annihilating effect, just like a good laugh. Doubtless, if the perception of a beautiful object were accompanied by some visible muscular movement, such as wagging the head, we should observe something similar to what we recognise in the case of laughter. Suppose we are taking a walk along a country road and all at once there bursts upon us "a host of golden daffodils," then we pause and gaze upon the scene in a rapture of enthusiasm. Meantime our pipe goes out. But, after a little, we remember it, light and move on.

Again, that horrible feeling that comes over us when we have to listen, or, for the sake of politeness, appear to listen, to the "good story" of which a revered elder has just been reminded, but which we saw "casting its shadow before" quite a long way off, has nothing about it peculiar to the laughable. When we find we have got on a highway of thought which we see leads to a place where we know some one is lying in wait with his inevitable quotation, do we not experience the same desire to turn the conversation at any price, to scramble over any walls or hedges, or to dodge down any lanes or alleys? A man, perhaps, makes anything an excuse for repeating passages of Longfellow. During the performance how madly we strive to think of something else. We try to repeat to ourselves the Lord's Prayer, or the Creed, or the National Anthem, or anything that comes into our head rather than listen. Yet, for all that, we consider the passages quoted to be extremely beautiful.

But, even after making all due allowance for exaggerated ideas as to the difference in the effects of repetition in the case of the laughable and in the case of the beautiful, there still remains a difference. This may be explained on two grounds, both of which are of great importance. In the first place, then, the presentation of a beautiful object implies the stimulation of the senses to a pleasurable activity, as, for instance, when we hear music or look at a beautiful picture, and, as the senses recover rapidly from the effect of the stimulus, there is usually a desire for repetition—a fact, by the way, which is the chief ground of the superiority of verse over prose for the embodiment of poetic ideas. And with this repetition the perception of the beauty of the object is renewed. The subjective element, which is the ground of the quality of the æsthetic judgment, and which explains why this particular object is considered beautiful and that not so, founds on the given sensuous object. But the subjective and the objective being contrasted in the case of the laughable, and the predicate "laughable" not attaching to anything like a sensuous object, there is nothing which we could desire to have presented to us again and again. This leads to the explanation of the second

ground of difference. For in the case of the laughable the perception of the mere subjectivity of the synthesis is involved, and the tendency of this is to gradually destroy the force of the association. And so great is this destroying effect that often, not alone do we not laugh on the second hearing of a joke, which is accounted for by there not being a second rapid expansion of imagination over fields on which we have lately trespassed, but we sometimes fail to see what amused us, or to comprehend the force of the subjective association. The accuracy of this analysis is confirmed by an apparent exception. In the case of humorous descriptions of character, where the standard adopted for the estimation of the real is the type and what is opposed to it is the eccentricity of individuals, whether as to their manners or appearance, time and long acquaintance may intensify our feeling of the ridiculousness of the object. The reason of this is that the eccentric only conflicts with the real on account of our limited way of looking at things. We do not see the person "with a caricature of a face" *sub specie æternitatis*, and so the apparent is never destroyed by its conflict with what we regard as the real. It may always be *given* and embellished by fresh associations. Hence there are what are popularly called *standing* jokes. The laughable, moreover, may, in such a case, be presented in a sensuous object, our impression of which we may like to renew. Thus we do not tire of a laughable drawing as soon as of a funny story.

The above analysis of what is popularly observed with regard to the laughable enables us to perceive its fundamental characteristics. These may be concisely stated in the following propositions :—

1. That the perception of the laughable or ridiculous implies a presentation or a conception, implicit or explicit, of what is true according to some adopted standard of truth.

2. That what is true in this way is not ridiculous, but is that in reference to which something else is considered ridiculous.

3. That what is thus considered ridiculous is considered so by reason of its conflict with the true, to which it is related as the subjective to the objective, the apparent to the real, or the truth-like to the true.

4. That it is in the construction of the subjective element that the synthetic activity of wit and humour is manifested.

5. That the synthetic activity must possess a certain subjective validity; it must be more than the merely false.

6. That the relation between the elements must be the object of a disinterested survey.

It would seem that a consistent theory of the source of what is laughable might be based on the foundation of these propositions.

JAMES CREED MEREDITH.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

ONE of the chief objections to the Kant-Laplace theory of the universe has been the difficulty of reconciling it with the modern conception of the conservation of energy. All scientific men are now of opinion that energy, like the matter with which it is associated, cannot be lost, and yet it is only very recently that a theory has been propounded which gives a satisfactory explanation of the way in which the dynamic cycle of the universe may be completed. This theory is very ably explained by Mr. A. W. Bickerton,[1] who has had no small share in shaping it. Briefly stated, the theory is that the partial impact of worn-out worlds regenerates nebulæ, and at the same time gives rise to the formation of twin and variable stars. It has frequently been noticed that twin stars are associated with nebulæ, and Mr. Bickerton's explanation of this is that, when two stars graze, part of the matter from each is volatilised by the intense heat, while the colliding bodies do not coalesce, but recede from each other. This theory appears to explain many phenomena which have hitherto been obscure to astronomers, and it must be looked upon as a welcome addition to cosmic research. As regards the theory of selective molecular escape, we think it is not likely to be generally accepted until our conception of elementary atoms undergoes considerable modification.

We have received another work[2] of a very different character, which deals mainly with the earth, but incidentally with the sun and a variety of other matters. The chief task Mr. Scott appears to have set himself in writing this book appears to have been to attempt to prove that the earth is a disc, and not a globe. This disc is surrounded by the waters of the Great Deep, which in their turn are contained in a "vast basin of impregnable rocks." This "stupendous basin of rocks" is upheld "by the Fiat of God," and the whole arrangement is supposed to be situated in the "farthest known Southern Seas," where we have hitherto innocently imagined the South Pole to be located. Of course geographers will now

[1] *The Romance of the Heavens.* By A. W. Bickerton. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. 1901

[2] *Terra Firma.* By D. W. Scott. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Ltd. 1901.

hasten to correct their maps and adopt that given by the author, showing the earth as a circle, the centre of which is the North Pole. As to the age of the earth, the orthodox six thousand years is considered sufficient by the author, and "the statements of geologists are all unsatisfactory." We must not believe in the Laplace nebular hypothesis because "it is downright atheism," nor may we credit the theory that the earth revolves round the sun. With regard to this latter theory Mr. Scott says: "I can only account for the delusion as having been introduced by Satan into the minds of certain men, who could inoculate those of others with the poison, his object being to make it appear that God is a liar, and to befool the human race, which he so much abhors." There is much similar original matter in this book, which will prove a source of amusement to most scientific men, while some may regard it as an interesting case of mental atavism.

At a time when our supremacy in the iron and steel industry is not only threatened, but is rapidly passing away, we must welcome everything that may serve to keep our manufacturers and workmen up to date and familiar with the most modern methods. The appearance of a second edition of Mr. T. Turner's handbook of the *Metallurgy of Iron*[1] is, therefore, a matter of some importance, the more so as the present issue has been thoroughly revised and contains much new matter.

The author's position as director of technical instruction to the Staffordshire County Council has made him fully cognisant of the needs of this particular industry, and his work is now recognised as the standard one. We would have been glad to see a fuller account of the utilisation of blast-furnace slags for constructive purposes, and of basic slag as a manure, and a description of the Carnegie steel works might have been a useful object lesson to some of our more backward manufacturers. The book is one which no iron or steel manufacturer should be without.

The numerous new industries which the applications of modern science are continually creating necessitate new words, and the number of these additions to our language is so great that even the technical expert is sometimes at a loss to explain some of the terms he meets with. In Germany, the Verein Deutscher Ingenieure is endeavouring, with the help of foreign technical and scientific societies, to produce a *Technolexikon*—another new word—which is a dictionary of technical terms in English, French, and German. Our English Patent Office has just issued an interesting and useful contribution towards such a dictionary[2] in the shape of trade and

[1] *The Metallurgy of Iron.* By T. Turner. Second Edition. London: C. Griffin and Co., Ltd. 1900.

[2] *Guide to the Search Department of the Patent Office Library, with a Dictionary of "Trade or Fancy" Words.* Patent Office Library. Series No. 4. London: Patent Office. 1901.

fancy words current in this country. Those who are in the habit of frequenting the useful and, in some respects, unique Patent Office Library have been for some time aware that the courteous and indefatigable librarian, Mr. C. W. Hulme, has been collecting technical terms, and we are, no doubt, indebted to him for this valuable addition to technical literature. The *Guide to the Search Department* will be a great help to inventors as well as to the library officials, who are popularly supposed to know everything in all languages and to be personally familiar with the dates and numbers of all patent specifications.

Mr. P. L. Marks has issued an important work on the *Principles of Planning*,[1] which meets a want long felt by architects. The scope of the work is wide, including a great variety of public and private buildings, from cathedrals to catteries. Some of the numerous illustrations are taken from the author's own practice, others, especially those of public buildings, represent work carried out by other well-known architects. On the whole the examples are well chosen, and the accompanying text contains many useful hints. With regard to the Constitution Club, however, we notice that the considerable changes which have been found necessary since its erection have not been included in the plans.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY

THE conduct of life is a problem that has always engaged the attention of philosophers, and though practically it appears to be a simple one, and solved by what was formerly called "wisdom" it has been from time to time complicated by metaphysical theories. These theories Mr. Taylor in his *Problem of Conduct*[2] frankly discards, and wisely treats ethics as a positive or experimental science. A large part of his work is unfortunately, but perhaps necessarily, devoted to a discussion of theories he rejects, as the propounder of one view must provide against objections which may be raised against it by those who hold different views. With regard to the relation of ethics to metaphysics, Mr. Taylor contends that the theory that ethics is only the application of metaphysical first principles to the subject-matter of human conduct, which has been made popular by Green, cannot be sustained, and that ethics is related to metaphysics only as the physical sciences are. The place of metaphysics is at the end, and not at the beginning, of the study of ethics. Not only does Mr.

[1] *The Principles of Planning.* By P. L. Marks. London: B. T. Batsford. 1901.
[2] *The Problem of Conduct.* A Study in the Phenomenology of Ethics. By Alfred Edward Taylor. London and New York: Macmillan. 1901.

Taylor differ from the metaphysicians but from the Hedonists; he does not find the basis of ethics as they are, in pleasure and pain; he rejects alike the imperative and the useful, and finds his explanation in the intuitive sense of approval and disapproval of certain lines of conduct. Intuition is consistent with evolution, as it may be the result of accumulated experience; but, to find a basis of ethics, we must by inquiry discover what men approve or disapprove in the conduct of others or themselves. There is then no absolute ethics, but morality depends in a large measure on environment and circumstance. That a line of conduct is good for one man in his circumstances does not prove it is good for all men in all circumstances. As an illustration of the simplest forms of emotion which can be regarded as distinctively ethical Mr. Taylor quotes with good effect a sentence which R. L. Stevenson puts into the mouth of one of his characters: "Right and wrong are but figments and the shadows of a word; but, for all that, there are certain things that I cannot do, and there are certain others that I will not stand."

Mr. Taylor rightly points out that, before we can form a science of ethics, we must proceed, as in all sciences, by a collection of facts, and not start with a preconceived theory. Perhaps we may say the "ideally best" is a figment, as in practical life our choice is limited to a "better." We think Mr. Taylor is on the right lines and has made a valuable contribution to the most important of the sciences, for it is the one which concerns mankind the most; but it is but a beginning, and we hope to see it followed up.

As Father Didon was a striking personality and had a remarkable career, it is not to be wondered at that his interesting letters to Mlle. Th. V.[1] have found a large number of readers, and have already reached a twelfth edition. These letters convey, in a fragmentary form, some picture of the life of the great preacher, but their interest chiefly lies in their self-revelation of his inward experience and soul. If they are somewhat monotonous, it is no doubt because such a life consists largely of a repetition of one form of experience, and nearly all the variety there is is due to the varied characteristics of the writer. In the counsel and sympathy he offers to his correspondent we see the reflection of his own ideal. But more directly in the account he gives of himself from time to time we see the man as he was: renouncing the world, and yet ambitious of commanding it; humble in spirit, and yet in a sense proud and bold; animated by something of the scientific spirit, and yet willing to make science the servant of the Church; eloquent, poetic, tender, and yet austere and unyielding. The letters form an interesting revelation of a personality which in some spheres might have done great things, but the only thing the Catholic Church

[1] *Lettres du R. P. Didon, de l'Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs, à Mademoiselle Th. V.* Paris: Librairie Plon. 1901.

could find to do with him was to silence him and send him into exile.

Occasionally laymen make really important contributions to theology, but *Modern Natural Theology*,[1] by the well-known surgeon, Mr. F. J. Gant, can scarcely be reckoned one of them. Mr. Gant is an evolutionist, and his physiological learning enables him to illustrate his theme in an interesting manner. The first part of his little book sums up the Theistic argument upon familiar lines to which no exception can be taken; the second part of the book, upon Christian evidences, is far inferior. The author frankly states the critical objections to the authenticity of the Gospels, and his only reply to them is drawn from the contents of the Gospels themselves, which external evidence has shown to be unreliable.

Dr. Moule's sketch of the *Evangelical School in the Church of England*[2] is a very brief account of a phase of English Christianity which is almost lost sight of in the stir of ecclesiastical strife in which we have lived for the last half-century. This sketch, however, will serve to revive the memory of some who did good work in their time, such as Simeon, Venn, Wilberforce, and the late Earl of Shaftesbury. Their theology may still be an aversion to "men of taste," as John Foster put it, but their lives were simple and pure, and philanthropy was a great feature in their religion.

Whoever J. M. is, we must regard him as a brave man. It requires no little courage in these days for a religious and sober man to criticise the teetotalers. Their numbers are large, and their bigotry is in proportion, but J. M., in his book *Teetotalism*[3] (Number Two), does not spare them. We do not attach much importance to his theological argument, but on the moral side there is much to be said in favour of his view. He contends that the policy of the teetotalers has done much to encourage drunkenness, because they lay all the blame upon the drink, and pity and patronise the "poor drunkard." J. M. is for sterner measures with those addicted to inebriety, and for non-interference in all other respects. Whether this is the right way or not—and we believe it is—we are convinced that teetotalism is responsible for a great deal of hypocrisy and moral and intellectual weakness. This is really an able and in some respects a clever book, and contains much that is suggestive. It also contains some physic for sentimentalists.

While Mr. Rowntree shows us something of the external history and practice of the Friends, Professor Rufus M. Jones unveils to us their inner thought.[4] This is, indeed, the very life of Quakerism,

[1] *Modern Natural Theology, with the Testimony of Christian Evidences.* By Frederick James Gant, F.R.C.S. London: Elliot Stock. 1901.

[2] *The Evangelical School in the Church of England.* By H. C. G. Moule, D.D. London: James Nisbet. 1901.

[3] *Teetotalism.* (Number Two.) By J. M. Edinburgh: J. Riddell. 1901.

[4] *A Dynamic Faith.* By Rufus M. Jones, M.A., D.Litt. London: Headley Brothers. 1901.

for their practices are but outward signs of their mental state. The doctrine of the inward light is explained in a philosophical as well as religious spirit, and we learn that, from the author's point of view, the ultimate test of religious truth is feeling—not always a certain guide. Two or three sentences will give the reader a good idea of the principles of the Friends in a nutshell. "Within the circle of his own life stands a sanctuary of which he (*i.e.*, each man) alone is priest. All that is absolutely necessary for divine worship or service is a human being—any devout human being—with an open heart toward God. A man and God meet together, make a holy place, and this meeting constitutes worship." This reads like pure Theism, and we imagine most Friends would express themselves in more evangelical terms. The book, however, is a serious study in the first principles of religion, and it would have been a good thing if they had never been abandoned in favour of a more dogmatic and worldly system.

No better illustration of the justice of the above remark could be found than the picture Mr. Conybeare gives of the evil influence of *Roman Catholicism in European Politics.*[1] The articles the writer has collected together in this volume have already attracted attention, and he proves up to the hilt his indictment of the Jesuits as having no little to do with the persecution of Dreyfus. It is not only Semitism that is the object of the hatred of Catholics, but Protestantism and freedom of every kind. The Republicans recognise the danger, and in self-defence must assail clericalism, which is still "the enemy." Romanism never changes, though it can put on a disguise, and Englishmen, who are sometimes deceived by its quiet attitude in this country, should carefully study Mr. Conybeare's pages and take seriously to heart the lesson they enforce. The army in France is the tool of the Papists and the devout Catholics are their ignorant dupes. Superstition, bigotry, intolerance, and ambition are the characteristics of French Catholicism, which is as much the enemy of religion as it is of liberty. Happily there are not a few intelligent Frenchmen on the alert, amongst whom M. Ernest Vaughan, M. Yves Guyot, and others take an honourable place.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE.

WITH his *History of Political Parties in the United States*[2] Mr. James H. Hopkins has supplied a much-needed want. It is, as the sub-

[1] *Roman Catholicism as a Factor in European Politics.* By Frederick C. Conybeare. London: Skeffington & Son. 1901.

[2] *A History of Political Parties in the United States.* By James H. Hopkins, formerly Representative in Congress from Pennsylvania. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1900.

title states, "an account of the political parties since the foundation of the Government, together with a consideration of the conditions attending their formation and development, and with a reprint of the several party platforms."

The first period covers the years 1789 to 1824, and deals with the Federalists, Anti-Federalists, Democrats, Democrat-Republicans, and Republicans. It was in the early days of this period that two great schools of thought took shape, championed respectively by Jeffreson and Hamilton. The latter favoured and the former opposed any legislation which might tend to create or encourage monopolies, and it was to Hamilton's advocacy of such principles, aided by Chief Justice Marshall, that the great trusts and monopolies which threaten the social and economic existence of the States are due. The end of this period is marked by the inauguration of the Monroe Doctrine, the offspring not of Canning, as Mr. Sumner has recently contended, but, as Mr. Hopkins shows, of Jeffreson, who twenty years earlier suggested the doctrine in his message to Congress.

In the second period, 1828–52, fresh parties are evolved. To the Democrats must be added Whigs, Anti-Masons, Abolitionists, Liberty Party, Anti-Nebraskamen, Pro-Slavery Whigs, and "Know Nothings." Throughout these years the Slave Question overshadowed all others. For the moment it was shelved to some extent by the compromise, but the bitter feeling aroused was too deep to be washed out by anything less than blood.

In 1856 the anti-slavery party adopted the name of Republican, and from this time, although numerous other parties sprang into existence, such as the American Constitutional Union, Labour, Prohibition, Greenback, American National, Equal Rights, People's National Socialists, and Populists, the great struggle was between the Republican and Democratic parties. Neither party has been consistent in its end; but, as Mr. Hopkins very properly says, "absolute consistency is not to be expected of any political organisation, and, moreover, is not to be desired." Grave mistakes as the Democrats have committed, they yet performed brilliant services for their country. To the credit of the Republicans belong the success of the greatest military struggle of modern times and the abolition of slavery and the creation of a national banking system. On the debtor side of the account is the "dumping into the political arena a million or more voters, immediately investing them with the elective franchise, of which they were totally ignorant, and for the use of which they were utterly unfitted"; and, in addition, a series of acts unauthorised by the Constitution and unjustified by casuistry or any plea of necessity. Lastly, the Republicans have carried Protection and the Gold Standard, but no one, says Mr. Hopkins, "can aver that the judgment pronounced was final and conclusive."

This is certainly true as to the former, but we should have said the silver party is practically as dead as Queen Anne. Such a history as this might easily have been a mere monotonous chronicle of dates and figures, but in Mr. Hopkins' able hands we follow with entrancing interest the growth and development of parties and the character of the great leaders—the political life-story of a great and growing nation of our own kith and kin. Few Englishmen, we imagine, could state off-hand the tenets of any one of these parties at any particular period of their history, but he may here learn with ease and enjoyment the broad outline of their political creeds and careers.

By a strange coincidence Imperialism during the last few years has been a burning question on both sides of the Atlantic—both in the Republic of the United States of America and in the Monarchical United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. *The Law of Eminent Domain*, by Mr. Carman F. Randolph, of the New York Bar, is the recognised standard text-book dealing with that branch of private law by which the land of the private individual may be taken for public purposes, a right enjoyed by the State subject to the strict limitations contained in the Constitution and enforced by the courts. With his *Law and Policy of Annexation*[1] Mr. Randolph has accordingly come well equipped to the consideration of the principles and policy of the analogous subject of annexation, a branch of public law under which the State enlarges its territories for purposes of high policy.

The annexation of the Philippines is the immediate cause of this book, but it chiefly serves Mr. Randolph with the text for a discussion of the general principles of annexation and of the policy which should guide the State in enlarging its territory and increasing its responsibilities.

After examining the principles of the Constitution and their application to the annexation of the Philippines, Mr. Randolph is forced to the conclusion that the State ought to relinquish sovereignty over a country which it cannot or will not govern according to the Constitution. By the Constitution all territory under the sovereignty of Congress is one country wherein all have equal rights. But in the case of the Philippines the State is unwilling to confer these rights. "The taking over," says Mr. Randolph, "of millions of Asiatics who are deemed unfit for fellowship must increase our burdens without bringing new strength to bear them; and we may yet need the strength that inheres only in a people united by the bonds of sympathy and of equality before the law." Moreover, if this principle of exclusion from the benefits of the Constitution be admitted,

[1] *The Law and Policy of Annexation.* With special reference to the Philippines, together with observations on the Status of Cuba. By Carman F. Randolph, of the New York Bar. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1901.

a strong check against further aggrandisement and indiscriminate expansion is removed. An escape from this anomalous position is suggested by Mr. Randolph. If the annexation of the Philippines is settled policy, a short amendment to the Constitution might be made by the delegation of imperial powers for its administration, which would serve to distinguish the Republic governed under the old organic law from outlying provinces ruled as policy shall dictate. The impossibility of governing those provinces under the Constitution as it stands is apparent, and we have here a simple solution, so far as any solution can be called simple, of an extremely intricate problem. In the last chapter Mr. Randolph strongly advocates the alienation of the Philippines, supporting his plea by strong arguments which will appeal to all true American patriots, and which should appeal with equal force to all on this side who are not blinded by Jingoistic imperialism and lust of foreign aggrandisement. Mr. Randolph concludes with some interesting observations upon the anomalous status of Cuba. An appendix contains the treaties and Order in Council referred to in the text. This is a book which we can confidently commend to politicians and students of public international law and policy.

The *Théorie de l'Ordre*,[1] by M. Jules Delafosse, is a work interesting for its contents, and from the prominent position long held by its author as a member of Parliament and as a brilliant journalist. It is a study of the conditions of law and order in society and in the State. After pointing out the general decadence of the French nation, M. Delafosse examines the cause, and finds it in the gradual spread of revolutionary philosophy, which is little by little eating away French institutions, laws, and customs.

The root evil, according to the author, is the principle of anarchism, which is systematically destroying all respect for ordered government. M. Delafosse passes in review all the burning questions of the hour—the monarchy, democracy, universal suffrage, parliamentary institutions, the executive, legislative, and administrative departments, the spirit of government, public instruction, the army, justice, the Press, Church and State, and socialism.

We believe, and we believe gladly, that M. Delafosse has overstated his charge of national decadence. As an instance he gives the Fashoda incident, which he regards as a national humiliation. It is a pity that Frenchmen of his intellectual position should continue this parrot cry. The real humiliation, such as it was, lay upon the French government, which brought it upon itself. For the French nation it was no humiliation, since no sensible Englishman regards it as a triumph. The crisis through which France is

[1] *Théorie de l'Ordre.* Par Jules Delafosse. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 1901.

passing, in common with all industrial nations, is economic, and requires economic remedies. Law and order there must be, but these must be tempered with justice, else all authority in the world will be in vain.

We must confess to a feeling of wholesome respect towards the compiler of any book of reference. To make a list really complete, to arrange it at once wisely and conveniently, and, above all, to keep it up-to-date, is an achievement of which any man may be justly proud. Mr. Austen-Leigh's *Clubs*[1] has attained a well-deserved reputation for authoritative compactness, which the present issue should help to maintain. The attractive announcement that it includes "over eight hundred golf-clubs" will ensure its popularity with many readers.

We should personally have been rather glad to see all the golf-clubs in one list; and there is a good deal to be said for the advantages of having classified lists throughout, with an alphabetical index. At present the whole book is arranged alphabetically, and thereby becomes quite useless for many purposes of reference. The change could easily be made in the London clubs, and a careful arrangement of cross-references and indices would make it also possible for the provinces, in which the present grouping under towns must not, of course, be neglected.

But Mr. Austen-Leigh may have an indisputable argument against our suggestion and, in any case, we beg him to believe that we have nothing but gratitude for what he has given us.

MEDICAL.

DR. M. BARNAY'S little book on the *Alkaloids in Common Use*[2] is a compendious and useful manual, the plan of which is rather original, for he addresses himself to the busy general practitioner, and reduces the botanical, chemical, and pharmacological parts of the subject to a minimum, laying stress more particularly on the physiological, therapeutical, and toxicological side, and particularises the doses and the best way of administering them.

Fifty-two "alcaloïdes" are passed under review, some of which, by-the-bye, are not alkaloids at all, but glucosides, bitter principles, and neutral substances which have not been crystallised, and are only obtainable in an amorphous state; however, this is of small con-

[1] *A List of English Clubs in all Parts of the World*, for 1900 (ninth year). By S. A. Austin-Leigh, M.A. London: Spottiswoode & Co.

[2] *Alcaloïdes Usuels.* Dr. M. Barnay. Paris: Société d'éditions Scientifiques. 1900.

sequence, as some of the latter are quite as important in practice as many of the alkaloids themselves.

Upon one point the learned doctor lays stress—namely, the necessity of avoiding cheap drugs "made in Germany," and employing only the products of French laboratories, which he, naturally, prefers to all others.

These native productions, however, he affirms are not all identical as regards strength, and, therefore, the practitioner, having selected and experimented with one particular brand, should continue to use it and no other, or he may find himself confronted by consequences that he had not anticipated.

"It is only by taking all these precautions that the practitioner may justify the definition that must always be the aim of medicine, 'The art of healing.'"

English researches are not once alluded to in the volume, which contains numerous depreciatory allusions to Germans and their labours in the field of chemistry and kindred subjects. Evidently France and Frenchmen occupy the whole of the author's consideration. *O si sic omnes!*

The use of tea as a refreshing beverage is so extensive that we cannot be surprised that it is sometimes taken in excess, and so disagrees with dyspeptic and nervous people. A similar result would follow the abuse of other wholesome articles of diet. It is not easy, however, to fix the precise ingredient of the complex infusion which is apt to produce ill effects. The theine can scarcely be responsible for dyspepsia, although it may prove too stimulating for the nervous system of some people. Tannin is glibly blamed by many, and is more abundant in the rougher class of teas. Fresh light seems to be shed on the matter by a pamphlet which has just appeared as the joint production [1] of a tea-planter and an analytical chemist. Various defects in the growth and preparation of the leaf for the market are mentioned by these authors, but by far the most grave indictment against the cheap teas which have flooded the market of late years is that decomposing samples are blended with sound ones by unscrupulous traders. The admixture of rotten leaf taints and destroys the delicate flavour and seems to be the explanation of the fact that teas nowadays do not improve like the old China importation, but actually deteriorate. We may assume that rotting leaves not only taint those with which they are mixed, but that the decomposition spreads gradually through the mass. Further, it is pretty safe to affirm that the products of decomposition must be injurious to the digestion. Perhaps it is to them we may attribute the dyspeptic troubles so common to some tea-drinkers. Decayed leaves scarcely come under the Adulteration Acts, so that

[1] *The Tea We Drink.* By E. H. Skrine and George Brownen, F.C.S. London Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1901.

it is not easy to check the evil. It was mentioned in the House of Commons recently, but the Government offered no encouragement to those who would fain see legislation on the matter. And yet it would be a very easy thing to protect the consumer. The machinery needed already exists. Every lot of tea is put up for sale before it can reach the blender. The lots are all tasted for the brokers and purchasers. The Government has only to have its own taster test each lot—not for value, but for purity—and, as tea still bears a tax, the revenue would be protected as well as the consumer. Honest growers and importers would welcome such supervision, and the lack of it is one of many reasons for amending the Acts relating to the adulteration of food and drugs.

Mr. Godfrey Gümpel's book on *Salt* was noticed in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW soon after its publication. He has since pursued the subject and now issues a pamphlet [1] maintaining that there is hope, if not certainty, that human beings may be protected against tropical diseases by the use of common salt. The reader who is not aware of the author's enthusiasm will be startled to learn that he denounces "plain water as destructive of human life," and considers that the reason it does not destroy more victims is that the common salt in the system protects it from the destructive influence of the water. Accordingly he is full of admiration for the wonderful provision of nature for neutralising "the morbid and the mortal influence of plain water," to which he attributes all manner of diseases. His opinions do not seem to have found the reception he desired by the medical world, and he falls foul of doctors and scientific experts for ignoring his panacea. He even attributes bad motives to the medical men who neglect his remedy, as on p. 42, where he says they fear to advocate so common a substance lest it should lower their educational status; and on the next page he classes doctors and quacks together as proceeding strictly by guess. Further on he says (p. 55): "As the individual physicians will wrangle about their lame therapeutic principles and systems at the bedside of a dying patient, and think more about upholding the vaunted professional honour . . . than they show anxiety for saving the patient's life, so will the *experienced authorities* allow thousands of human beings to die rather than the *nimbus* of their position be sullied by the acceptance of a simple remedy for the prevention of disease." After this the author should scarcely wonder that both individual physicians and experienced authorities decline to discuss with him his opinions. "Men suffer and die," he tells them, "as if medical science did not exist." Doctors might retort that probably such will continue to be the case after Mr. Gümpel ceases to exist.

[1] *The Prevention of Epidemic Zymotic Diseases in India and the Tropics generally.* By C. Godfrey Gümpel. London: Watts & Co. 1901.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THERE is a great deal of interesting information as to the history of British politics and politicians during the last three-quarters of a century in Sir John Mowbray's *Seventy Years at Westminster.*[1] Portions of the matter contained in the volume had previously appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine.* Sir John Mowbray was a great letter-writer, and was fond of recalling the scenes he had witnessed in the course of a long political career. His daughter has ably edited his correspondence so as to convert it into an autobiography.

It was a tradition in the family that Sir John Mowbray had once seen the First Napoleon. He was born on June 3, 1815, at Exeter —fifteen days before Waterloo. It appears that he was carried in his nurse's arms when the Great Napoleon was on board the *Bellerophon.* Of course his memory of the occurrence is necessarily more than faint! In later life Sir John met Palmerston, and was the friend of both Disraeli and Gladstone. His picture of the House of Commons fifty years ago is full of interest. He considers that the hackneyed criticism as to the decay in the tone and spirit as well as in the manners of Parliament is greatly exaggerated. This is satisfactory to those who resent the high-handed treatment of the Irish members for a very excusable ebullition of temper when the present Government was rushing a big money-vote through the House.

Here is Sir John Mowbray's opinion about Mr. Gladstone: "He was kind and generous, incapable of entertaining any sort of vindictive feeling arising out of previous antagonism; but likely to fall back on the memory of past times, when I might have been regarded as a faithful follower." There is no reference in the book to Parnell, though there is an allusion to Mr. Justin McCarthy. This shows a curious sense of perspective as to the personalities of politicians. Sir John Mowbray was in no sense a great man, but he was a political Nestor.

Two Happy Years in Ceylon,[2] by C. F. Gordon-Cumming, is a delightful book. The beauty of the Isle of Palms has never been more picturesquely described. Unfortunately the island has not been very flourishing of late years. The combination of Buddhism and demon-worship in the religion of the inhabitants is described in a very remarkable chapter headed "The Worshipful Tooth." There is a field for missionary enterprise in Ceylon, but, according to Miss Gordon-Cumming, the element of sectarianism has impeded progress

[1] *Seventy Years at Westminster.* With other Letters and Notes of the late Right Hon. Sir John Mowbray, Bart., M.P., edited by his Daughter. London: Blackwood and Sons.

[2] *Two Happy Years in Ceylon.* By C. F. Gordon-Cumming. London: Chatto and Windus.

rather than advanced it. The Salvation Army have been the worst sinners there in this respect.

The Matriculation History of England[1] brings English history down to the end of the seventeenth century. It was primarily intended to fulfil the requirements of the London Matriculation Syllabus; it is also designed for use by candidates of the Senior and Higher Local examinations. Mr. Fearenside has done his work well. Especially clear and full is the account given of the Wars of the Roses. It is an admirable book.

The first volume of the series, entitled *Our Empire—Past and Present*,[2] deals with "Great Britain in Europe." The object of these volumes is "to increase the prevailing knowledge of our Imperial heritage." The authors of the work are the Earl of Meath, M. H. Cornwall-Legh, L.L.A., and Edith Jackson. The information contained in the first volume is certainly not fresh to well-informed persons, but the book is pleasantly written and the illustrations are good. The account given of the relations of England and Ireland is not quite accurate. The good work done by Grattan's Parliament is not acknowledged. The chapter on "The Growth of Sea-Power" is perhaps the most lucid and complete in the volume.

A very difficult subject has been ably handled by the Rev. H. B. George in his volume entitled *The Relations of Geography and History*.[3] Many students of history lose sight of the fact that geographical influences account for many historical occurrences. The principle, of course, is liable to modification, for climate cannot completely control character, and sometimes does little to mould it. However, the nations of the world owe much of their strength or weakness to their geographical positions. The chapter on "Geography in War" throws some curious light on Napoleon's victories, which were frequently due to his enemies' ignorance of small topographical details. The volume gives an enormous amount of information within a limited compass.

The career of the late Eugene Schuyler was exceptionally interesting. He was American Consul-General and Secretary of Legation at Constantinople during the period of the Bulgarian atrocities, and the services he rendered to the oppressed Bulgarians were warmly recognised by Mr. Gladstone and others. The memoir of Eugene Schuyler by Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer[4] enables us to form a good estimate of the amiable and noble character of the man—one of the most remarkable specimens produced by the United States of an

[1] *The Matriculation History of England.* By C. S. Fearenside, M.A. Oxon. London: W. B. Clive.

[2] *Our Empire—Past and Present.* Vol. I. "Great Britain in Europe." By the Earl of Meath, M. H. Cornwall-Legh, L.L.A., and Edith Jackson. London: Harrison and Sons.

[3] *The Relations of Geography and History.* By the Rev. H. B. George, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

[4] *Eugène Schuyler: Selected Essays.* With a Memoir. By Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer. London: Sampson Low & Co.

American of Dutch extraction. The drop of French blood in his veins may account for his keen sensibility and his artistic instincts. The sketch of Count Tolstoy is admirable. We cannot say much for the short story, *The Lost Plant.* It is evident that nature never intended Mr. Eugene Schuyler for a writer of fiction. Nevertheless, he was a singularly able and high-minded man.

The Realms of Egyptian Dead [1] is the first of a series of pamph lets issued by Mr. David Nutt on the Ancient East. Dr. Wiedemann, who is a profound Egyptologist, shows that the ancient Egyptians disdained the theory that the world was to be finally destroyed. The Egyptians conceived that what was immortal in man would always be connected with his body. Hence their devotion to the care and preservation of the sarcophagus. The mummy is the incarnation of the belief of ancient Egypt that the body was eternal. The little book is really a mine of learning.

Le Folk-lore des Pêcheurs,[2] by M. Paul Sébillot, is full of "quaint and curious" lore with regard to the amusements, the marriage customs, the home life, and the superstitions of fisher-folk. It is an instructive and interesting work.

BELLES LETTRES

MR. JEROME K. JEROME is a born humorist. He has written a great deal that is professedly humorous, and the result is that his fun is often *staccato.* This is true of a great deal of *The Observations of Henry.*[3] The first sketch, "The Ghost of the Marchioness of Appleford," is the best thing in the book. There is much to laugh at in the volume, but a great deal of the "humour" is strained.

Dr. Somerville's Crime,[4] by Mr. Maurice H. Harvey, is a very good specimen of the new shilling shocker. It differs from the old in its attempt to import into the story a touch of natural emotion. The plot is, however, "the usual thing." After finding that through most of the volume "horror on horror's head accumulates," the tale ends with the hero kissing his happy bride. This is conventionally correct, but its absence of originality is not refreshing.

The edition of the Fourth Book of *Herodotus* [5] brought out by Mr. W. B. Clive in the University Tutorial Press is excellent in every sense, and the editor, Mr. W. J. Woodhouse, has written a luminous

[1] *The Realms of Egyptian Dead.* By R. A. Wiedeman, Ph.D. London: David Nutt.

[2] *Le Folk-lore des Pêcheurs.* By Paul Sébillot. Paris: J. Maisonneuve.

[3] *The Observations of Henry.* By Jerome K. Jerome. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

[4] *Dr. Somerville's Crime.* By Maurice H. Harvey. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

[5] *Herodotus:* Book IV., chap. i. 144. Edited by W. J. Woodhouse, M.A., Oxon. London: W. B. Clive, University Tutorial Press.

introduction giving a comprehensive account of Herodotus as an historian. Students will find the notes of great assistance. They give a close and careful explanation of all the difficulties in the text.

Signor Andrea Loforte-Randi has written a very good book[1] about five great writers of five different countries—Rabelais, Folengo, Sterne, De Maistre, and Töpffer. He wrote it with full knowledge of the subjects, and therein he describes with power and grace their times, their surroundings, and their principal characteristics and works. He coupled together the French Rabelais and the Italian Folengo, and this union seems fully justified both by the similarity of life and work of these two princes of humoristic writing. Folengo came into the world when Rabelais was but eight years old; both received their primary and secondary education from some priests; both became in due time monks; both left the monasterial life in disgust and wielded the pen to denounce and scourge the universal corruption of their times; both had to be very careful, as the Church had just burned two monks in Italy and two monks in France for having denounced the corruption of the Church; both, in a different way, managed to save their skins and to say all they wanted to say. Rabelais was more free in his action and wrote with more poignancy; Folengo, being nearer to Rome, and having a more poetical trend of mind, was more artistic. The next writer dealt with in this book is Laurence Sterne, about whom the author wrote, with great admiration, a capital essay. Strangely enough, this Italian writer seems to have felt more at home when dealing with the English *humorists* than when he had under his observation the previous two and the following two—the Savoyard Xavier de Maistre and the Swiss Töpffer. The essay on Sterne is very deep and sympathetic, and it seems the outcome of a long study of the subject. The author vindicates for all these five writers their originality of thought, ideas, and treatment, and scornfully rejects the idea that one has copied the other; though the same subject has been dealt with by the one and the other, so that Sterne could be accused of having copied Rabelais, De Maistre and Töpffer of having copied Sterne, each one left a personally characteristic imprint. Altogether it is a book deeply studied, small in size, but full of keen observations, and ably written and most pleasing to read.

The remarkable work entitled *The Messiahship of Shakespeare*[2] by "Clelia" (Charles Downing), contains much sound criticism of a new and daring kind, and, though the author has carried his symbolistic theory too far, he has to some extent proved his case with regard to the sonnets. It is more than probable that, while addressing some beloved person in the most impassioned of the

[1] *Umoristi di Andrea Loforte-Randi.* Published by Alberto Reber. Palermo, 1901.
[2] *The Messiahship of Shakespeare.* Sung and Expounded by "Clelia" (Charles Downing). London: Greening & Co.

sonnets, Shakespeare was merely giving utterance to his worship of the ideal. It is impossible to follow "Clelia" in his identification of Shakespeare with the new Messiah. In truth, the "bard of Avon," great as he was, was spiritually "of the earth earthy." The book, despite its defects, should be read by all Shakespeare students.

Mr. Charles M. Sheldon, the author of *In his Steps*, has in his new story, *Edward Blake, College Student*,[1] drawn an admirable picture of American school life. Of course we cannot vouch for the accuracy of the picture, but the portraits of Edward Blake and Willis appear to be very lifelike. The scenes dealing with the Cuban war-fever are very animated.

By Command of the Prince[2] is a splendid story of real life. The adventures of Detcho Boytcheff are startling, but everybody knows that life in Bulgaria is not calm or passionless. On the contrary, the average Bulgarian seems to carry his life in his hands, and to be always prepared for disasters. Mr. Lambe writes like one who thoroughly understands the country. His narrative powers may be compared to those of the great Hungarian novelist, Moritz Jokai. Those who read this fascinating book will look forward to another novel from the same talented writer.

A very carefully-edited edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book III.,[3] has been issued by the University Tutorial Press. Messrs. Steen and Hayes have written a luminous introduction, and the notes explain all the difficulties of the text. The portion of Ovid given is prescribed for the Matriculation Examination at the Cape of Good Hope University in 1902.

Tennyson's *In Memoriam*,[4] with an introduction and notes, has been edited by Arthur B. Robinson, B.D. The editor exhibits taste and scholarship. The book is beautifully brought out by the Cambridge University Press.

The section L—LAP (commencing Vol. VI.) of the *Oxford English Dictionary*[5] contains 1038 main words, 402 combinations, and 283 subordinate entries. This far exceeds the number in any recent dictionary. The explanations of such words as *lace*, *lack*, and *lag* are very full, and exhibit minute research. The origin of the word "lag" is obscure. It is possible that, as it is used in children's games in parts of England as a substitute for "last," it was first arbitrarily used in the language of sport. The account of the word

[1] *Edward Blake, College Student.* By Charles M. Sheldon. London: Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd.

[2] *By Command of the Prince.* A True Romance. By J. Lawrence Lambe. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

[3] *Ovid's Metamorphoses:* Book III. 1–130. Edited by W. P. Steen, M.A., Lond. and R.U.I., and B. J. Hayes, M.A., Camb. and Lond. London: W. B. Clive, University Tutorial Press.

[4] *In Memoriam.* By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Edited, with a Commentary, by Arthur B. Robinson, B.D. Cambridge: The University Press.

[5] *The Oxford English Dictionary.* Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. L–LAP (commencing vol. vi.). By Henry Bradley, Hon. M.A. Oxon. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

"lady" is exhaustive, and yet perhaps it will not be satisfactory to snobs.

Vor dreiszig Tahren[1] is an interesting record of events which will be for ever memorable in German history. The story is admirably told by Herr C. Bott. The patriotic spirit which breathes through these pages is creditable to their writer; but, of course, it is possible to be carried too far by the sentiment of nationality. Subject to this exception, we can appreciate the motto: "Mit Gott, für Fürst und Vaterland!"

German writers have manifested at all times a special interest in Italy. Goethe and Heine were enthusiastic admirers of Italian scenery, and appreciated what was most attractive in the Italian character. The volume entitled *Romische Augenblicksbilder*,[2] by Herr Albert Zacher, is a very fascinating selection of sketches of life, society, and manners in Rome. "Cavalleria Romana" and "Bourgeois Cavalleria" are two exceedingly clever specimens of the author's descriptive talent.

Le Cœur de Louise[3] is one of Henry Greville's most charming books. The story of an unhappy marriage, complicated by the attachment of a lover to both mother and daughter, furnishes this gifted writer with a most interesting subject. The tender, yielding, and eternally youthful character of Louise is peculiarly French. The sadness of the book is one of its charms, from a purely sentimental standpoint.

M. Reepmaker is one of those writers who deeply sympathises with the sufferings of his own characters. In the preface to his latest novel, *Carlo Lano*,[4] he regrets the necessity of having had to make his hero and those who loved him endure so many cruel pangs. The story is a gloomy and powerful one. The problem created by the existence of war is ably dealt with, and the tragic fate of royal persons is brought home forcibly even to the most democratic reader.

The London University Guide and University Correspondence Calendar for 1900–1 contains an enormous amount of information. The changes in dates of the examinations in the Faculty of Laws are important. The subjects for the LL.B. examination are common law, equity, real and personal property, and Roman law. The ordeal in the Arts course seems comparatively much more severe than that prescribed for the legal degree. The information as to the special subjects for 1902 is specially full, and, if anything, sins on the side of redundancy.

[1] *Vor dreiszig Tahren.* Erinnerungen eines erang Feld und Lazareth-Pfarrers aus seiner Thätigkeib in Frankreich in Jahre 1870. Von C. Bott. Oldenberg und Leipzig: Schulzefehe Hof-Buchhandlung und Hof-Buchdruckerei.

[2] *Romische Augenblicksbilder.* Von Albert Zacher. Oldenberg und Leipzig: Hof-Buchhandlung und Buchdruckerei.

[3] *Le Cœur de Louise.* Par Henry Greville. Paris: Librairie Plon.

[4] *Carlo Lano.* Par M. Reepmaker. Paris: P. V. Stock.

POETRY.

GREAT poetry is not written nowadays; but some of the minor poetry of the day is very beautiful. Amos Valiant is a true poet, as his (or is it her?) little volume, *The Margin of Rest*,[1] proves. An extract will show how human and how deep this poet's muse is:

"Under the mask my heart and I
Send up a longing, passionate cry;
We are full weary of our task
My heart and I, beneath the mask.

* * * *

"And yet we play the old life out,
We laugh and shout and turn about,
We strolling players so gipsy brown
Must play until the curtain 's down.

* * * *

"We shall not rest, my heart and I,
Under this spacious, starry sky:
You shall not know where if you ask
Of your own heart beneath the mask."

Verses similar to these have been often written before, but have not the words, simple as they are, the ring of genuine poetry?

Religious poetry is not always poetic. This cannot, however, be said with regard to the volume of verse entitled, *The Soul of Osiris*,[2] by Aleister Crowley. There is much in the volume which will excite admiration, and much that will perplex and irritate the uninitiated reader. The poet is, indeed, a mystic, and veils a morbidly exaggerated Catholicism under an ultra-Egyptian passion for death. Take as an example of the sickly mysticism of these poems the following:

"I stood within Death's gate,
And blew the horn of Hell:
Mad laughter echoing against fate,
Harsh groans less terrible,
Howled from beneath the vault; in night the avenging thunders swell'd."

This is the opening of a poem called "Cerberus."

Here is something better—more truly ideal:

"Nature is one with my distress,
The flowers are dull, the stars are pale,
I am the Soul of Nothingness.
I cannot lift the golden veil.
O Mother Isis, let thine eyes
Behold my grief, and sympathise!"

[1] *The Margin of Rest.* By Amos Valiant. London: Elliot Stock.
[2] *The Soul of Osiris:* A History. By Aleister Crowley. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

There is a lack of virility in poetry of this sort, but it cannot be denied that Aleister Crowley is a true poet—a poet of the school of Baudelaire and Poe.

Aus zwei Welten[1] is a delightful volume of German verse. The author, Berthold Kalfus, possesses the lyrical fervour which is needed for the production of effective short poems. His odes are exceptionally fine. "Andas Meer" recalls Byron's magnificent address to the ocean. Amongst the lyrics, "Freundschaft und Liebe" and "Nachtfahrt" are perhaps the most beautiful. The poet, in spite of his Teutonic origin, is a passionate admirer of America.

ART.

AN erudite and very satisfactory *brochure* has been published by Professor Emanuel Löwy, of the University of Rome, on the development of the arts of design in Greece—drawing, relief, and sculpture—in their relations with the observation of line and colour in Nature.[2] The result is a certain unity in studying details which have been always puzzling from their variety. There are thirty clearly engraved reproductions in the text, which is handsomely printed.

The two latest volumes we have received of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," published by Messrs. Bell & Sons, continue the good name already won by this handy and useful series.[3] The volume by Mr. Waters has been complimented for its fine writing; it is, perhaps, not as systematic or complete as the previous volumes, which followed an admirable order, covering nearly all that the ordinary art-lover needed to know. And why is there no discussion of the Madonna bought so dear and exhibited with *fracas* in the Louvre collections, where it is still attributed to Piero della Francesca? The volume on *Pintoricchio* is complete, but here, too, the single example at the Louvre is placed after a classification no longer in use.

[1] *Aus zwei Welten: Gedichte.* Von Berthold Kalfus. Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.
[2] *Die Naturwiedergabe in der älteren griechischen Kunst.* By Emanuel Löwy, Professor in the University of Rome. Rome: Loescher. 1900.
[3] *Piero della Francesca.* By W. G. Waters. *Pintoricchio.* By E. March Phillipps. ("Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.") London: George Bell & Son. 1901.

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